1993

LUCKY BAG

Archives, U.S. Naval Academy

A Look Back

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A Look Back

THE

CLASS OF 1993

PRESENTS TO

THE UNITED STATES

NAVAL ACADEMY

BOOK 1
of

LUCKY
BAG
1993

A Look Back

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FROM the beginning of our lives, we have always taken steps forward. Our Academy career is a journey to carry us forward. The disciplines of the austere regulations and rigorous schedules aid our movement toward graduation and well beyond. All the events we share in the classroom, on the drill field or in the hall are the steps we take. As we look around us, even at our own uniforms we can see the footsteps of those who have walked ahead of us. Rarely we stop to take the time to appreciate their gifts. We, as midshipmen, only try to live for the next day. Now is the time we should look at ourselves and what we have become by taking
A Look Back.

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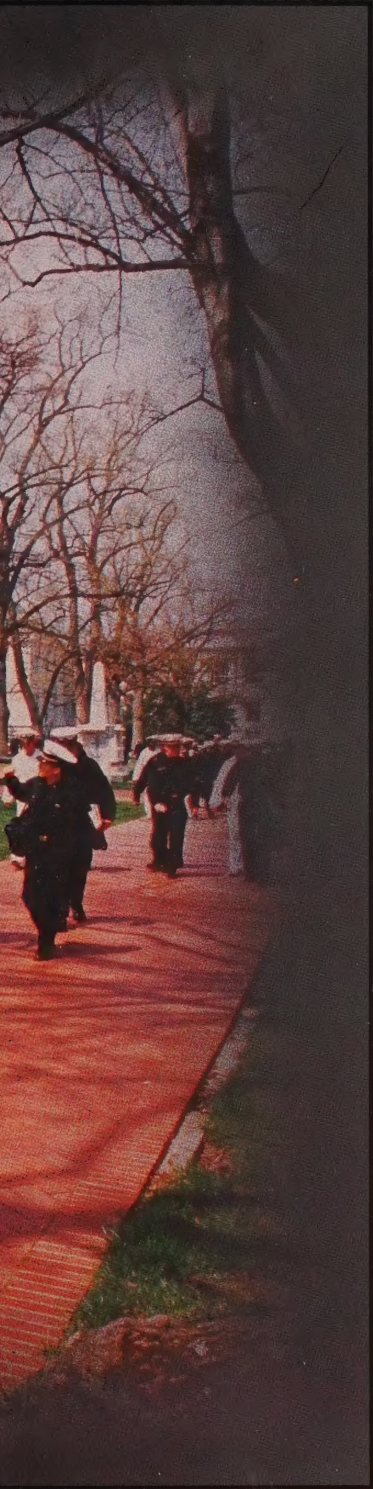

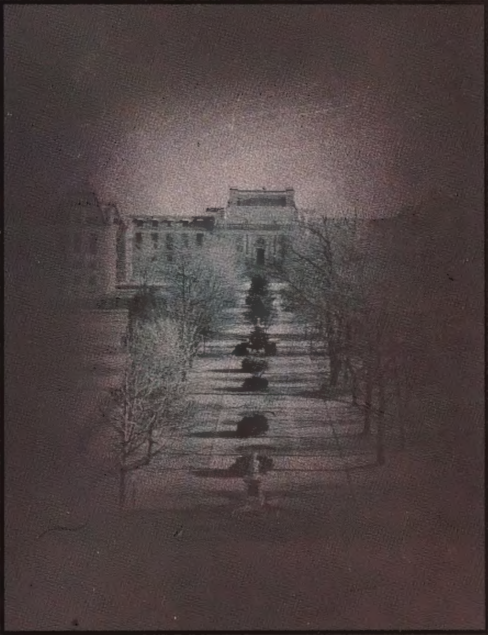

A Look Back

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THINK of all the buildings that we live and work in. How many midshipmen passed through those doors? Bancroft and Mahan Halls are two of the oldest edifices still used on the yard. We see the architecture that Flagg designed, functional even to the present day. Since the early 1900's the Academy took on the distinctive look of higher learning with its granite walls and ornate eaves. Through these walls traditions and lifestyles have evolved making an impact on the shape of the midshipman's life.

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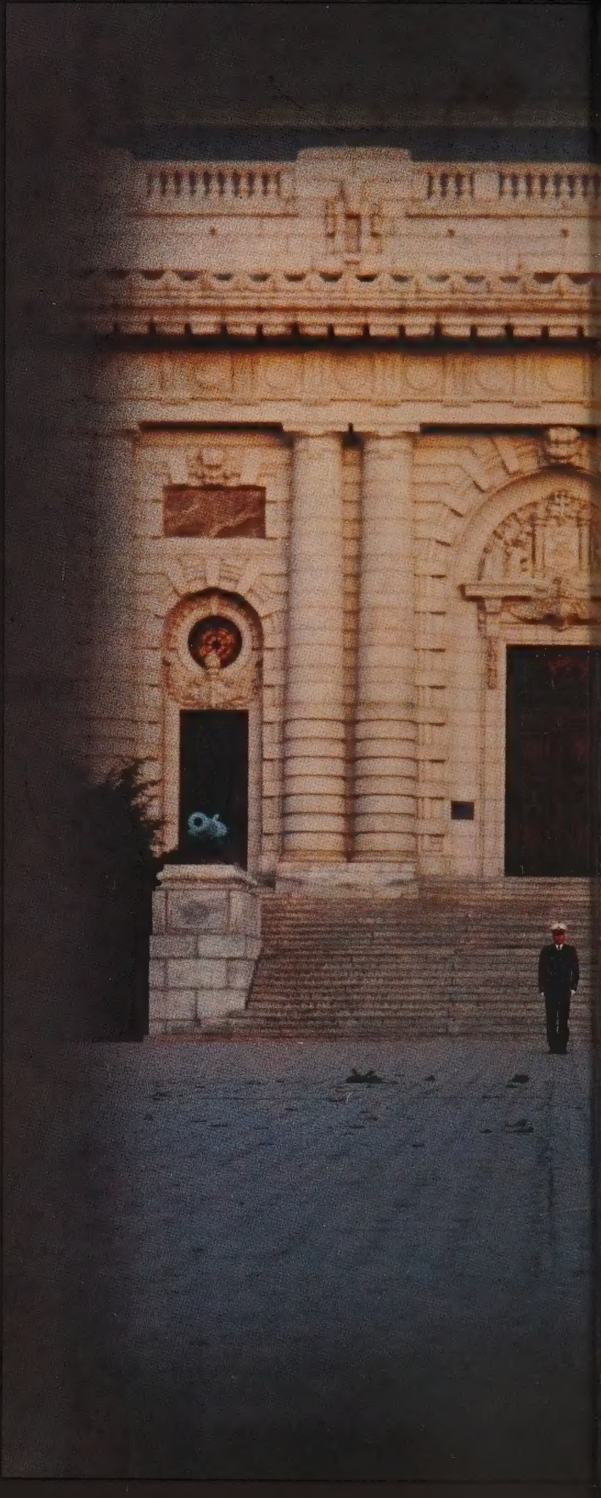

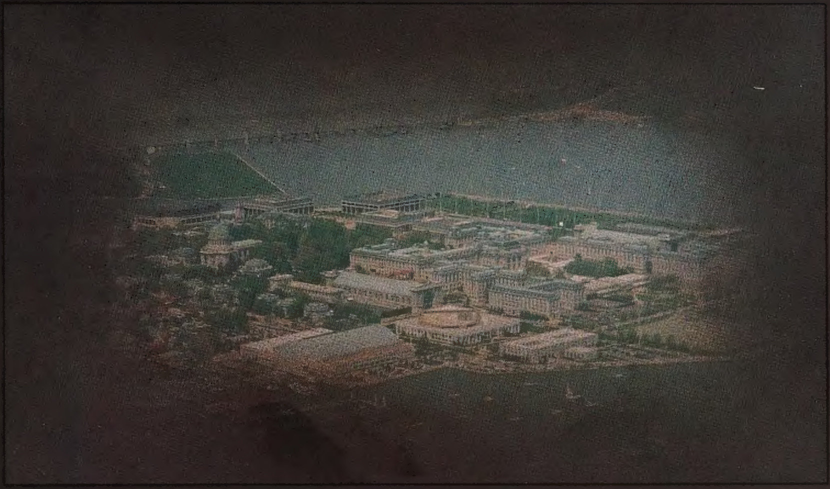

A Look Back

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WE are engineers and scientists always striving to learn more about the technical world that surrounds us. Our core curriculum includes calculus, chemistry, physicis, naval science, history, and english, all to produce a well rounded naval officer. From the long hours of chemistry and electrical engineering, to the not so long hours of navigation and shiphandling; midshipmen understand the meaning of hard work. Dedicated to excellence, we understand our role to achieve our very best.

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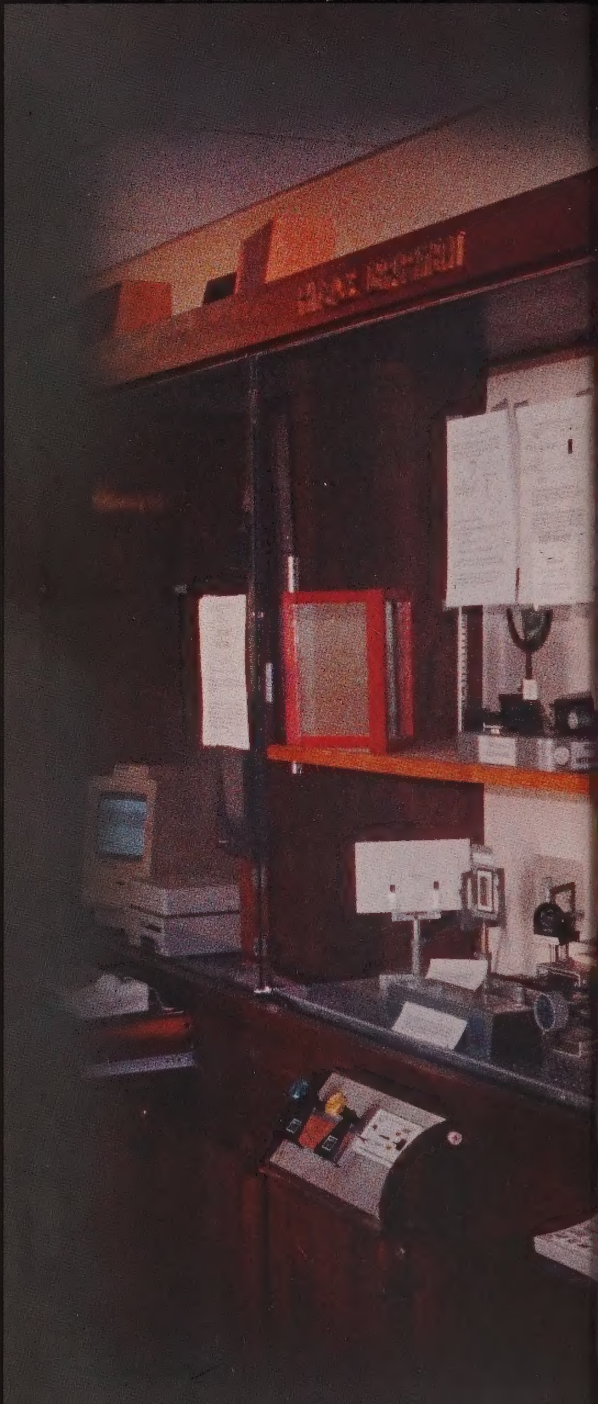
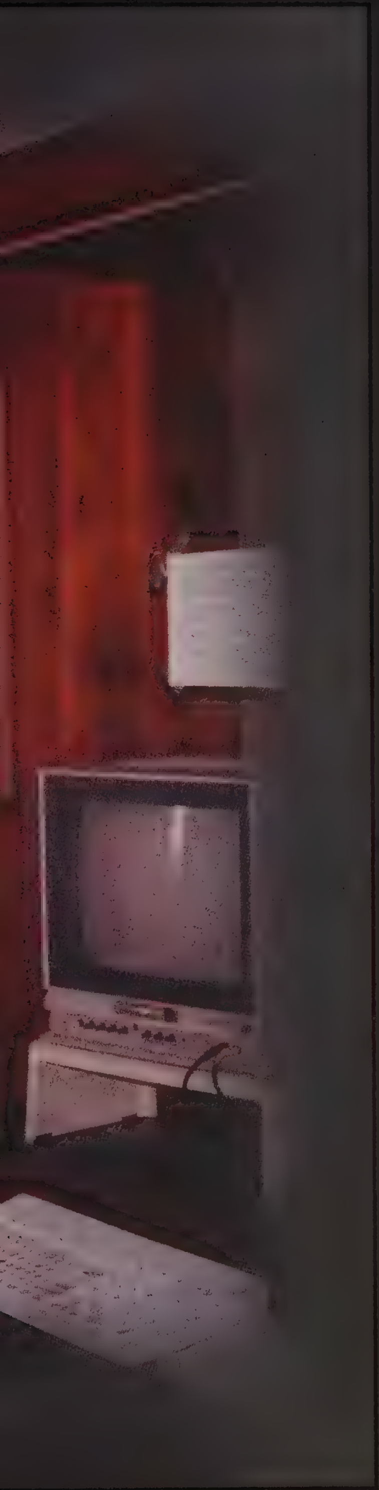


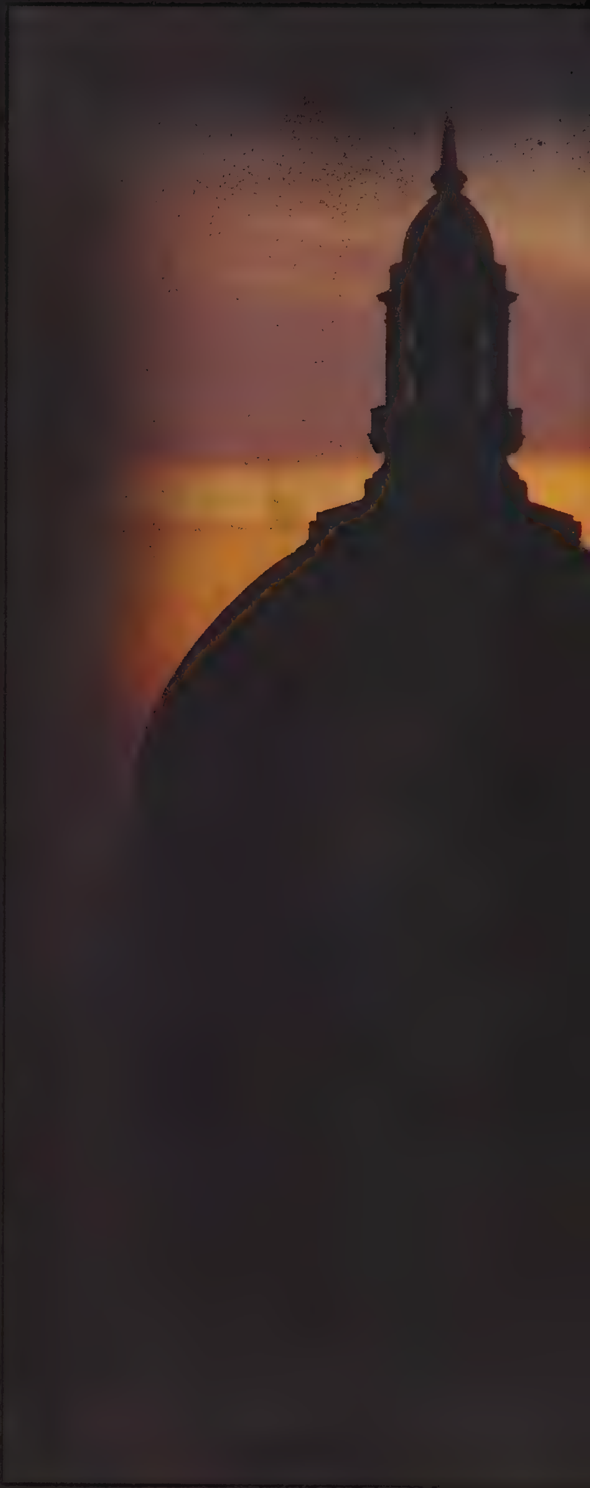


A Look Back

MIDSHIPMEN are not just students but poets, musicians, athletes and comedians. Within the halls of Bancroft, we take in our individual personalities, our own dreams and hopes, and share them with our circle of friends. From Friday night pizza parties and splashdowns, to x-week exam all-nighters, this little eco-system nurtures the right of passage that all midshipmen must travel. In our travels, our friends become our family, people you will always have for support.

A Look Back

EACH day begins before the sun rises and does not end until well after dark. It is during these hours we learn to expand our horizons, especially our souls. From running around the yard to running around the hall, midshipmen use every minute wisely. Through extra curricular activities and athletics we manage to apease our thirst for a full schedule. Working together becomes the norm. Instilled from day one, teamwork has become the foundation of our lives to carry us through today and every tomorrow.



A Look Back

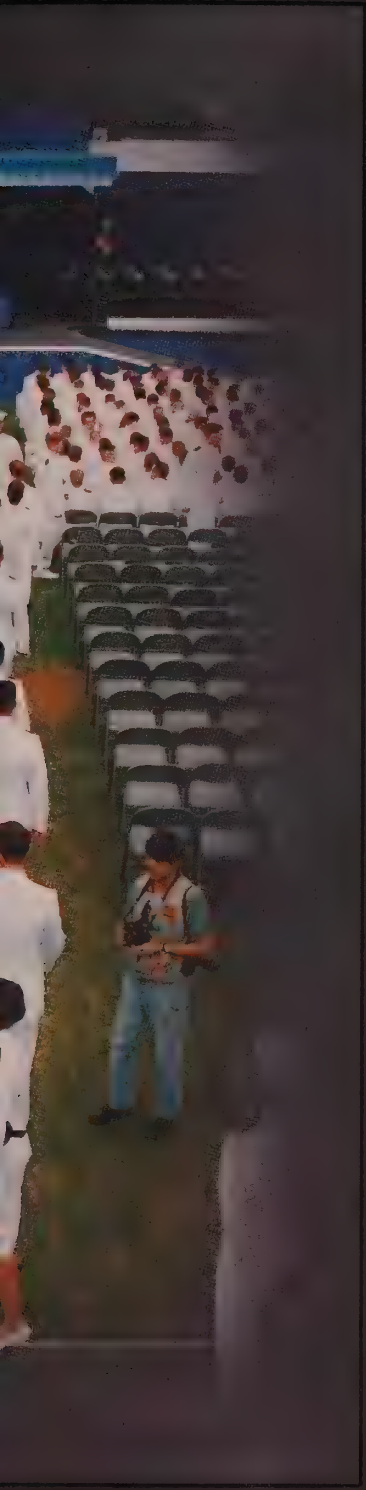
PROFESSIONAL development is a large part or our life at the Academy. It is this kind of development that prepares us for the rigors of what lies ahead. The struggle between the academics and the training have always been present in our daily lives. On the drill field and in the classroom we learn from the experts the meaning of leadership. The Academy provides us the classroom needed to make decisions, make mistakes, and then learn from the past not to repeat in the future. We, the leaders of tomorrow, shape the future that lies in our hands today.

A Look Back

* * *

MEMORIES live deep within our hearts and minds. From the good times to the bad times, we all shared a part of our lives with someone special. It may be a close friend, family, or sponsor, but in every case, memories were made. The Lucky Bag tries to capture these important moments of our lives at the Academy. Although we can not capture every moment, we wish to paint a picture of this year using the colors of the Brigade. As we take a look back into the past we see what others have left behind to guide us into the future.

* * *



FROM THE GROUND UP

A History of The Academy

The history of the Naval Academy extends as far back as the 1800, when President John Adams made the first recommendation to Congress for the founding of a naval school. Unfortunately for Adams, as well as his successors, there was too much opposition to the founding of a naval school, similar to the Military Academy established at West Point in 1802. Until the establishment of the Naval Academy, midshipmen were supposed to be educated by a school master, one of which was embarked on every frigate. Needless to say, the quality of education and attendance was poor.

Progress was made when, in 1839, a Naval School was established at the Philadelphia Naval Asylum. The course of instruction was to last one year and to be mainly a means for the Midshipmen to pass his Commissioning exam as a Lieutenant. The famed mathematician William Chauvenet was named head of the Naval School on 1 April 1842. In the following years, Professor Chauvenet proposed a two-year program instead of a one year program, and attendance was mandatory. This proposal, while originally approved, never made it beyond the development stages.

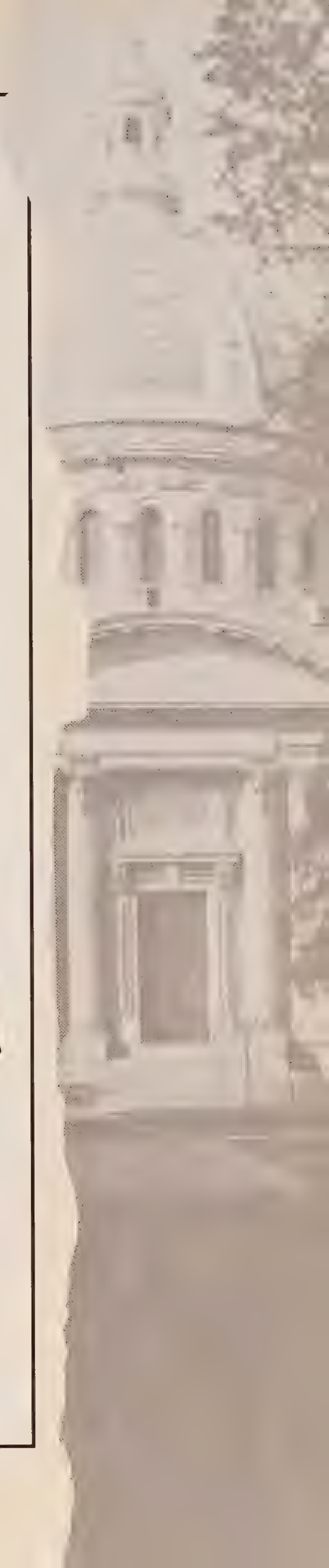
It was not until the appointment of George Bancroft as Secretary of the Navy that the Naval Academy came into existence. Secretary Bancroft heard of the hanging of Midshipman Spencer, young son of the Secretary of War in 1842, for planning a mutiny on board the Navy School ship Somers, he determined that a shore school should replace the school ship.

Secretary Bancroft wrote to the secretary of War, William L. Marcy, requesting the transfer of Fort Severn in Annapolis, Maryland, to the Navy Department on 6 June 1845. The favorable reaction by Marcy, who was the father of Passed Midshipman Samuel Marcy, an instructor at the Naval School, gave Bancroft the go-ahead to approach President James K. Polk, who gave his approval of the idea on 16 June 1845. The next step in the process of establishing the Naval Academy was selling the idea to the Naval Board of Examiners, the senior ranking officers in the Navy.

FORT SEVERN IN 1845 (FROM AN OLD MAP).

The numbers refer to the buildings, etc., as named after the Naval School was established.

[illegible] Row. 4. Apollo Row. 5. Rowdy Row. 6. Brandywine Cottage. 7. The Gas House. 8. Superintendent's House. 9. [illegible] House. 10. King of Poplar Trees. 11. Chaplain's House. 12. Old Mulberry Tree.



A History of The Academy

THE EARLY YEARS

Bancroft "sold" them the idea by presenting the school as an established fact and consulting the Board to establish the location and nature of the school.

After a twelve-day consideration, the Board decided that the location of the school would be at Fort Severn. This was mainly due to the lobbying of CAPT Issac Mayo, an Annapolitan. The Board also set the following previsions to be met by the Naval School:

i) that at the age grade of naval cadet be between the ages of 13 to 15 and the appointment of the naval cadets resemble that of the Military Academy

ii) a practice frigate and small steamer shall be located at the school for practical instruction

iii) the program be a total of six years, two years of study, followed by three years at sea, followed by a year at school aboard the practice frigate before taking the Lieutenant's exam

iv) with the exception of calculus, the course of instruction will be identical to the Military Academy's

v) and lastly, that an Academic Board be established consisting of three persons appointed by the Secretary of the Navy to conduct an annual examination of the Naval Cadets

On 5 August 1845 the Secretary of War consented to the transfer of Fort Severn to the Navy Department, which was officially executed on 15 August 1845. Bancroft was able to obtain the necessary funds to establish the school by discharging half of the Navy's twenty-two mathematics instructors and using their salaries as the monetary basis of the school.

Commander Franklin Buchanan was charged with the duty of establishing the Naval School at Annapolis. On 3 September 1845 Buchanan assumed command. Of the instructors assigned to the school, the most important were the Executive Officer, Lieutenant James H. Ward, who was also to instruct the midshipmen seamanship and naval gunnery, Passed Midshipman Samuel Marcy,

A History of The Academy

AT A YOUNG AGE

Professor William Chauvenet, and H.H. Harwood. Assembling the staff and the student body on 10 October 1845, Buchanan established the Naval School.

The following years were hard times for both the faculty and the student body. One of the problems was determining where a midshipman should be placed. The midshipmen ranged from in age from 13 to 28. The problem was resolved by placing the midshipmen by "dates of entrance" as a midshipman, with date of 1840 being the first to graduate in 1846. Richmond Aulick was ranked first in 1846, thus becoming the first "official" graduate of the Naval Academy.

On 1 July 1850, as part of a reorganization by the Naval Board of Examiners, the Naval School was officially designated the United States Naval Academy. Other changes were made which affected the course of study and the organization of the Academy. The course of instruction was lengthened to a two-year term at school, followed by three years in the fleet, followed by another two years at school. Entrance examinations for admission were established in October to be administered once a year. The Academy was also placed under the jurisdiction of the Bureau of Ordinance and Hydrography, though the Superintendent still reported to the Secretary of the Navy on discipline. The Superintendent was also made president of the Academic Board. The Executive Officer became the Commandant of Midshipmen with the responsibility of instructing the midshipmen in naval tactics and seamanship. At this time came the "striper" organization for the midshipmen. Rank among midshipmen was determined according to their date of appointment to the Academy. The midshipmen were organized into gun crews and companies for infantry drill. The gun crews were led by a first captain. They marched in battalion formation. Mandatory formations began as well as the ICOR (in charge of room) system for maintaining the cleanliness and uniformity of the rooms. A new ranking system

AS FAITH GROWS

A History of The Academy

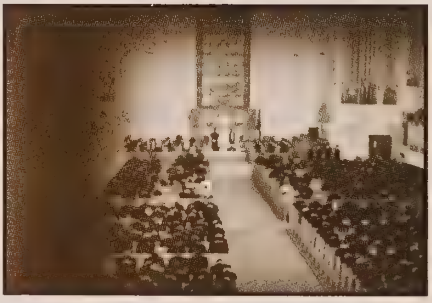
was established with grades from 0.0 to 4.0 with a minimum of 2.5 needed to pass. A Board of Visitors was created. Composed of senior line officers and the chief of the Bureau of Ordinance, the Board was established to conduct a yearly inspection and make appropriate statements to the Superintendent and the Secretary of the Navy.

The year 1851 saw the course of instruction change once again, this time to a four-year course with a summer cruise. It was also established that only those who graduated from the Academy could get Midshipmen Warrants. The Naval Academy became the sole source for naval officers until 1917. Another change came from Congress. Congress gave itself the privilege of appointing midshipmen to the Academy, taking the power away from the President and the Secretary of the Navy.

During the late 1840's and 1850, the midshipmen found it increasingly difficult to get past the rank of Passed Midshipman to that of Lieutenant. This was due to fact that the ranks were filled already with officers who had often been at the same rank for up to ten years. The Navy was not known for rapidity in promotions. Thus, in 1850, no midshipmen could be appointed at the Academy or in the Navy. It was not until the Civil War that the problem went away.

During the Civil War, the Academy moved temporarily to Fort Adams at Newport, Rhode Island. The first midshipmen to resign because of the conflict was W.E. Yancey of Alabama on 15 January 1861. By April 25 the Academy had finished preparations to move and, by may 13, the Academy was once again operating. There were improvements made during this period. LT, later RADM Stephen, B Luce wrote an instruction on seamanship which was used for many years by the Academy. The Academy returned to Annapolis on 11 September 1865 under the superintendency of RADM David Dixon Porter.

Due to the war, many repairs had to effected, and many new



EXPANDING OUR KNOWLEDGE

A History of The Academy

buildings were also erected. Under Porter's directorship, the Academy once again saw a period of reformation. Porter established the honor concept and encouraged athletics. The organization of midshipmen was changed to four divisions of five gun crews each. The battalion commander's rank was that of cadet-lieutenant, that of the division cadet-lieutenant, cadet-ensign, and cadet-midshipmen, the rank of the gun crew commanders that of first captain and second captain. In 1865 a Marine detachment was permanently assigned to the Academy. Porter also made graduation week a season of festivities with dances, parades, and athletic events.

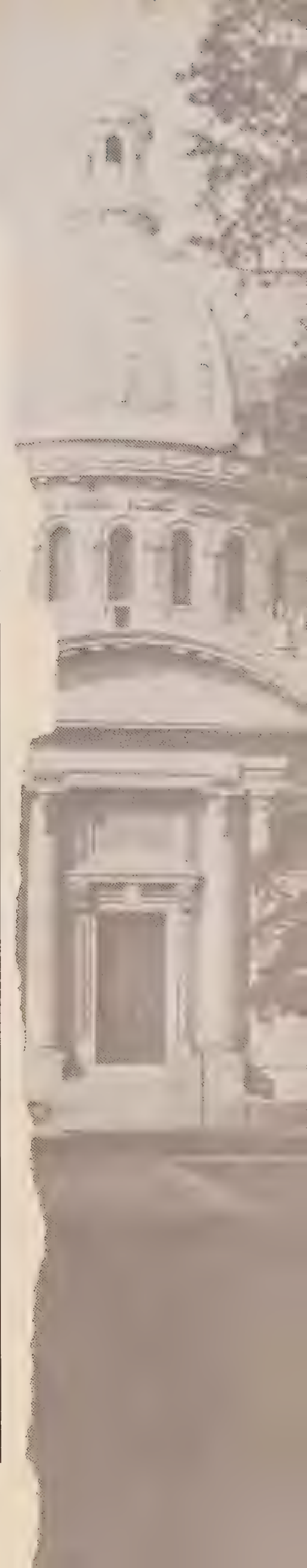
The class of 1867 was the first class to be designated by its graduation year as well as adopt a class badge and class colors. In 1869 class rings were first introduced. In 1870 Congress changed the title of the academy students to cadet midshipmen.

The year 1873 was an interesting one for the Academy. Albert A. Michelson graduated from the Academy and following a two year sea tour returned to the Academy where he made his initial experiments on the speed of light. He was the first American to receive a Nobel Prize A number of officer met to establish a society where a discussion could be held on important naval matters. The result of this meeting was a record of their meetings transcribed for those members not present.

In February 1874, Congress abolished the two year engineering program established under RADM Porter and established a four year course for twenty five cadet engineers. To provide the curriculum for this programs, a Department of Mechanics and Applied Mathematics provided the first mechanical engineering course in the United States.

The Paris Exposition of 1878 presented the Naval Academy with a certificate for "having the best system of education in the United States."

Congress passed the Personnel Act in August 1882. This act



A History of The Academy

THROUGH THE WORLD WARS

was established to reduce the number of officers or passed midshipmen due the glacial promotion following the Civil War. The act stated that commissions in the line, engineer corps, and the Marine Corps were limited to the number of vacancies in the preceding year. Those to commissioned would be determined by class standing. Those who were not commissioned would receive their diplomas and a year's severance pay ($950). The act also abolished the titles of cadet-midshipmen and cadet-engineer and made everyone a naval cadet.

Under the superintendency of CDR W. T. Sampson, engineering studies were reestablished. No distinction was made between the engineers and the "normal" cadet until first class year. This policy was in effect until 1899 when the Navy abolished the distinction between line and engineer corps. Sampson also created the aptitude for service grade. There was also a renewed interest in athletics. 1890 saw the creation of the Navy Athletic Association by Robert Thompson. This was also the year of the first Army-Navy game which Navy won 20-0 on November 29. By 1891, the Naval Academy Athletic Association was formed under the directorship of CDR Colby Chester, 1892 saw the introduction of the present school colors of blue and gold.

In 1895, Robert Thompson directed Ernest Flagg to develop a master plan for the buildings and grounds of the Academy. Thompson then prodded the Secretary of the Navy to appoint a Board of Survey which, in 1896, endorsed Flagg's plans for the most part.

1898 was the year that Benjamin Park designed the Academy's seal and introduced its motto-Ex Scientia, Tridens.

The early years of the twentieth century were ones of change of the Academy. On 1 July 1902, Congress reestablished the title of midshipman to students of the Naval Academy. 1903 was a year of expansion: the battalion with four companies was enlarged to eight companies. On 12 May 1912 Congress eliminated the

IF ONLY THE WALLS COULD TALK

A History of The Academy

requirement for midshipmen to perform two years probationary sea duty and provided the midshipmen that their diplomas and commissions would be given at the same time. There was also and increase in varsity sports. Basketball became a varsity sport in 1907, and swimming in 1911. Extracurricular activities also gained popularity. In 1907 the Academy's theatrical productions came under the auspices of the Masqueraders. The Musical Clubs was also formed. This was an all encompassing club

In terms of professional development, the Academy was up to date. The Navy's first submarine was stationed at the Academy from 1900-1915. Aviation came in 1911 with the establishment of an aerodome at Greenbury Point.

From 1914 through the end of World War I, the size of the Academy's student population, increased significantly. In 1914, the organization of the midshipmen was restructured into a regiment of four battalions with three companies per battalion. In February 1916, the size increased from 1094 to 1746. With American entry into World War I, there was an urgent need for naval officers. To meet the demand Captain Elberle started a ten week course for reserve line officers in May 1917. Upon the successful completion of that course, it was extended for 16 weeks for the duration of the war. This program allowed the Navy to meet its need for an officer corps. But it was the Academy graduates who formed the nucleus of the officers in the fleet, though they were a minority.

When RADM Henry B. Wilson was Superintendent, a number of reforms were undertaken. Christmas leave was reinstated, something not done since 1848. He also instituted Easter leave. The first class were extended various liberty privileges and all classes were allowed to smoke, play cards and subscribe to newspapers. A radio club and Trident Society were organized. The service coat of the midshipmen became the same as the double breasted service coat worn by the officers, reducing the midship-

A History of The Academy

PICKING UP THE PACE

men expenses by letting him wear the coat after graduation.

In 1923, the Department of Physical Training was established. In 1925, the Hellcats were the forerunners of the Drum and Bugle Corps. They marched at formations and parades. This was also the year that the hymn "Navy Blue and Gold" was adopted as the Naval Academy's alma mater.

The Naval Academy became accredited by the Association of American Universities in 1930. Thus, the degree of Bachelor of Science was bestowed upon Naval Academy graduates. In 1939, Congress bestowed the degree of B.S. upon all living graduates retroactively.

The Naval Academy went back to a wartime schedule with the start of World War II. Beginning with the class of 1941, graduation was accelerated with 1941 graduation in February 1941, the class of 1942 graduated in December 1941. A three year curriculum was established for the Classes of 1943 to 1945. The reserve officer program of World War I was reconstructed to have 100 percent participation.

Of the Naval Academy graduates who participated in World War II, 27 won the Congressional Medal of Honor, 18 of whom received the medal posthumously.

The post-World War II era to the present saw the Academy change to its present form. 1947 was the year that the Academy was Accredited by the Middle States Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. While RADM Holloway was Superintendent, midshipmen were allowed, as first class, to own cars and it out side the seven mile radius of the state house, drink alcoholic beverages. In 1949, the first black, Wesley A Brown, graduated from the Academy. In 1959, the Superintendent, VADM Hill, established the custom of designating Medal of Honor rooms in Bancroft Hall. The first Open House for parents of fourth class was held and there was an addition to the mess hall, such that it could now accommodate 4000 people. Operation Information was started to

FROM THE EYES OF THE PAST, WE LOOK TO THE FUTURE

A History of The Academy

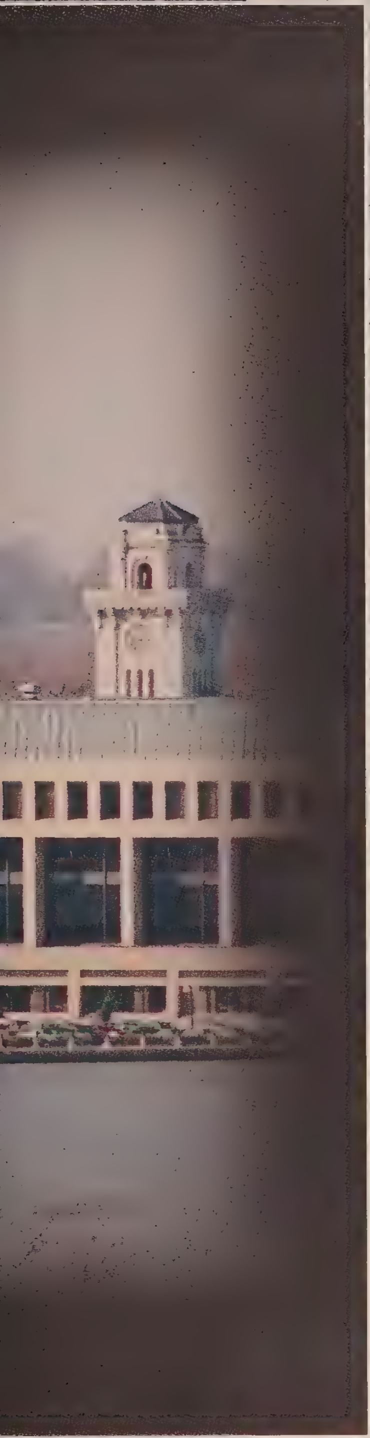
try to counter the lack of interest in the Academy during the Superintendency of RADM Walter Boone. In the 1958, the Academy stopped using its own entrance exams and started using those of the College Education Examination Board. RADM Davidson stopped the lockstep curriculum during the period of his superintendency. In August 1963, an Academic Dean was established at the Academy, the first being A Bernard Drought.

The graduating system was changed more in 1964-65 to letter grades to give the graduates more competitiveness in getting into graduate school. The Class of 1964 had the first Trident Scholar program. 1965 was the year in which the Dean of Admissions position was created. The number of companies increased from 24 to 36, reducing the size from 175 to 115. The majors program was put into effect in September 1969 to bring order and continuity to the minors program and the engineering program.

The seventies saw the Academy become a co-educational institution when the first females were inducted to the Class of 1980 on 9 July 1976.

With the introduction of women to the Academy, there have been many changes. From room assignments to athletics,the presence of women refined the grounds. After the initial transition, women have been appointed to high leadership positions within the Brigade. In the fall of 1991, Juliane Gallina became the first woman Brigade Commander. The landmark of women at the Academy continues through today as more women get the opportunity to command. With the ever changing world around us, th Academy continues to change, keeping up as history is being made

This briefly is the story of an institution which through six major wars has continued to furnish the core of line officers to the naval service so essential to the defense of our way of life. She is a proud school, the mother of a proud service. The responsibilities to retain this pride rests with YOU; remember this whenever you appear in the uniform of a midshipman of the United States Na Academy.



a Look Back

THE YEAR

represents midshipmen in all their glory. From the earliest days to today. Each year many of the same events occur, but some years have very special events never to see again. On these pages we capture

OUR YEAR.

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Plebe Year

Plebe year started on July 3, 1989. From there times went by fast. From high school, prep school or the fleet, the class of 1993 entered a new era of military life. we chopped, knees high, braced up, chin all the way in, making sure we were good little Plebers. To relieve the stress of plebe life we rumbled and wildmaned our upperclass. Finally we flamed on our firsties and climbed herndon, all ready for youngster year.

Youngster Year

Youngster summer found exciting cruises, from Norfolk to the Mediterranean, surface training to sub-surface training. From cruise the academic year came too soon. Back with friends and companymates, we took full advantage of our new found freedom. From long rack sessions to having the 3/C come-arounds, youngster year made history. Preping up for the next year, learning rates all over again, but of course we never forgot them to begin with, or did we?

2/C Year

Second class summer ended after ACRAMID and PROTRAMID, returning gung pups to a newly organized Brigade. Changing companies and changing leadership style was on the agenda for the new year. Beating Army to beating EE, we knew we could do it. Flame sessions ended in positive repremand as Two for Seven celebration continuted to dipping our rings.

Firstie Year

Firstie year brought intersessionals and more lectures than Alumni Hall could schedule. From Service Selection on a SATURDAY to ciinderella libs all year, we knew how to manage our time wisely: from afternoon out in town to weekends on the slopes or waves. Finally in May the last finals were taken, Blue Angles canceled, Color Parade went outside and we threw our hats after four hard years.

First class summer gives mids the chance to experience the options open to them after graduation. These experiences include Aviation cruises, grey hull cruises, Baltops, Bulldog, and CSTS. Here, James Fritsch demonstrates that CSTS cruises are as much fun as they are work, while 1/C at Bulldog learn that their summer may be more work than fun.

1/C Summer

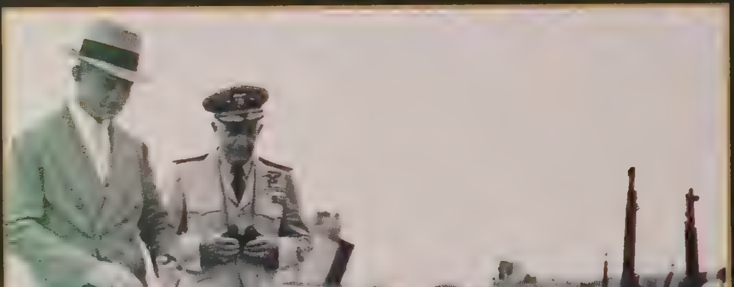
Cyndi Viernes and Lillian Villemez had the opportunity to learn what it is like to be members of the Norwegian Navy on their Baltops cruise during 1/C summer. At the same time, 1/C Erik Eldridge experienced Marine Corps life in the Fleet Marine Force.

2/C Summer

Second class mids have many opportunities during their summer to experience the different branches of the Navy. During Protramid 2/C learn about submariners, pilots, and marines. Julie Rosati spent part of her summer with the Swedish Navy while 2/C Ahmed Williamson tried life at Pensacola..

During their summer, 2/C spend a lot of time discovering the excitement of travel in the Navy. This travel may be between training evolutions, from Pensacola to Kings Bay, Quantico to relaxation.

3/C Summer



While 3/C Carl Cox demonstrates his sailing abilitiy on a CSTS cruise, his classmates show their abilities at living the Marine Corps way of life.

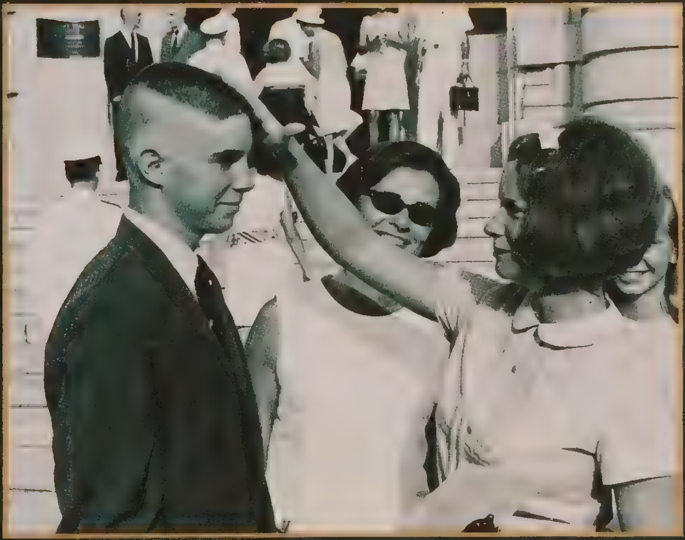
Inaugural Parade

Twelfth company was given the unique opportunity of representing the Naval Academy at the Inaugural Parade of President Bill Clinton.

On the day of the Inaugural Parade all of Washington D.C. was dressed up to honor the new Commander in Chief.

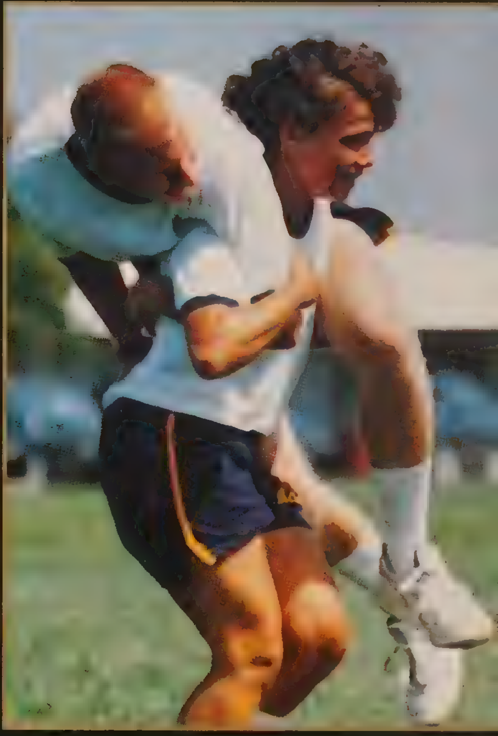
This day usually begins with a haircut the new plebes won't soon forget. After an endless whirl of activities, the plebes will get one last chance to say good-bye to their families and friends. It is a touching moment especially since the plebes know that they have a long summer before them and Parent's Weekend.

Induction Day



A proud plebe mother adjusts her son's dixie cup after a long Induction Day. It's been a tiring day for these plebes, one which starts with basic plebe issue and continues until the administering of the Oath of Office.

Plebe Summer



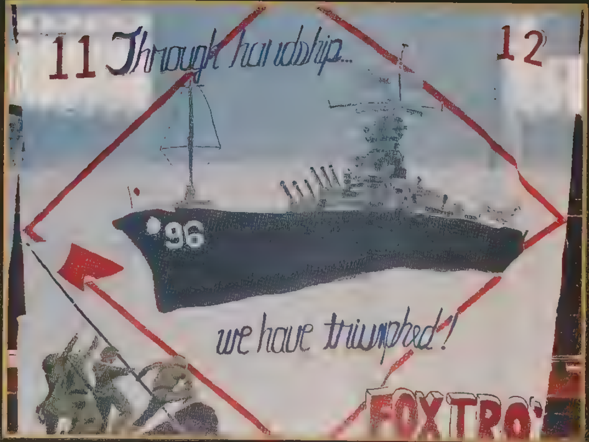
Plebes start out every "Great Navy Day" on the turf field at PEP, the Naval Academy's physical education program. No day is complete without it. As their day progresses, they learn such valuable skills as damage control and drill. On this page a plebe demonstrates the fireman's carry on a classmate.

Plebe summer is a lesson in discipline and endurance. Plebe summer parades are an integral part to mastering military discipline. Companies, like 27th company, work together to clear the hurdles they experience daily. There is even time to learn the basics of sailing.

First and second class detailers are as important to plebe summer as the plebes themselves. Without them the summer would never run smoothly. Here, 1/C Schnelle joins his plebes in PT. 1/C Zallnick keeps a close eye on her plebes. 2/C Jasso and his classmates help plebes get their issue on I-Day.

Plebe Detail

Detailers are in charge of making sure that each new plebe is prepared for the return of the brigade and the academic year. Included in their duties is the instruction of plebes in drill. Not only must these upperclass oversee drill, but also every evolution in which the plebes participate, from formation to PT sessions, and everything inbetween.



Parents' Weekend gives plebes a chance to show Mom and Dad how well they have adapted to the Naval Academy way of life. Plebes demonstrate a new found pride and professionalism to proud parents. It's been hard work for the plebes to get to this point and they are eager to share their experiences with loved ones.

Plebe Parents' Weekend

Return of the Brigade

With the return of the brigade the plebes get their first opportunity to impress their upperclass not only at drill, with their last plebe summer parade, but also in the hall with their knowledge of pro material and rates.

The event also means moving into rooms again-as 2/C Eric Naranjo demonstrates. Today, the return of the brigade is a lot different than if you look back to 1982 and see this plebe's first look at his new second class.

1/C Parents' Weekend

First Class Parents' Weekend means everything from football games and tailgaters to taking parents to classes and meals in King Hall. Parents get a chance to experience what their mid goes through on a daily basis and gain an appreciation for life at the Naval Academy.

Parents checked in at Dahlgren Hall prior to meeting their son or daughter for the weekend. 1/C Dan Houting with his roommate 1/C James Fritsch enjoy tailgating with family and friends. 1/C Kelly Eubanks and company-mate 1/C Melanie McGee toast their parents for the love and support during the years at the Academy.

Tailgating is not only a time to celebrate a Navy victory, but more for the company of friends and family. Many 'gaters welcome all midshipmen even when designated by class or company.

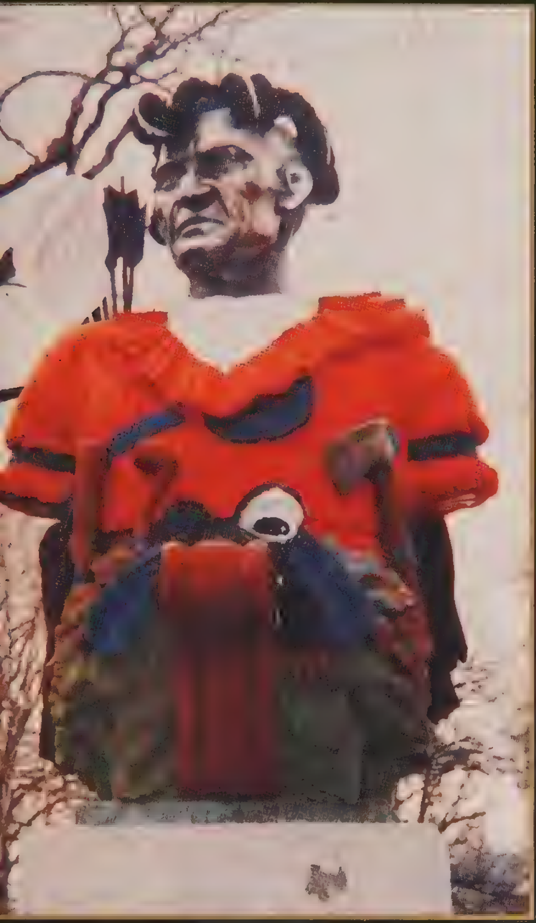
Friends get together to share the good times after football games at Navy-Marine Corps Memorial Stadium. Many travel far to see their friends and many are found locally, either way, tailgaters are a time for all to enjoy.

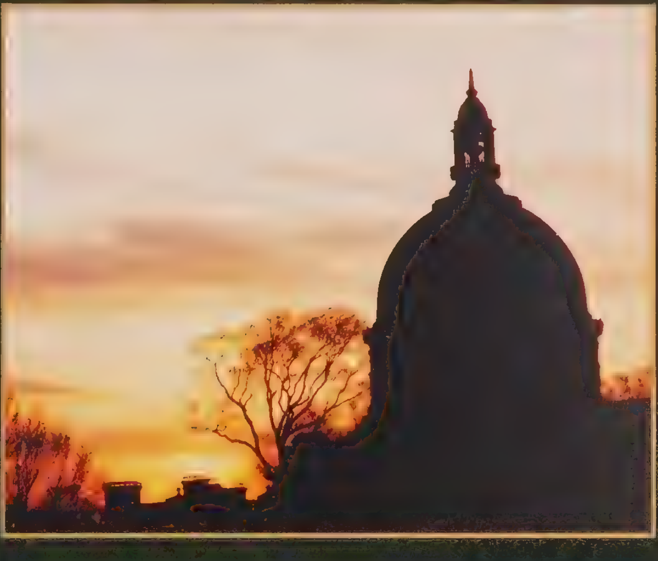
Tailgaters

The fine art of cooking has been mastered by many midshipmen, especially the wardroom reps who double as the tailgater reps also. Parents join their midshipan at the tailgaters, here a proud mother displays the class crests of her three midshipmen.

Autumn means the beginning of a new school year. There are football games to attend, tailgaters, and Homecoming Weekend. Autumn also means that the Dark Ages are not far away, this makes mids appreciate the season all the more.

Autumn





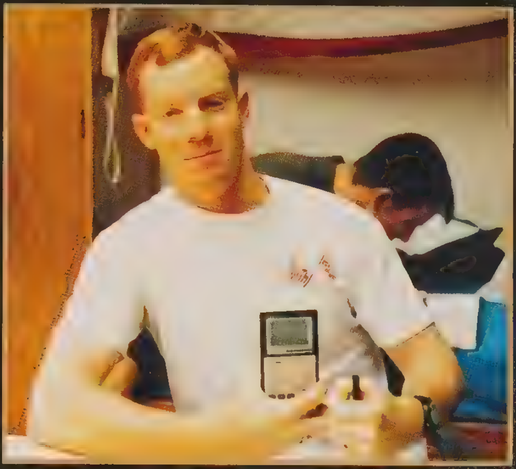
March-Ons

Midshipmen smile in eager anticipation of yet another exciting Navy Football game. D&B still marches over keeping a beat for the Brigade.

There are many traditions here at USNA. One of the many traditions that midshipmen try to continue is the distribution of candy to the younger spectators of march-overs. Throwing dog bones to the canine of Annapolis has become a recent addition to Navy march-over traditions.

After a long, hard day of classes is over sometimes the only relief for a full brain is a quick nap. Any mid knows that. Mids, like 3/C Mark Neff and Jim Gillis, know the value of studying out of the hall. And to whom does one go with questions? The mate of course!

Study Hour



A tired 2/C hopes that closing his eyes might help him to retain Tactics. Another 2/C knows that just getting an answer to EE problems is an accomplishment, never mind that it might not be the right answer! And sometimes when studying doesn't work, a little Calvin and Hobbs might.

Air Force

Bill the Goat cruises along in USAFA's mock F-4 as the zoomies look on not realizing what Bill has done. N* stands proud on the US Air Force hills.

Snow captures the midshipmen as they try to leave Colorado Springs to return to good 'ol USNA.

Beating Air Force is not only the objective of Navy Football, their supporters (the Brigade), but especially for the Drum and Bugle Corps. Defending their third year title as Inter-Academy Champions, the Corps once again held strong. CDR Connell joins his Color Guard for a victory picture.

Even the King, himself, was able to participate in the Naval Academy's annual Halloween dinner in King Hall. Midn 2/C Dave Dermody, Dave Philippi, Bryce Whiting, and Ed O'Neill kept the Brigade spirited with their portrayal of the Navy cheerleaders.

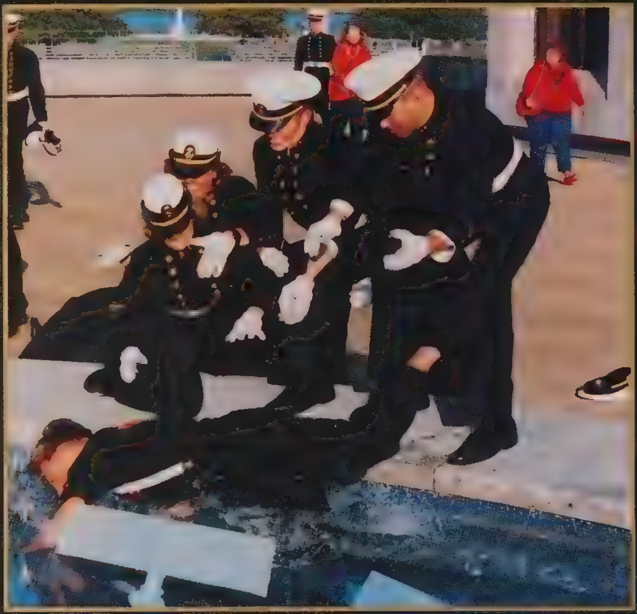
Halloween

Midshipmen enjoy Halloween as a time to relax and cut loose from the stress of academic life. 3/C Megan Hines, Mark Neff, Jim Gillis, and Michelle Bennett embrace while posing for a candid.

Plebe Mixer

Plebes today pretty much know how to dance, but in the past, the rigors of Plebe Year included dancing lessons.

The Plebe Mixer is a great chance for 4/C to meet new civilians, get to know a classmate, or renew a relationship with an old sweetheart. Some plebes, however, seem to have more fun than others at the mixer. While many are dancing and doing their first socializing since plebe summer started, others find it a great opportunity to catch up on lost sleep.



Drill gives midshipmen a chance to demonstrate their pride and discipline to visiting dignitaries. This page shows not only how mids drill, but also how they celebrate once drill is over. 1/C Howard Link gets baptized in the fountain in Radford Terrace after his last seasonal parade.

Drill

Inspections are nothing new to mids, from rooms, to uniforms, looking good is an important part of being a Naval officer. Here an inspection occurs prior to the Platoon Drill Competition. Grey smoke from the cannon at drill-back in the 1800s complement the Army grey of an exchange cadet.

In The Line of Fire

Rene Russo willingly gives autographs to eagar fans during a break from filming.

Guarding the stars can be a big job, especially for Rene Russo. A little muscle never stopped midshipmen from getting what they want. Stealing a photo opportunity with the co-star, this midshipman shows no fear.

First class Ron Piret knows how to be in the right place at the right time, pictured here with Clint Eastwood, the movie "In the Line of Fire" Premires on 9 July 93. Many midshipmen went to see the filming in Washington. 2/C Leon Hsi with his friends enjoy the food vendors in historic Washington.

Bonfires have become a tradition at Army-Navy pep rallies. While crates burn, midshipmen cheer in the spirit of competition.

Rocking the night away, midshipmen move to the tunes of our own band, composed of midshipmen. As mids get in gear for the "Main Event" that weekend, the Supe walks around cheering spirit on.

Army Pep Rally

Tecumseh Court is always packed for cheering on Navy Football. Friends, family, and sponsors all come out to watch the Supe send off the Team.

Spirit starts a week before the Game, up to the Game, during the Game and if we win or lose, after the Game! Waving their "Go Navy"'s the mids are psyched for the 102nd Army-Navy Game.

Army Week

Steve Delazaro and a friend work hard in building the fully automated battleship complete with firing guns for the Army-Navy Game. 2/C Jimmy Parker helps redecorates his company officer's office in the spirit of Army-Navy comprtition.

Army Week is always full of mischievous pranks to get everyone spirited for the Army/Navy game in Philadelphia. These pranks include everything from filling company officer's offices with hangars and reconning weapons from Maury.

Army/Navy Game

Braving the bitter cold, 3/C Gene Cran and classmate Brian McPheeters get excited sbout the Army-Navy game in Philidelphia. The spirit of competition is in the air and as in the past, the competition is not only for football, but for the affections of a girlfriend as well!

Shivering in the cold, 3/C Casey McGarity, Dave Law, and Doug Ross cheer on Navy in their own way to conserve as much heat as possible.

Navy Blue and Gold charge the field to form their starting line-up with kick-off minutes away.

Mids have the opportunity to be a part of many different theatrical groups at the Naval Academy, everything from Glee Club to Masqueraders. Each year there are several concerts, plays and musicals performed for the Academy and the Annapolis public. This year's production of *Cabaret* was a great success.

Performances

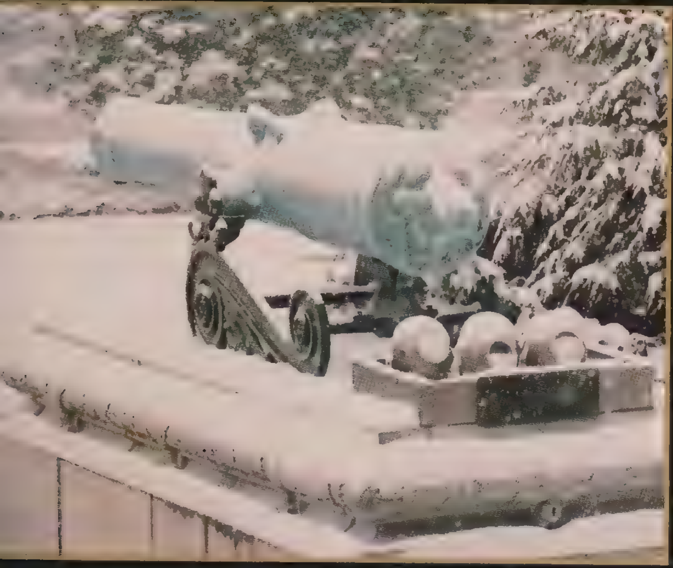
Singing groups are the most popular of our musical/theatrical activities. *The Stowaways* are a part of the Women's Glee Club.

As times change, the productions reflect them. In the past, a fellow mid would have to don the dress and shoe. A production like *Cabaret* would have been real interesting to produce in the early years!

Winter

The Dark Ages dawn upon midshipman as the snow steadily falls. The Yard covered in a white blanket woo midshipmen to stay indoors and sleep the winter away.

Darryl Wilson and a friend bundle up to brave the cold weather that hit the Annapolis area. "The uniform for classes are: Reefers and Grey Gloves."



Both midshipmen then and now can attest to the severity and harshness of Old Man Winter during the Dark Ages.

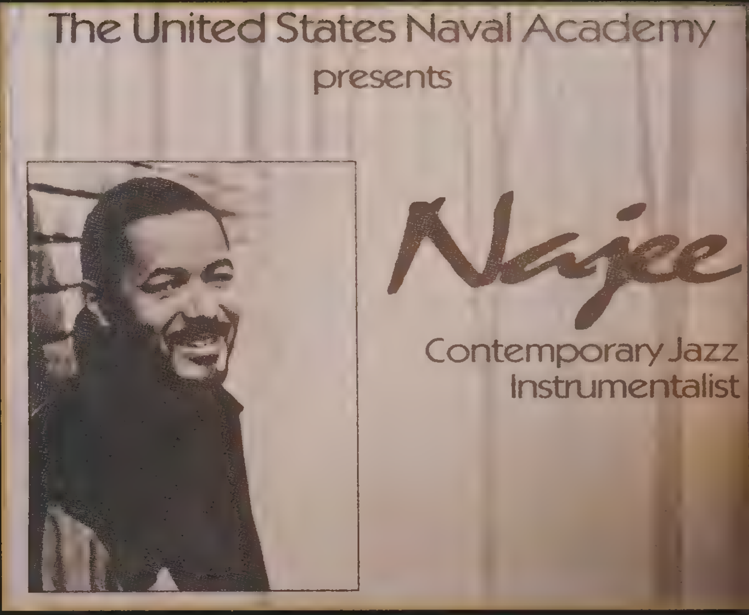
Christmas at the Naval Academy is never complete without The Giving Tree to help children in the Annapolis area. This time of year is also characterized by door decorating. Here, 1/C Ara Barton displays a Christmas door that reflects the joy of the season.

Christmas in the Hall

Christmas dinner is always celebrated in King Hall. The 2/C of 4th company show their Christmas cheer at this traditional dinner. The doors in and around Bancroft Hall reflect this spirit, too.

Concerts

Ce Ce Peniston and Najee brought their individual talents to the stage covering all the mids tastes in music. From contemporary Jazz to down-home country, concerts this year fulfilled everyone's needs.



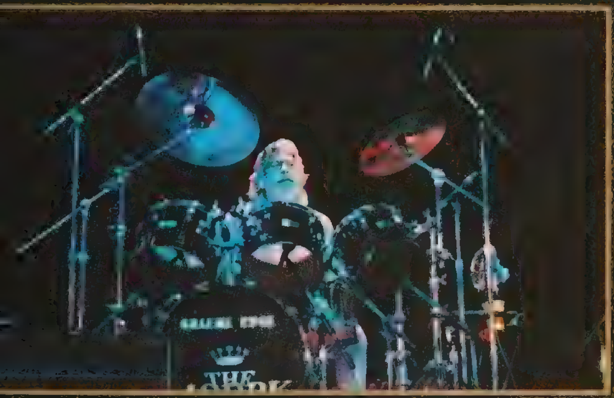
The United States Naval Academy
presents

Najee

Contemporary Jazz
Instrumentalist

Penn and Teller entertained the midshipmen and their guests with their unorthodox magic. From blood rushing gags to intentional drowning, Penn and Teller gave a performance noone will soon forget.

As the opening act for the Moody Blues, Chicago performed many of their old hits as well as introduced some of their newer songs. Mary-Chapin Carpenter performed as the guest of Vince Gill, late in November.



The Moody Blues rocked the Brigade with their old hits and tantelized the audiiences with their new material. What was once considered a classic is now once again a big hit! Another popular musician that performed was Bryan Adams. Rocking through the years, he gave the most dynamic concert Alumni Hall has seen so far.

All the hard work for four years at the Naval Academy climaxes at Service Selection. We have come a long way from a desk to computer automation. 1/C David Ismay gets congratulated as he selectes first, choosing Surface Warfare.

First class Dan Houting and Erik Eldridge pose with Chuck Smith, the last Marine Corp billet recipient. These Marine Corps selectees proudly display their new haircuts.

Service Selection

Tom Singleton is congratulated for chosing the USS Taylor (FFG-50), not only can 1/c midshipmen chose Surface Warfare, but Submarines, Supply Corps, Navy Pilot and other communities as well.

Selecting Marine Corps Pilot was not a hard decision for 1/C Dan Houting as he gets the traditional head shave from 3/C Darren Spehr.

Forrestal Lectures

Many great speakers are invited to speak at the Naval Academy and the most prestigious of them all is the Forrestal series. This year the distinction went well beyond the expected norm.

General Colin Powell spoke dynamically about his perspective on the military and world issues. As the floor was open to questions at the end, midshipmen were allowed to ask to clarify some untouched topics.

Former Prime Minister Mararet Thacher spoke to the Brigade about the role the United States played in the world and shared with us her views on how we should maintain the same standards we have been setting in the past. The crowd received her with open arms and graciously thanked her at the end.

America's Cup winner and well renoun professional sailing champoin Dennis Connor, gave to the Brigade a sense of pride and distinction as he relayed his stroy of losing and then regaining the America's Cup. The thoughts of moral courage and dedeication and determination inspired us all as future officers.

Dinings In

Twenty-seventh company holds its annual dining in at Alumni Hall. Looking back to the late 1800's one can see that many of the traditions of dining ins have survived until the present.

Company dining ins allow midshipmen to honor distinguished guests as well as to gather together to strengthen company unity. One must always be careful to follow the rules of the mess lest he or she be forced to drink the grog due to their misconduct.

Halftime

Halftime shows make the games more fun to watch. From traditional Navy Cheerleaders to Haze Grey, cannoneers to D & B, and fly-bys to parachuting all bring something special to the Brigade.

Special events include Eighth & I performances, Silent Drill performances, D & B performances, and various other guests. Go Navy!!

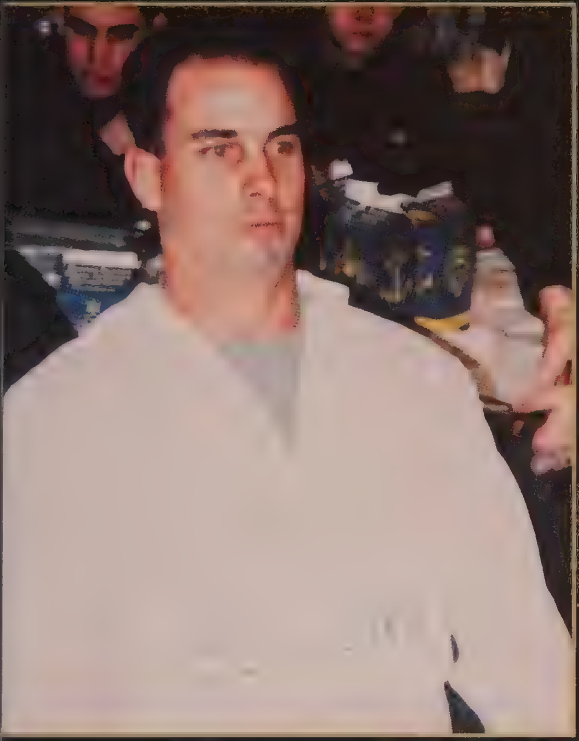
Although fashion changes as well as the uniforms, midshipmen of yesteryear enjoy the company of their dates as midshipmen do today.

Hops

Hops at the Naval Academy give mids the chance to invite friends and loved ones to socialize and dance. There is also the opportunity to meet new people from local colleges in the area. 1/c Greg Sakryd with RADM Lynch and his wife form a receiving line in Dahalgren Hall, the home of most of Navy's dances.

Hundreds Night means that there are merely 100 days until the 1/C are graduated. 4/C in 4th Company enjoy harrassing their firsties. While most of the fun is for the plebes, the first class relish the excitement knowing graduation is right around the corner!

100's Night



trying to remember what Plebe year was like, firsties throughout the Brigade mimic their favorite people adding humor the the evening.

NAFAC

Naval Academy Foreign Affairs Conference is held anually where foreign dignitaries and members of political clubs of surrounding colleges gather to discuess policies of the world.

Through lectures and small discussions, NAFAC tries to deliver its message to the young and up-coming members of out political society. RADM Lynch and his wife welcome the distinguished guests as they get ready for the conference.

Spring

Spring brings about the end of the Dark Ages. The sun begins to shine again, the flowers are in bloom, and the end of another year is finally in sight. Seen here are various shots of spring, a mid's favorite time of year.

Midshipmen take advantage of the warm weather Spring sends. From the 1800's to today, not very much has changed. Mids today savor the smell of freshly cut grass on their way to class in any century.

Croquet Match

Croquet has become an annual sport between St. Johns College and the Academy. This is the only event that the two colleges have. Here CAPT Fabry enjoys the company of two lovely ladies at the festivities.

After the match the mids got together to talk about next year's strategy. It is not if you win or lose, but how you play the game.

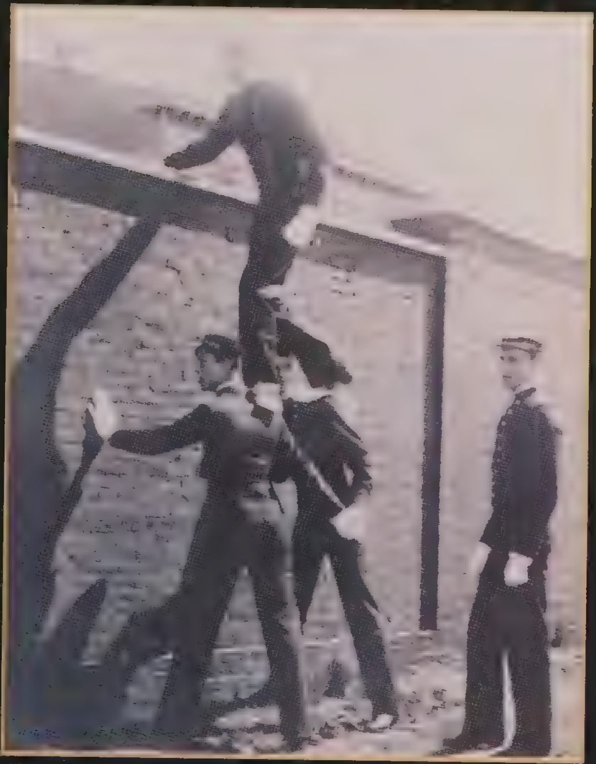
RADM Lynch introduces the distinguished speakers at all the lectures in and out of Alumni Hall.

Midshipmen of all the three underclasses listen intently to the lectures. These inter-sessional periods are designed to better inform mids about the Navy and their part in it.

Inter-Sessional

Second class Vique Caro takes a break during smaller group discussions. Topics include Naval Leadership and other professional development.

Morally...



Second class Ed O'Neill blows off some steam as he impersonates a mentally derranged person. Watch out!

Pranks help relieve the pressures of Academy life. Frankie Delgado, Doug Ross and Kevin Queen impersonate our rival sister Academy at our annual Holloween celebration.

Mentally...

First class Ben White and Jason Wathen take ttime out to mentally relax and enjoy the festivities. Midshipmen always know how to make the best of any situation, from sing-alongs to just palin' with friends.

...And Physically

Midshipman take the opportunity to travel and take part in many physical activities. Skiing is a very popular sport that many mids take advantage of.

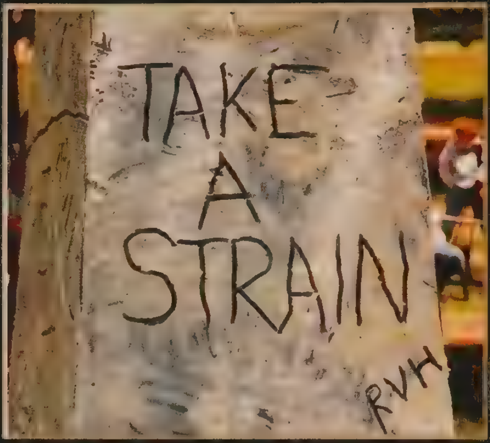
Second class Chris Kidd, Brad Ligo, and Mike Odriscoll gather with 1/C Samantha Saxton to pose for a picture. Camoflage uniforms have become the uniform of choice for spirit related activities.

First class Tanya Wallace and Colleen Salonga hit the slopes for some physical activity

Dedication Parade is presented in honor of the faculty and their efforts to the development of higher education and striving of excellence.

Kristen Culler, first Semester Brigade Commander, proudly presents her Brigade to the members of the reviewing party.

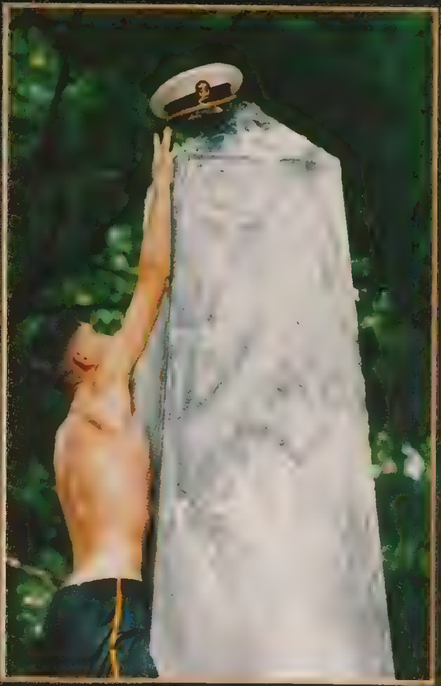
Dedication Parade

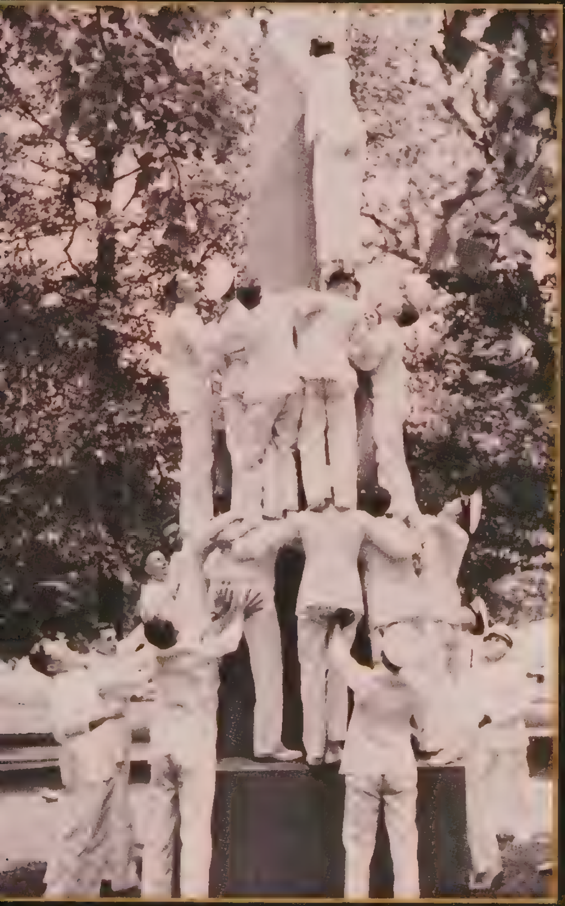


Herndon

Climbing the Herndon monument marks the end of the long and strenuous Plebe year. Everyone in the Class of 1996 participates in the struggle to get to the top. Julie Maynard celebrates the end of plebehood with her classmates.

Kevin Pickard turned out to be the guy on top! Replacing the Dixi Cup for a combination cover compleded the climb of Herndon. The midshipman to reach the top is legened to be the first Admiral out of that class.



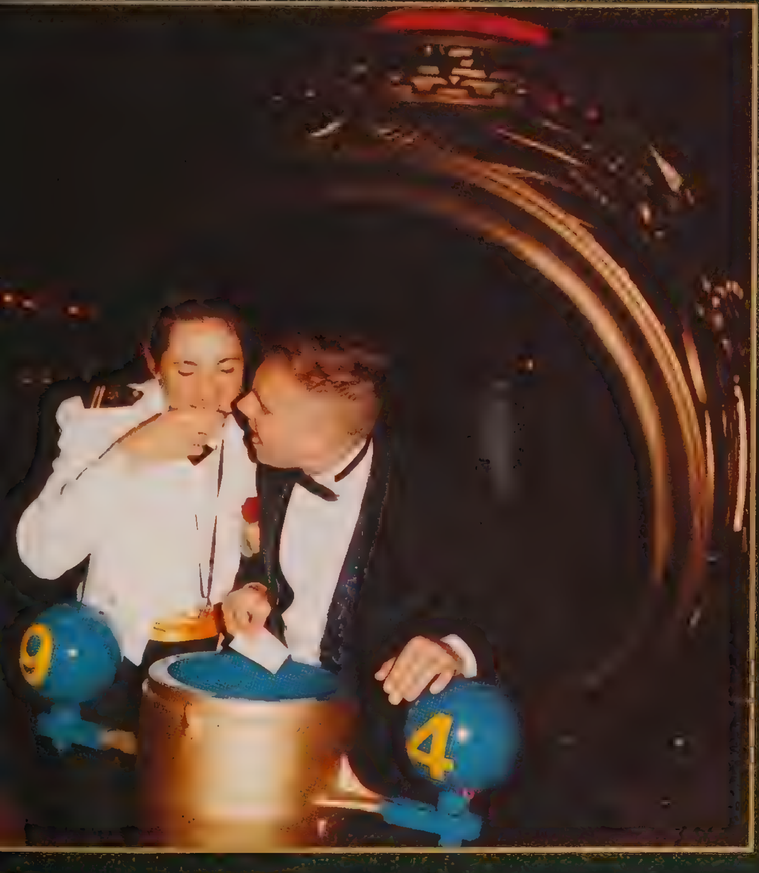


Although Herndon stayed the same, the methods of climbing changed. From Service Dress Whites to PT Gear, the addition of lard made the climb much more challenging!

Ring Dance

Since the 1960's Ring Dance was held mostly indoors. Class of 1994 once again held their dance on Radford Terrace.

Second class and their dates get professional portraits taken under the moonlit skies. Ring Dance starts early on Saturday, 22 May 1993.



Maria Pallotta gets her ring dipped by her date while they struggle to get the knot out of the velvet string. The ring is worn around the neck of the midshipman's date until it is dipped in the water of the seven seas, after which the midshipman can wear the ring.

N Dance

Mistic view from the terrace of Hubbard Hall where many gathered to celebrate their accomplishment achieving the Varsity "N".

Casual elegance was the atmosphere at the N Dance where many 3/C and 4/C gathered to socialize with their teammates.

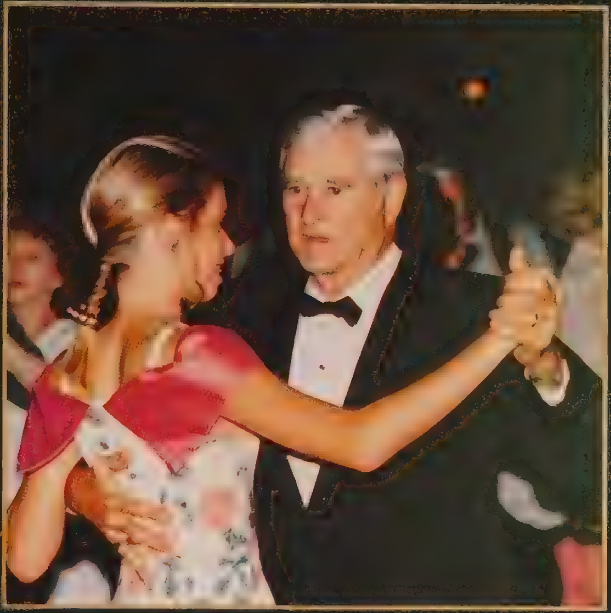
Dancing the night away is nothing new for the midshipmen. Many mambers of the Brigade who earned a Varsity "N" gathered to have a bit of fun.

Graduation Ball

Chris Catlin and his date enjoy the warm summer night dancing the night away in Dahlgren Hall.

Graduation Ball is not only for the Graduates, but a couple of special Plebes who usher the dance can also enjoy the festivities.

First Class enjoy the company of their families and friends sharing the honor and happiness of Graduation.



Mark Sedwick takes a break to get some refreshments for his family and friends. The Dance is catered by our own King Hall, serving our famous "special" punch.

Finding his permanent spot at the table, 1/C Ted Dicklocker feasts on the hors d'oeuvres while his family mingles in the Garden.

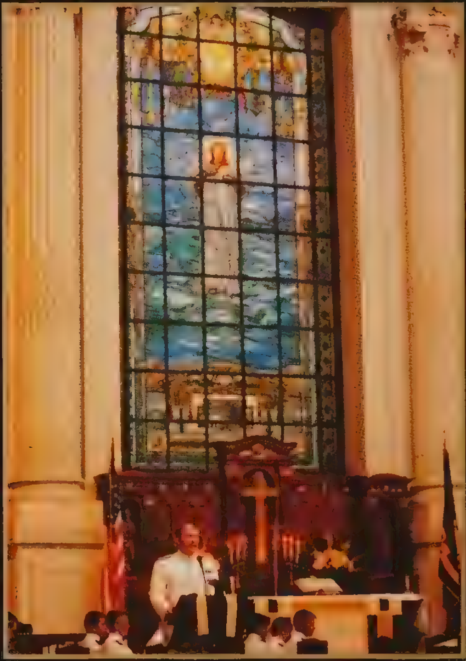
James Polickoski gathers with friends and family to meet various members of the Superintendent's Staff. Cindy Schowe picks up some nuts at the buffet and Wayne Mihailov poses for a pictures with family.

Garden Party

Fourth Company commander Brian Burke relaxes with family and friends while enjoying the beautiful weather.

Nora Connelly munches on some sweet rolls while she helps her sister carry some to the rest of her family.

Baccalaureate



On the last Sunday before Graduation, first class midshipmen bring their friends and family to the Chapel for their final service as midshipmen.

Geoffrey Royal takes part in the Baccalaurate Services as he looks back on the years as a midshipman.

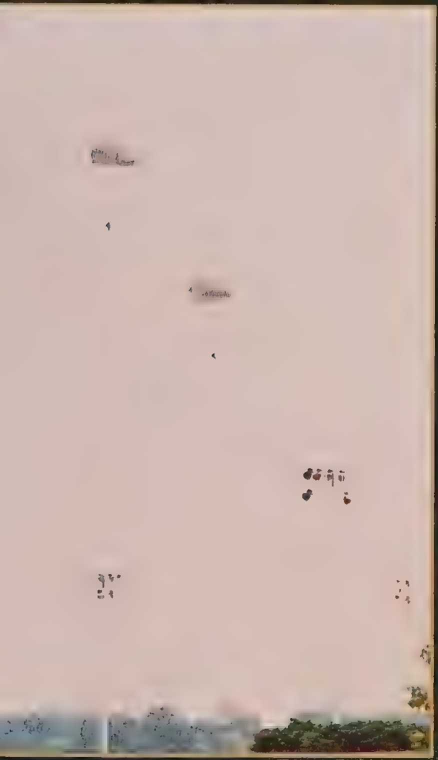
Today is an opportunity for all to thank God for all His blessings He has bestowed as well as a time to ask for guidance and support for the graduates future in the Navy and Marine Corps.

Music filled the air by Electric Brigade, as the guests of midshipmen enjoy the fly-by and parachuting in place of the Blue Angels.

Guiding the F-18 Phanttoms in over Farragut Field can be a "hairy" experience, but with the professional expertise of their squadron communication, it was a breeze.

ATU/Fly-By

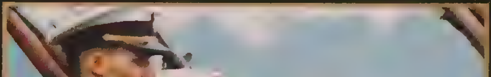
Skip Vincenzo treats his family to a fly-by by F-18's from a near-by squadron. The Airborne Training Unit also put on a spectacular display.



Airborne midshipmen demonstrated their talents jumping out of perfectly good airplanes as they land on Farragut Field next to the academic buildings.

Color Parade

Bettina Haymann of Verona, NJ is this years Color Girl. The Color Company commander gets to pick who his color girl would be, she is usually his girlfriend.



Todd Chavanne proudly presents 31st Company as the Color Company for the 1992-1993 academic year. 31st com[any has proven itself to have the highest standards of any company in the Brigade.

The Color Parade is the last formal dress parade of the year and of a first class midshipman's Naval Academy carrer. Second semester Brigade Cmmander, Geoffrey Royal, solemnly takes his post for his last formal parade.

Number one David Ismay expresses himself to Adam Plumpton during the Graduation exercises. For many first class, graduation will be last timethey will see each other for a long time.

Symbolizing friendship, the handshake immortalizes the four years the graduates have spent together celebrating the end of one carreer and the begining of another.

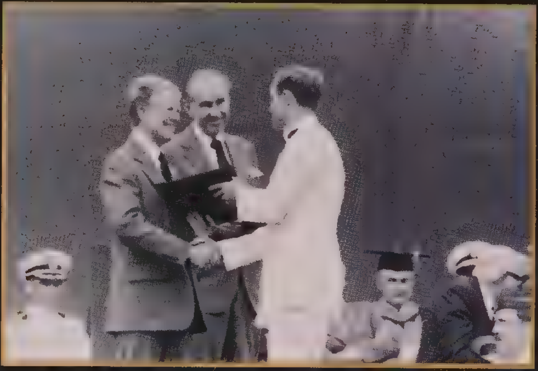
Graduation I

May 26, 1993

Senattor John McCain of Arizona spoke words of wisdom to the class of 1993. As he related his experiences as a public servent he bid the graduating class good luck and a heart felt congratulations. As soon as everyone was seated, the ceremony got underway with a spectacular fly-over.

Graduation II

Awarding the Diplomas

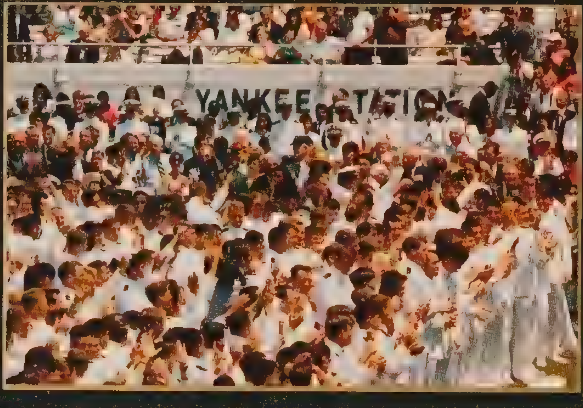


Crossing the stage, first class midshipmen received their long awaited diplomas. The distinguished graduates marked the first 111to be presented their diploma by the Honorable McCain. The rest of the graduating class received theirs by company. First class Julie Stopha proudly holds her degree high abover head for all to see.

The Superintendent and the Commendant of Midshipmen help distribute the diplomas. RADM Lynch happilly presents Shogo Cotrell his diploma.

While others are in line waiting for their diploma, others gaze at the document that begins a whole new life.

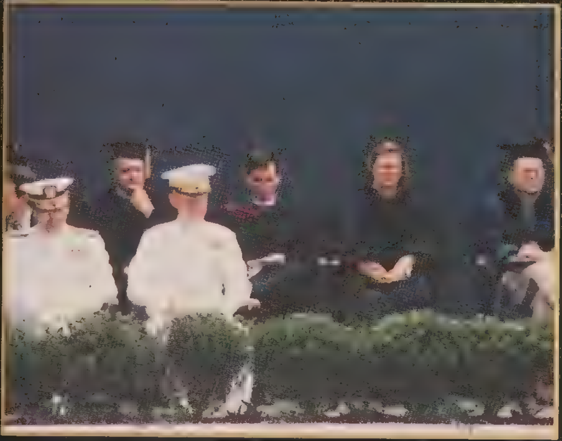
Marines selectees were sworn in by General Mundy. Grunting their "I do's", the newly commissioned 2nd Lieutenents will proudly wear their eagle, globe and anchor. Three cheers to those we leave behind, hats off!



Newly commissioned Ensign Samantha Saxton enjoys a hug after being sworn in by her father. Many graduates elected to have a private ceremonial swearing in so they could have a loved one or some other special person, celebrate their new chosen career.

Graduation III

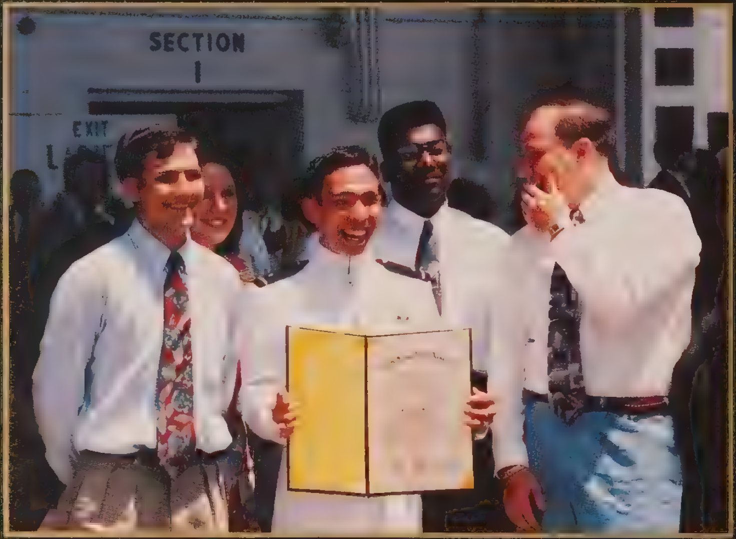
Swearing In



Once the 2nd Lieutentants have been sworn in, ADM Kelso gave the oath of office to all the Navy selectees. Caught up in the happiness of the moment, many gave their classmates a congratulatory hug.

Graduation IV

For Mom and Dad



Proud parents eagarly take pictures of their graduates, taking up most if not all the camera space available. Volodja Tymoschenko proudly displays his diploma with friends and family after the ceremonies.

From the 1920's to the present day, many things have changed at the Academy. One thing that remained the same is the exchanging of midshipman shoulderboards for Officer ones. Moms, dads, brothers and sisters all take part in this happy moment.

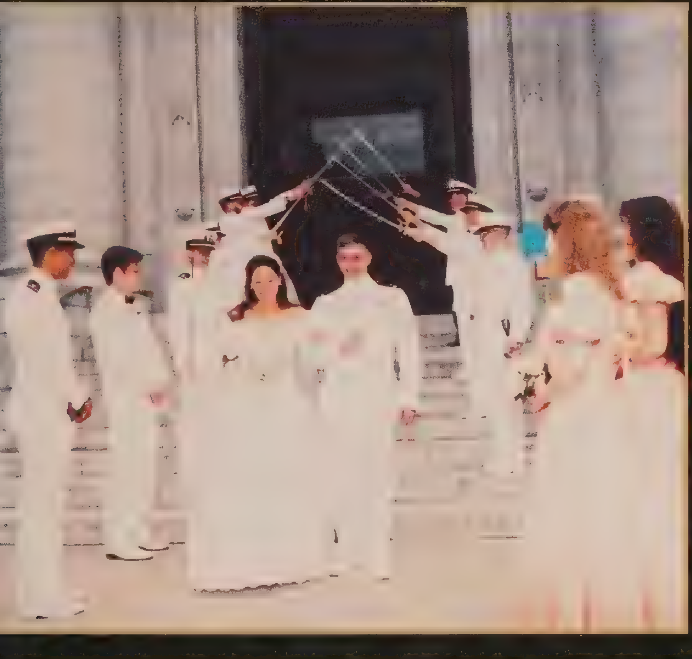
The members of the class of 1993 are not the only ones who graduated this day, all the parents of the graduates gradute today as well. This day marks the end of one type of love and support and the beginning of a new kind of support. Although they say it was nothing, we know it was a lot. Thank you Mom and Dad for all your love and support over these years.

Weddings mark the begining of a new life together. 2lt Kevin Harris and his bride, Saranac gather with friends and family for this happy occassion. The gazebo and lawn outside the Chapel doors are beautiful places for memorable shots.

Gathering at the hisoric Chart House Restaurant right on the waters edge, bring the happy couple together as they cut the cake. May and June are the two popular months for Naval Academy weddings, and this year was no exception.

Photos courtesy of Thorton Studios

Weddings

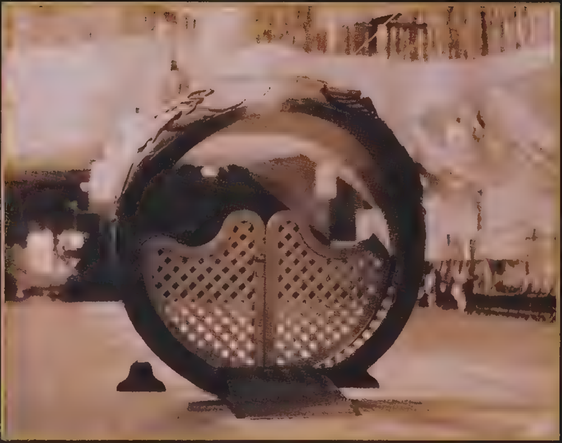


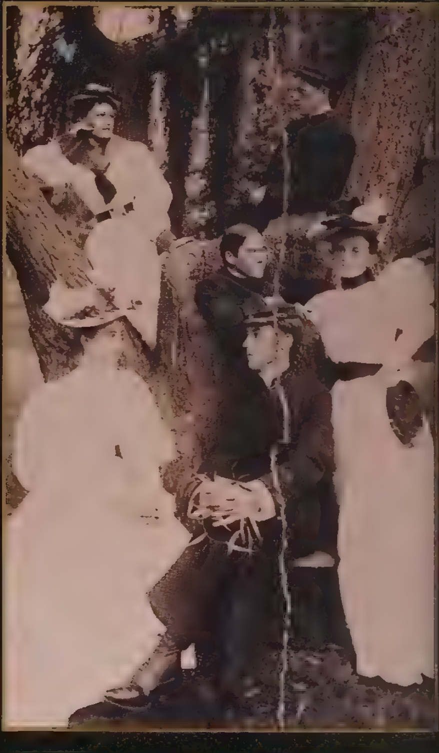
Traditional weddings held in the Chapel are a beautiful sight to behold. John Sahlin chose to marry his bride, Janis in the Chapel with all the fancy trimmings.

Sword arches have become a Naval Wedding tradition and to this day friends of the military member proudly salute the newlyweds. Thanking their friends for the memories, all bids their good wishes to the bride and welcomes her into the Navy family.

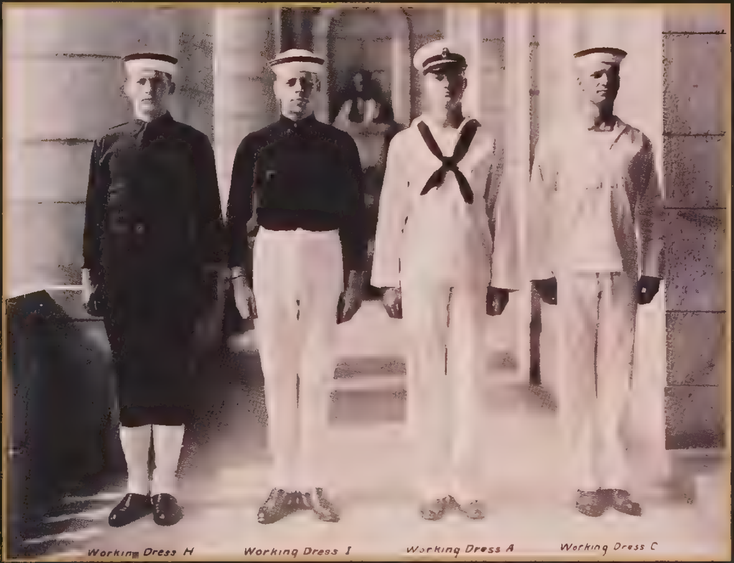
Mids Then...

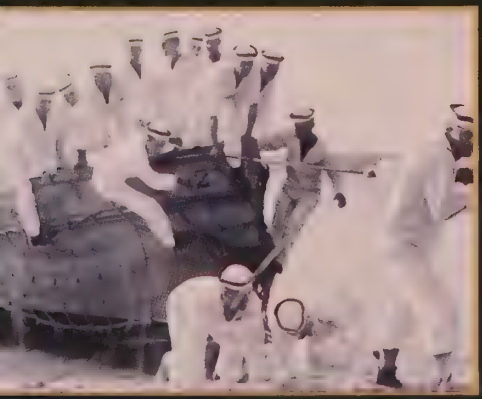
Uniforms change as the times go on, but many things at the Academy do not. Entertainment has changed from the pool tables in Memorial Hall to Bowling and TV in the wardrooms.

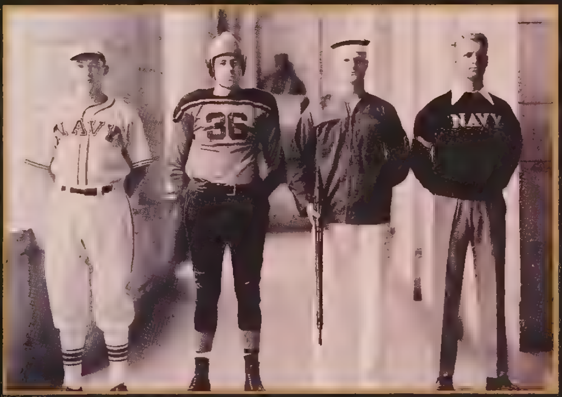




Study habits and classroom etiquette have dramatically changed, but the midshipmen still get the best out of it. The Obstacle course and standard PE classes and tests still have their place in a mid's life. The obstacles may have changed, but the fun is still there.

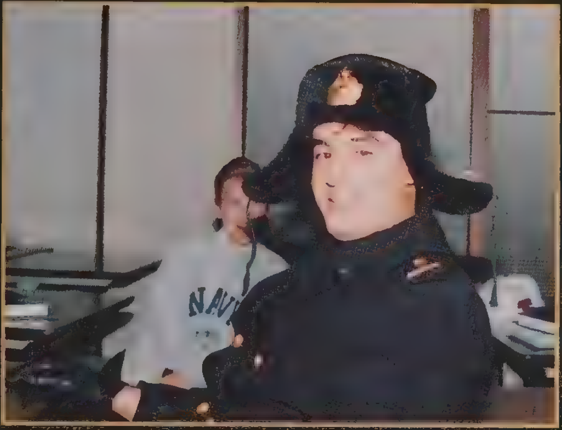

Working Dress H
Working Dress I
Working Dress A
Working Dress C




NAVY
36
NAVY

Mids Now...

Bell Ringing Ceremony signifies victory over Army. Navy continually beats Army in most Army-Navy athletic competitions.



Plebes use every minute of their day wisely. A new candidate reviews his rates while his classmates take a break to let off some smoke later in the year during the Brigade Christmas Dinner.

A Look Back

FIRST CLASS

represents the leadership of the Brigade. Proudly gathered together four years ago, the class of 1993 brought influences from around the country and around the globe. Now we leave some of what we came with as a legacy for those who follow.

*

First Company 152
Second Company 160
Third Company 168
Fourth Company 176
Fifth Company 184
Sixth Company 192
Seventh Company 198
Eighth Company 204
Ninth Company 212
Tenth Company 220
Eleventh Company 227
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Thirty-Sixth Company 421

First Company

Ara Edward Barton
Faribault, Minnesota
Marine Corps Naval Flight Officer

Croc (short for crocodile) came to USNA from the wild outback of Minnesota with a quick stop in the bubble world. Croc was quick to establish his military prowess..good thing the upperclass never took a drink from your canteen. Croc (or Biner if you participated in his sport...not) became Sailing team captain, even after his huge collision at sea. Our sailing stud was a key factor in the big win (Newport to Bermuda), and was the pride of fun one. Youngster year was the start of USNA's version of the odd couple...Mr. Halo and Dirtbag, but we know the real story. Croc surprised the world with his Marine selection, but he already owned the equipment to survive in any climate or terrain (just look in every corner of the room). Croc wasn't only a wild game killer (the skunk), but also a lady killer. Never forget C.C., H.G., P.C. and K.V. Thanks for being there through everything (weight loss). Your a true friend and the best roommate.....DSB P.S. Thanks for the gift in the sink

Damian Sennen Blossey
Mount Carmel, Pennsylvania
General Unrestricted Line

CTO3 Blossey came to dirty thirty and fun one by way of NAPS. We met that great summer of '89. Your reputation was established immediately with A.F. I didn't really believe it until I roomed with you. I soon realized I was living with a legend in the making. (remember Michelson 117?) The stories about you on YP group 6 clinched it. The stories of the "squadron" live in infamy. Lightweight football? Too bad the weigh-ins weren't at 185 instead of 158 - we both would have stayed a little healthier in the fall. Undefeated and the National Championship is what counts though. Thanks again for taking care of me on my bad nights...I'll always keep a trash can close, you taught me that. Who gets to keep the bo peep outfit, and the "roach on 'roids?" Thanks to the greatest roommate I could have asked for -- Croc

Michael T. Braswell, Jr.
Drybranch, Georgia
Nuclear Power - Submarines

In July of 1989, Michael T. Braswell, Jr., decided to leave his ranch in Drybranch, Georgia to become a member of the Brigade of Midshipmen. Mike had an outstanding academic career majoring in ways to make money while earning a 3.4 in Mechanical Engineering on the side. He was a member of at least 7 varsity sports, 8 club sports, including Fencing, and earned three brigade championships in company basketball. If Mike wasn't in the hall studing or on the phone talking to Corinth or Precious, who knows which one, he could be found "stepping" with the brothers of TAU BETA PI. Mike would do anything for a friend and two billion dollars. Mike was very fun to be around and he would always make you laugh, usually at the expense of others. Conversations with Mike were interesting and challenging, and would usually end with the phrase,"What did he say Ernest?"

Bret Ryan Bruchock
Center Valley, Pennsylvania
General Unrestricted Line

Bret is a Bruce Springsteen cultist. Hit by a car at a young age, the first thing Bret saw when he became conscious in the hospital was Bruce Springsteen moaning through his teeth to fans on MTV. Besides his terminal obsession with Bruce, Bret has an obsession for money and women. At a jacuzzi party the drunk and confused "Snake" couldn't decide between his date and his roommate's date, so he chose both (what happened under them bubbles?). Bret has a problem when his friends don't pay back that nickel plus interest within 24 hours, but he has no problem writing a rather large check to help out his girlfriend in financial trouble so that she'll continue to love him (after all it's true love for the 22nd time isn't it, Bret?). Hopefully Zombie Twin #2 will have better sense as a Harrison Ford (Patriot Games) wanna be in his future career with NIS. RAB

Richard Alan Butler
Orofino, Idaho
Navy Pilot

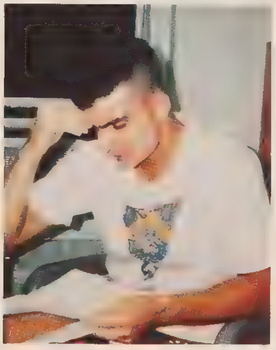
Old Rick, when he's not polishing his sharkskin boots, tries to be a naval officer. It's either that or be a lumberjack back home in Orifice, Idaho. He spent half of his time here practically married. The other half he's spent chasing tail. Rick and that sexy spacey smile are sure to break hearts around the world. When he's not chasing it, he's kicking it in the Karate ring. Rick used his car loan to buy a red Toyota truck, but it's not as red as his neck (ha!) As soon as he pays off his credit cards, hopefully by the time he makes Admiral, he'll buy a shotgun rack for it. This Zombie twin has gone on many a weekend escapade with his roommate, stumbling into the hall as the sun was coming up. Rick has caught up on sleep for the next ten years, though. Spudhead's gonna fly planes for the Navy but it won't be long before he's back in the Land of the Potato.BRB

Kyle Richard Campbell
Madisonville, Texas
Naval Flight Officer

Kyle came to us from Texas, the land of Waco and snipers. We all know what comes from Texas, and Kyle don't have no horns. During Plebe summer he had a little trouble getting his parade rest and attention positions coordinated. But soon after he blossomed into a genius, scoring three 4.0 semesters and Co. Cdr firstie year. 3/C year was spent feeding birds and flying paper airplanes from 4-2, not to mention the rubber band fights with Cruiser. K.C. was a hard charger, and the words "better get on it" were quick from his lips. His second most frequent phrase was "It's a great day for flying!". Unfortunately, reading too many issues of Aviation Week forced him to go NFO. Sorry you couldn't fly, bud. You wanted it more than anyone. You're smart though, just keep your count below 200 and you'll achieve your dreams. We'll miss ya. KJG.

Robert Scott Carnevale
Albany, New York
Marine Corps

His Story--Coming to the Naval Academy a small and puny West Point reject, Scott quickly found a home at USNA. Disliked by all his peers (he failed to shower on several occasions and excelled at the "knife in the back" game), Scott's only friend soon became Dave the Janitor. Scott was crushed, however, when he discovered that Dave had no liking for him at all and found invisible friends much more appealing on both a cosmetic as well as intellectual level. Feeling sorry for Scott, he was accepted back into the company, but only after accepting a name change to Bob (which in Latin means "He who is a winner"). Never feeling completely accepted, Bob turned to the Corps, where he knew he at least could get a bad hair cut and a full frontal labotomy. Bob's only achievement at USNA, besides frying himself, was being voted most likely to be shot in the back by his own men. PAC



George Chadley Chatlos
Youngwood, Pennsylvania
Marine Corps

Captain, My Captain! 4 yrs--10 W's,IJDFM. BSTS has prevailed.. at every position.. w/four coordinators.. "It could be six..no!" You're a true animal lover- Nittany Lions, Tigers, Wildcats, Panthers, Terps & a 'Cane. You even learned about being Stealthy.. Watch out for those runaway Gatorade bottles. Then there was Club Waterloo.. Stink bombin'.. Be on the lookout for exploding toliets.. Remember the Fire Eagle w/ Dudley and Cap'n Bill.. Your 21st b-day was celebrated with MANY friends present(Brawny).. Don't forget The Goat.. Shreddin' in Vermont.. Gimme an armed oo rah! It's been great for 4 yrs. Just remember this -- "I never!..Are you checkin the guns? What was that, the Big 'O' or 'HO' I guess that it just don't matter.`Big Stix definitely have prevailed everywhere. Big A and the Reg can never have a better sponsoree. You are a great friend. We'll tri-up again at TBS. Thanks for the memories. Mr. Gloom (JBE) 14, and 8 Ballin (ACB).

Nora Kathleen Connelly
Villa Park, Illinois
General Unrestricted Line

This small wonder came here wanting to be a SEAL, but such a regimented life would not fit her style: Piezanos at least twice a week, shopping after a bad grade, and running in at 11:30. Nora became obsessed with NATS at a very young age (till 2am?) and made it her ambition to learn everyone else's password. She never really thought of herself as a plebe (driving a 2/c and his date to ring dance) except when the cowboy insisted on two hour come-arounds. But, things never got that bad with the Maj around. She learned to manipulate the weak - the bug to OC - need we say more? Academics were not a strong point, but how could they be when you never study? Your only A in PE? 14 pull ups is quite an accomplishment that any Halsey boy would envy (especially your plebe Chem partner). What a catch he got - a woman with unbelievable care packages and FM candy. BN, JH, JP

Peter Anthony Corrao
Seminole, Florida
Navy Pilot

"Steakman, Ruler of the Universe", Man fur, shark feet, the class board, thinking hair, the parka, Steakus Hungus, "It's Latin for...", Noodles, blood, "but,..head!", plebe-issue sweats, "cheetah, 70 m.p.h.", Honda Civilian, coriolis effect, "Horkin' my ....", "Chicks dig it", the basic dance, "Puts hair on your chest", adventure hats, "Sure you do, he looks just like me.", "I failed that test", "I'm not a smack.", "Oh, that's ......", wearing your belt above your bellybutton, "Swell", Star Trek, SWO, flying the F-69 inverted, mother jokes, Blues Brothers/White Works appreciation, Hawaiian shirts, the open air drawer, no part, no coordination, no discipline, and a bad attitude. Pete, you've brought many smiles to many people, but none more than me. The only way to survive this place is with an occasional smile and with good friends and you've provided both. Whatever you do, GET SOME!!! - RSC

Anna C. Cruz
West Islip, New York
Supply Corps

She went from Long Island to Rhode Island in 89 because USNA wasnt quite prepared for this locked on woman. Couldn't have done plebe summer/year with out ya(thanks for spoonin us). You're a great actress-"Pass the potatoes!" After glazed donuts and figuring out which service was the Catholic one (flags, womanpriest??), you were good to go! Wait a minute, are you going to eat ALL that! "No! Um, uh, it's for my roomate." Hey Man, What's up? Are you ready...yes, you're ready (to play center, no, outside hitter, no, setter...) Could I borrow some TILEX for our room formal. Anna Wanda, always wacky but willing to calm down and listen to a friend. Don't forget the dead bugs, pink, attacking headphones. Hey how did Zone know we were up here? You've been a great friend for both of us! Looking forward to Supply, Man! Thanks for being a great roomate-keep in touch! Take care and God Bless Love oxox JAS & LLP

Nacim Robert Figge
Oxnard, California
Naval Flight Officer

The Figster, came to us straight from the dense jungle of Brazil, making a quick stop at the oh so hard school in Newport, RI only to run into bullfrog. Peanut butter chow calls, no one will forget, as it made the upperclassman very happy-- NOT! Youngster year, Fig received the bone with us all, at the almighty school in Fort Benning, GA. From there, he then wanted to distribute the bone and became a head honcho in the Airbone Corps. Along the way, Fig finally found his niche, by leaving a trail of waffle-stompage in racquetball (do you ever move?). Firstie year rolled around, and where the heck is Fig? Oh, that's right, someone is dragging him out in town by the leash around his neck, say Julie? Well, Figge surprised us all at service selection, as he dodged the Gun Club and selected Navy NFO. Four years brings alot of memories bud, especially hooking us guys up. Fig, you're a good man with exceptional integrity. Best of luck in P-cola! MAF

Michael Aaron Fox
Ocala, Florida
Navy Pilot

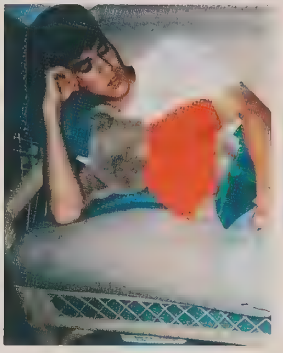
Mike Fox -- a quiet, out of shape, fat guy -- NOT!!! Through our four years by the bay, Mike turned out to be our funniest and wildest Floridian presence. From a stealthy plebe year with a long lost unknown love in Florida, to a burrito driving firstie, Mike Fox has plenty of adventures to share with all of us. Unfortunately, he chooses to talk to himself instead of telling us what's up; if we didn't know him, we would think he was crazy. His Navy Air service selection surprised us all, we thought he would be a SEAL but the 5 A.M. morning P.T. showed him the light, and now he will be returning to his home state but his girly is gone. Probably Mike's most unforgettable moment is when we took him out for his 21st birthday, what an animal . His adventures go on -- Key West Taco Bell, his encounter in Georgetown, his flying through a tree on his 10th jump, etc, etc. We all wish him the best of luck in Pensacola where he will be able to get a real tan instead of going to Fake and Bake.

Christopher Taussig Graves
Annapolis, Maryland
Marine Corps

As I think about Chris Graves, I'm not sure whether to feel sorry for him or to respect him. Chris is a hard worker, and he is more than willing to lend a helping hand to anyone in need. He's got the doodads to say or write anything, which has gotten him into trouble more than once. Plebe year Proceedings article about technocrats, Youngster cruise eval slamming his CO, hazing Bern, article about core value training. He epitomizes the phrase 'the pen is mightier than the mouth'. He also epitomizes the phrase 'the mouth is faster than the brain'. The rumor in Fun One is that Chris has no civvies. Why else would he wear Plebe issue socks on liberty... with shorts! At least they weren't hiked up. A jarhead from day one, Chris is rarely seen without some piece of military equipment. In a strange way, we love ya Chris, but don't get any ideas. We hope you don't get shot too soon after graduation. KJG

Kenneth Joseph Grieser
Juneau, Alaska
Surface Warfare Officer

Kenny, Kincaid, Kenny-G, Old Man, Tweety-bird, Grandpa, G-pa, Grease-ball, **GBALL**. What are the twelve varieties of Salmon? Foot-fungi: never seems to go away. Who's Molly? She's whose daughter? What a lady-killer was the old man, left us newborns behind. **Say**, who always stopped by youngster year? G-ball, always hung with us when you were "of legal age" but we were nowhere near. What a pal. The loves of Ken's life here at USNA: G-string, strummin the old guitar, doing a little diving (scuba of course!). 2/c trials: caught at the Johnsons', the speech impediment and the mugging in DC. Summer: your supposed to turn the gun when you run through the door! Its easier on the eyes. "We ain't open yet!" "That's not good enough Ken, I want you to use your head for this one." Chemical warfare. Get in your Northwestern clothes and buy Steve a latté? *Sheeure*!!! Good times, bad times, our times! Sorry you got the Whammee, fly anyway. KRC

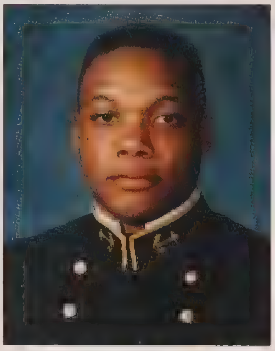


Christopher Kim Chon Grillone

Honolulu, Hawaii

Nuclear Power - Submarines

Chris left the Paradise State in '89 to come to a fun-filled summer at Camp Tecumseh. However, he took a wrong turn somewhere on the back-nine and ended up just another plebe at I-day. Existence began 3/C year, when Eddie met the Cruiser and started doin' time as a physics major. Deciding he was too good for drill, Eddie started down that road to SWO-dom by becoming a YP-god. Small craft pin was followed by enlisted surface quals during 1/C summer; but after watching Top Gun about 90 times, he selected...subs? 2/C year was filled with Atoms, Black Magic, a rice rocket, and one unforgettable Mess Night: "Son, I'm your boss." 1/C year saw elevation to striper-dom, finding his one and only, the subsequent uttering of the M-word, and little of Eddie. (Fiance and finance took priority over Mother-B.) Chris, the bonds of friendship can't be broken. Good luck, may your bridges be warm and your bilges dry. You did sleep more youngster year. **BER**



Ernest Edward Haynes

Cambridge, Maryland

Surface Warfare

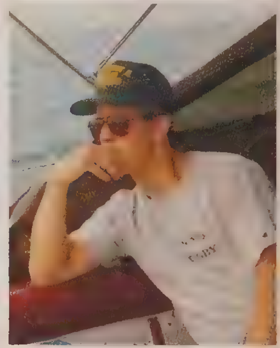
Double E Haynes came to us from the mecca of the east coast, Cambridge, Maryland. Even though he had moved to USNA for his four year adventure, Bancroft Hall was only a place where Ernest could lay his head. On the weekends, he could always be found at UMBC with his girlfriend Andrea, and if a person didn't know any better they would have thought he was doing VGEP there. But Ernest and I had a lot of things in common. We both were lightweights after plebe summer, but one difference between us was that my clothes fit me while his didn't. For some reason, his pants fit like spandex, while he could hardly button up his SDB jackets without breaking a button. The problem only got worse with time until now, Ernest weighs a big 200 something and just cuts his uniform pants and uses them for biker shorts. Ernest was an invaluable friend for my years by the Severn, but since he'll probably never leave Norfolk, due to the UMBC honey, I'll see ya when I see ya. MTB

Cory Richard Howes

Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Naval Flight Officer

Cory joined Fun One half way through our second class year. Cory was anything but stealthy, and soon found himself well integrated into the company. His work with the plebes and general professionalism earned him a platoon commander billet the first semester. He obviously handled his responsibility well, as he was given the role of company commander for our last semester. Consequently, Cory ended his stay at Canoe U working his buns off, juggling the rigorous academic requirements of Systems Engineering, and the day to day inundation of company heartaches. A racquetball player and avid runner, Cory always maintained peak shape, and toyed with the idea of joining the SEALs. After an aviation cruise, however, his mind was made to wear the brown shoes and leather jacket of an airedale (ruff, ruff). Regardless of the community he serves, Cory will assuredly succeed.



David William Kliemann

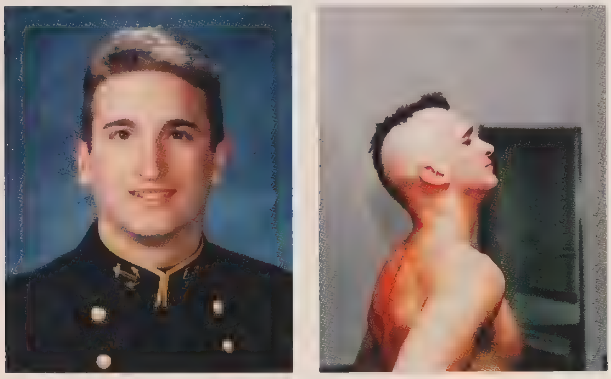
Wind Lake, Wisconsin

Naval Flight Officer

"This place is great! We love it here!" Famous words from one of the *louder* mouths in the company. The reason why Dave loved his stay at the Academy so much was because he spent at least half of it in the rack. Ask anyone. The worst part of it is he was on the Commandant's List the semesters he screwed off the most. Ah, the life of a genius at Canoe U. Dave overall had a great time at the Boat School. The only exception being possibly his brief membership in the infamous fraternity known as Mu Pi Sigma. Dave stayed his same ol' self giving his academically struggling roommate nightly encouragement as he was frantically studying into the wee hours of the morning:"Blow it off Steve. The rack calls you. If it's not done by 9:00 it's not worth doing." Thanks Dave, I'll remember that most. I have to admit though, sometimes you were right. Thanks for being a good roomie; your stuff still fits me good. We had *the best* room in the brigade! Take care, we'll miss ya buddy. SP

James Andrew Knoll
Fullerton, California
Navy Pilot

The first time I met Big Jim was when he chopped into what would be our room during Plebe Summer. Since Jim was something of a slob, there were some drawbacks to being his roommate plebe year. Like the time that there was shoe polish on Jim's desk. Our upperclass wrote, in pencil, on the desk "What the hell is this?" Instead of cleaning it off, Jimbo just wrote right next to it "It's shoe polish sir!" Needless to say, our upperclass were not pleased. I also never understood how you could cram so much stuff into the con-locker. When the locker was opened, it spilled out onto the floor and covered half the room. But the usual way that the Buddha (as his crew teammates called him when they rubbed his tummy for good luck) will be remembered is at the Jim Knoll Memorial shrine at Fran O'Briens. That was Jim's second home. He knew everyone in the bar. Franny O's is declaring a day of mourning when we graduate in May. Have fun in P-Cola! DWK



Tyson Christopher Lewis
Vienna, Virginia
Marine Corps

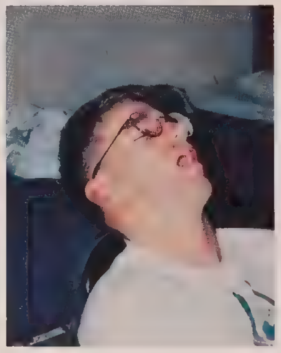
Plebe summer J.H.(remember that stain, during underwear EI?) told Tyson he could never skate through this place on team tables. She was wrong, T.C.(Team Captain) Lewis has never sat in company area. Second semester plebe year, you, me, C.C., M.S. and "G.- I will always be more successful than you Lewis!" Although he was told that athletes that came to the Academy consistently get worse over their four years, he won the Eastern Championships in the 50 free youngster year--but then the trend came true. Second class Company Commander? Firstie XO? Finally someone figured him out, and made him an MIR. -Croc

Gregg Joseph Montalto
Bradley, Illinois
Medical Corps

Joe entered Kilo Company from the vicinity of Chicago, IL. He soon became a Super and continued working out to the point of not being able to pass a mirror. Then came Yo and he barely had enough time to tell us of Sicily, Bo Jackson and what a crime against society the tearing down of Comiskey park was. White Sox and Oreo ice cream. Way too smart for his own good, Joe picked medical corps and is able to look forward to various finger exercises with his future roommates. All of us here at Fun One are really not looking forward to being under his knife. Besides being well known for his shoulder grabs, Tonto has a great sense of humor and a huge heart.

Bernadette Mary Neglia
Frederick, Maryland
General Unrestricted Line

Bernie, remember reading 9 articles by morning quarters? "big, bad, bert..." Left, Right, Left. What about those LOUD scissors?! Morning swim practice 3X a week for 4 years. "Quick, get out of the shower, I gotta go!" Hope you can sit down where that dog bit you! Memories of youngster and sailing cruises from hell. Got anymore Peeps? "Where is the dishwasher on this YP?" I could always pick her out in a crowd by just watching her gossip mode! Hey, Bern, can you help me shave...what else is a roomie for? SWO? Marines? Pilot? Supply?...How many general billets are left? Its either new uniforms or pearls, Bern. Just how much money did you make on your Sundays? Watch out for those drunken midnight trips, you never know where you might go (no more SoCo for you). Forget those yearly exams, who needs them anyway? Who's your favorite roomie?? Beware those dems. love, nc



Francis Peter Notz
Jacksonville, Fla.
Naval Flight Officer

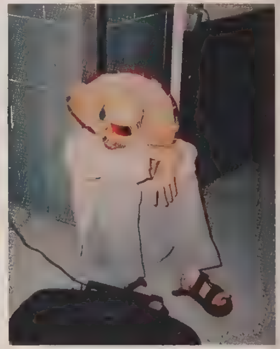
F. P. came to Canoe U. from all over the globe. Plebe Ac. year brought Knotzes billing as the "Pro-Quiz boy". Youngster year brought many fun times with Dave P. Don't ever forget whose "King of the room". Oh, remember the all-nighter before the Calc. III final and the pyramid of 36 Pepsi cans. When the Prime Minister wasn't kicking over newspaper stands and standing in front of the 'Dant, good 'ole Petus was a model midshipman. Second class year you could find this Astro whiz racking in his chair on occasion. Fun One '93 still wonders how the Debate team never got a hold of Pete's talents. Always in a sarcastic way, he could argue a point with the best of 'em. By golly, if Pete said the sun set in the east then you'd better believe him. He was NEVER wrong! On the b-ball court he was a joy to watch, he might have only shot 2 times during a game, but he was in double figures in pump-fakes. Sher! SER P.S. You hate to hold out on me!

Thomas David Novitske
Onalaska, Wisconsin
Surface Warfare

Many questions surround this mysterious character, Tom. Why does he smell so funky, why is it that he can put away more cheeseburgers than any other man alive, and why in the world does he waste his time with those darn trains? I dream of far away places with a beautiful beach and warm sunshine with a cool quiet breeze, lost somewhere in the South Pacific. Tom dreams of being trackside in Clinton, Iowa with five rolls of Kodachrome 64, shooting 250 at 8, a fully charged scanner, a cooler full ice cold 7up, and a gut full of quarter pounders. Extra ketchup. And those magazines, those evil magazines. From whence did they come? I didn't even know that they published material like that. PRN, Railpace, Trains. He preached to me of the goodness of the trains. He preached to everyone about the goodness of the trains. But now he's going SWO. I guess I get the last laugh. "B"

Stephen Aron Parra
Portland, Oregon
Surface Warfare Officer

When I started rooming with the Mad Mexican youngster year, I noticed that everything tended to "migrate" to his side of the room. Since he grew out of his own uniforms and clothes, Steve thought that he would just wear mine and conveniently forget to return them. It was amazing how many times I ran out of clean shirts, only to go to his locker and find several shirts with my alpha code on them. Whenever someone in the company was missing something, our room was the first place they would stop. Usually Steve had it. We all thought that it was quite interesting that he became the company security officer 1st class year. Then there was Spring Break youngster year in Florida. After ingesting a "moderate" amount of alcohol, we went and saw the "Doors". Steve tried to convince us that he was the reincarnation of Jim Morrison. It made that Blazers shrine above your rack seem a little silly. Vaya con Dios, Señor. DWK



Chad Byron Reed
Spring, Texas
Naval Flight Officer

Chad claimed he was from the great state of Texas, although he's really from New Jersey. He brought with him a true lone-star ego, stocking the medicine cabinet with aloe, tan enhancer, dynamic muscle builder, and a hair dryer which he used plebe year when he had no hair. All of these quality hygienic practices helped out, though--he had all kinds of babes calling him, but of course "They are only FRIENDS!!" It's amazing how you can talk to "friends" (who had priority over the rack!) for hours on the phone. Chad went from soccer to crew to soccer to steak football, where he found his niche. With 150s Slash got to play with and against his brother Matt, who converted from Army to Navy, rooming with Chad 2/c year. Co-chair of the Fun One God squad, Chad showed that he truly has friends in high places. Congrats, 3060 rack champ, and remember "denile is not just a river in Africa"--Scritch/Tonto.

Albert Everett Rice
Gulf Breeze, Florida
Naval Flight Officer

Well boys, it's been epic. I'm outta here. Saianora-See ya. To DG, RC, CS, RD and the rest of you sailing maggots- Play 1, Code BLUE-everything's cool. DG, thanks for all the talks and advice. Will we ever figure them out? Doubtful. SZ and MP, Are they real or are we just dreaming? Time will tell, I suppose. RC, the Grampian may be fun and Dahlgren may be a ride, just don't ever get caught. They're never worth it. Sail Fast! CS, I'm gonna miss ya pal. Watch yourself up at the breeding ground. Just Do It. That works well for you. RD, you maggot. Keep grinding, dude. You are gonna be really fast- Just don't piss off the Bodiemister. To MOmallet, Rodent, PanMan, PK, and the rest of '93- Perfect speed is knowing that you have already arrived. Good Luck. -AER

Brian Edward Ries
Hillsboro, Oregon
Nuclear Power - Submarines

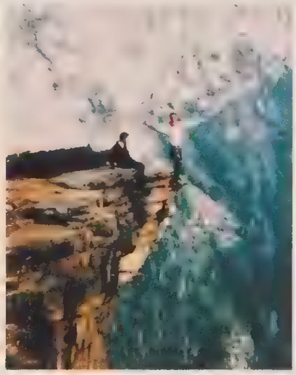
Brian left the wetlands of Hillsboro and his fossils to become just another bald guy for a summer. He is known to people who need academic help as "Brain," while others refer to him as "The Cruiser." I, "Eddie," just call him "roomie." Brian majors in physics, which has broadened his vocabulary of foul words. He still believes that everything in the world can be described with F=ma. Most people think Brian is a quiet and shy guy. Anyone who dressed up as a wolf-man for Halloween or has played lacrosse and soccer has got to be a manly man. The only corps for him is a reactor core. He returned from Third-Class cruise with dolphins and a deterrence pin, not forgetting the Battle "E". On First-Class cruise Brian was finally able to fulfill his dream of spending a month aboard a YP and then on a gray-hull. Service selection night determined that the his only sight of a surface ship would be from a periscope. Although he would never jump out the window to give me a 4.0, his friendship means a great deal to me. "Dive, dive." CG

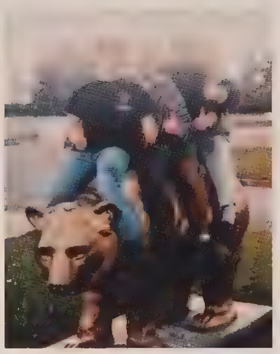
Steven E. Roodzant
Cerritos, California
Surface Warfare

Roadzant, don't call me Rudezant, came from LA to Annapolis on a full intramurals scholarship. While not searching for the land of Goohey, Steve could be found leading his team on the Road to MacDonough. Steve quickly distinguished himself on the court by making 1st team MacDonough all-star and becoming known by all as the "Brigade Shootout Champion". Youngster year brought on new experiences. Laps around the Chauvenet track, sneaking peeks at someone's cheese face through a sealed envelope, mouse LAX, and stimulating conversation about rug burns and knee pads. Second class year brought the daily battle about who was holding out more. As a firstie, Steve caught a small dose of the Tennessee Twang but spent much of his time making erroneous picks on various sporting events. With a long deployment to look forward to, Steve is giving up his crib in the 1-0 projects and heading back to Calee. Good luck "PENNus"! FPN

Richard Irvin Scritchfield Jr.
Akron, Ohio
Navy Pilot

Scritch had no idea what he was getting into when he left his cozy abode near the "Zips". Plebe year he became the 4/c Rep. to NATO, which would push any NORMAL human being to the brink of killing himself. He pressed on, however, enduring disease, ravioli in the sink, hair dryers at oh-dark-thirty, and "the Gurdak". Youngster Cruise taught him to lighten up only a little as he travelled to far away lands. As a 3/c, he continued to log more sick days than Graves. 2/c summer school finally taught Scritch the art of procrastination. He still was a smack with the profs, especially Mario. Over the years he managed to survive mono, pneumonia, a torn ACL, a broken finger, an athiest, a Sox fan and his fiancee, and two Reeds. Thanks to Mom Smith, his roomates never went hungry. We are proud of his progress in learning to relax and a job well done as the Co-Chair of the Fun One God Squad--Slash/Joe





Bruce Richard Stanley Jr.
Oceanside, California
Surface Warfare

Grandpa Stanley took many a grunion before coming to this stinkin' hole. He and his mondo clothes felt right at home. Throughout his four years he made many friends including Debbie, still known to be in hiding from Dave the Janitor. His roommate always let the presence of his size ten-and-a-halfs be known. Mr. Man talked big about buying a blazer, but wimped out with a little red clunker and a stereo system worth twice as much as the car. How anyone could mix up the words Amphib and Aegis, I'll never know - but he did. I can just imagine you two years from now, Bruce sitting in his stateroom blaming the Fart Bunny. Or 10 years, attending all the home football games. Or 20 years, clearing two fiddy a year. You ben heya fo howa! No moh food fo you! You eet salad! Pop, Pop. Killer Bees on the Beach. Saw The Man today (Steve). T Hip. Whitney next door. Peace. "T"

Julie Ann Stopha
Bolivar, New York
Navy Pilot

Smalltown,NY sent Jules to Navy University in the summer of '89, when she first stumbled into "The Dultzer". Plebe summer taught her the sense of urgency, proven by her readiness to drop those books and head over to Griffin's. After memorizing the football team roster as she ran all of 4th wing and pyromania with Pete M., she decided to move on:Georgetown bar owners (um, yeah..we're 21!), the haunting PCR,Glee Club,"Frat-master",Marine Corps Marathon,two-steppin',"3 stripes for me?!",and finding what else she could possibly store in the room!Always on the go, Jules maxed out the mileage on her running shoes,probably cuz she was out getting fellow classmates lost on freezing,wet days(nights?!)-"uh, just around the bend and we'll be out!" But really, Jules is a great friend ready to give to others and put smiles on our faces! Good luck in the sky, roomie-I love ya! Take care and God Bless, ACC

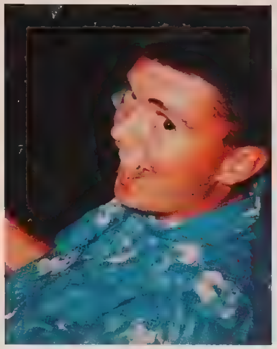
Michael David Stull
Fremont, California
Special Warfare

Mike is living testament to the old adage that great things come in small packages. From the first day of PEP when he was recognized as a *super*, and all through his career on the banks of the Severn, Mike has been the prime physical example for Dirty Thirty and Fun One. Pushups, pullups, flutter-kicks and all could not phase "Iron-Mike." Come service selection night it was no surprise to see Mike committing to our nation's most elite collection of studs, the SEALs. "Skull," as the Bulldog Instructors called him (with respect, I might add), also doubled as the company computer wonder, readily giving aid to those of us who could no more figure out Windows, let alone run Turbo Pascal. When not beating on "Bob," or the "Steaks," Mike spent his spare time rock climbing, scuba diving, and squirrel feeding. But perhaps his greatest contribution was an indomitable sense of humor that helped to define the very unique character of Fun One.

Second Company

This postcard, circa 1904, shows Dahlgren Hall, its exterior
st completed, and, at the right, the new senior officers'
ıarters on then Sampson Row but now Porter Road, already

Note the
maintainin
off-loading



William Andrew Bartle
Scottsdale, Arizona
Naval Flight Office

Rappin' Willie B. hails from Scottsdale, AZ or is it Phoenix, who knows it's all a desert anyway. We suffered three years of misery but the fruits of firstie year made it all worthwhile. Will realized his life long dreams, his own 5.0 Mustang conv. LX, the Suns with the best record in the NBA, the Hoosiers to #1 in the polls, NFO, Frank in RCMH, NYC, and, yes, two MORE roommates. At least these two had impeccable hygiene standards and phenomenal work habits. Don't forget though Will that it was you who brought us down for the room (despite that half-eaten sandwich on the desk.) Don't forget the good times: Hockey in AZ, summer school (improving our golf game anyway), Busch Gardens-free beer, the NW posse, Oriole games, midsummers, and a few legendary Georgetown nights. You've been an awesome friend and I wish you well....RJB.

Robert James Braun
Bedford, Texas
Surface Warfare Officer

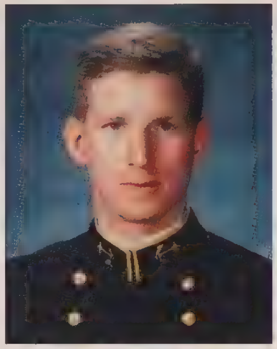
For most of us, one plebe year was enough, but not so for this bull rider. Bob did his share of time here in the Big House, Mother B. This native Gopher arrived from the Lone Star state with football in hand, but soon exercised his right to win and traded his cleats for skates. Known for his grace, sportsmanship, and friendly demeanor, Big Bad #18 spent more time in the penalty box than on the ice. It's been an uphill road from the get-go (did you clean this coffin?), but being a firstie (even if for just four months) has helped heal the wounds. Friday night libs, summer school golf, the three of us in Norfolk (c'mon, one more rollercoaster ride), Xmas in Arizona, and that fateful day in February will forever mark our Academy Experience. You will be a fine officer and a great friend always. WAB & TJP

Theodore Michael Burk
College Station, Texas
Navy Pilot

"The best damn hooker I've ever scrummed with" has been the reply of hardened men all over the East Coast. Referring to Ted's rugby abilities, of course! But despite the years of blood, sweat and tears, off the field of play Ted remained a true casanova. Whether binding with an eager pack women ready to ruck with him, or co-starring in a "Romeo & Juliet" love affair with his favorite sweet "T" pie, Teddy was ready, willing and able to handle it all! World traveler, french speaker, romancer, rack monster, scholar (cough, cough!) are all accurate terms to fit the man known the world over as ... Ted! Don't be sleepin' in flight school, I might have to be your backseater someday! Let's Ride -- AWW

Brendon Thomas Dibella
Alexandria, Virginia
Surface Warfare

Though we had the last real plebe summer, Dab'la won the favor of a few female detailers who made his life easier. Later, his talents changed his life from being a "screen" to being "My Buddy" of the second class. By year's end, his dry wit and sarcasm gave him many opportunities to slam on our socially inept upperclass. Youngster year began poorly when one last home meal meant 15 days restriction. Once he got his weekends back, Dab'la became quite the movie critic, but was he the tall guy or the fat one? Not until firstie year would we know for sure. Changes in plebe training suited his lighter, witty style fine and he soon devoted his skills to being brigade gossip central. Though honor boards and plaque designing took most of his time, he was still a devoted running partner when he could be dragged from the rack. Even if he does get a SWO-belly, there will only be more to like about Brendon. LDP



Brad Patrick Donnelly

East Northport, New York
Surface Warfare

YO YO-This gentleman if not an officer landed here from the streets of NY full of spirit and energy. BPD was it the military or jail? Many memories of a rainy night in VI or a rough night in TT proved enlightning. Monique called..Again! Who ever though they'd see a Kegmaster at a Deb Ball? Head escort?Figures. The quiet Man. The man behind the scenes,Action,Action. LMB,EMA,YOYOB1. Wait->90, 91, 93, 94, 95-what happened? Green Turtle,Go Navy Swimming, 31, roommates in the same day.you've left us speechless. From lax to sailing (????) Wanna fly? Wrong. B.M., EMA, LMB yet again. He showed us romance, sensitivity, tireirons,huge phone bills & all the holes in the wall. Yoyo-fromundawhat? Clean your bore,nice car-definitely a tank. BPD- classy guy,had all kinds of class(hi and lo)but we dont think he ever went to any.RAT#1.Not a stranger to 1-90 or smoke hall and sure could open a locked door. YO-Yo -good luck with the KIDD(kid?) and CER we luv ya.-DJ,R,M,C,R,T

Jeffrey James Durdin

St. Paul, Minnesota
Marine Corps

Tug a.k.a. Harley, came to USNA from the wonderfully (in his eyes) warm land of Minnesota. He survived his first year rooming with the "Matti", with no help from a certain walkman and the sexual harassment patrol. Upon graduating from plebedom, Tug took to perfecting wrestling and his gift-of-gab. Youngster year was a very productive year; one change of major and one advisory board thanks to the USS Annapolis. Who won the Panama bet? "No, Tug you're the stud." Amazing is the only word to describe valentine cards from 12 girls. By second-class year, Tug had the bar pick up lines down. Then came the transition from air to corps. How can a guy rack through so much and go marines? Well at least you have the high and tight. First-class year gave you your own seat in the wardroom and membership in debtors anonomous. Girls, rack, and girls. Good Luck to a great friend. Cool.

Kelly Ann Eubanks

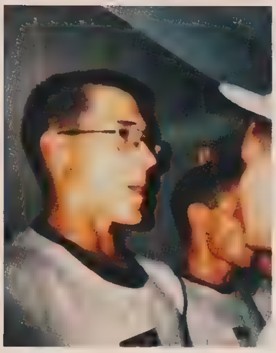
Fairfax Station, Virginia
Surface Warfare

Kelly arrived plebe yr. a little older(and wiser) than the rest of us. The Capt.'s daughter survived our female firsties to move on to youngsterhood. From the "no singing zone" came country music, VH, and the sound of ZZ's at 1530(youngster rack competition). Rescued from her golden bubble 2/C yr., a hometown boy captured her heart(Princess L.) 2/C yr. also brought the hard-charging unexpected professional side of Kel.(also UNSAT) Firstie year and second company's new XO became R.L's consultant, until accompanying A.S. to 7-2. And finally, after much soul searching she picked SWO(carrying on the tradition?). Her roomie to be at SWOS and on AE-34 is none other than company-mate MCM. Thanks for watching over us and being such a big sis! Dont' forget-Daytona(T-shirt!), MTV backstage, NL night, dining outs(pizza anyone?), roomies S.S.&B.D., Nellie, P.C.(are you still up there?), RSF. Love, ALS, MCM, TLW

Michael Edward Groth

Syracuse, New York
Marine Corps

"God we give you Pops;try not to get him mad." Hard-charging out of the Marine Corps and arriving at USNA at age 60, old man Mike was aptly called Pops. Blessed with great patience and understanding, Pops is known for his tolerance of poor D on the lax field-"Play some D-it ain't that hard" and broken sticks.Partying with Nuts and Onion- Duke '91 (What a scam,bro!),Iron Curtain,the Bear's Boys (Right Hand!), UVA '93 "This jacket don't say Virginia punk!" learning rap from Onion "I'm down with you" Pops Two-Step and Eastern Shore,Humpin to Vail. Always had time for the ladies- Pops sure became an avid Navy swim fan (Yeah MB).TAD o'justice with JT and Onion. Thru it all you were fired up, Now you can go home to your Marine Corps. Remember the neighborhood cause it won't forget you.Its been a trip,Peace- Onion. 1..2..3 CHAMP!!!



David Michael Kiick
Laurel, Mississippi
Surface, Nuclear

"Grasshopper" came to us from south of the Mason Dixon line, and we had a few shocks trying to figure him out. From practicing his kata on the pool deck during plebe summer, to helping out a friend and saving an organization from extinction second class year (thanks, bro), David has always kept us on our toes. Always willing to take time out to help out, although his sense of humor was a little unusual. I'll never foret the day that I screamed at you for an hour about how awful men were (are), and you just let me. Thanks for everything. You've always been there. MCM

Ryan James Kuchler
Chelmsford, Massachusetts
Nuclear Power - Submarines

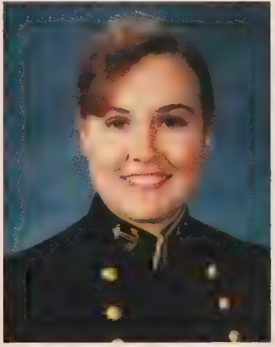
Ryan's four years at the boat school have consisted of hours studying very important subjects such as: the Simpson's, Cheers, and various movies in the company wardroom. He holds the world record for the most hours spent in front of the television. If you don't believe it, call Guinness! Oh yeah, he even studied academic subjects between commercials. Ryan's favorite hobby was sleeping. Ryan's weekend nightlife usually consisted of a six pack and "Pretty Woman" at his sponsor's but he could occasionally be found at a bar in Annapolis or Baltimore listening to heavy metal or acoustic guitar. He also, ranked #2 behind the company gossip hound. Romance for Ryan was few and far between, if existent, but over 1/C summer a woman in Santa Fe inspired new life for him. One day the right woman will come along and sweep him off his feet. It probably will have a hull number SSN.... TTT and LDP

Wayne William McCool
Seabrook, Maryland
Special Operations

Wayne came to us from lovely Seebrook MD. As a plebe, he got to watch alot of TV on Saturday mornings. Cool managed to dominate oceanography with a little help from his friend Mr Goo-hay. He has had more experience finding a parking spot on the yard longer than anyone else (Ricketts). Surviving the Mattioli experience, Marlboro finally hooked up with Harley for two great years. With two scratches on the door, he was the terror of '95, causing them to find a new way to formation. Leading us to an impressive finish, Wayne's world's strongest asset was not color points. All of his early mornings (glad I could send you off laughing) have helped him defeat Army two times and finish strong in the Easterns. I have never seen anyone as devoted to one women as he is to Kim (Lord knows I tried to help). You've done a great job keeping the economy going, Anheiser-Busch and Griffin's thanks you. --Tug

Melanie Claire McGee
Huntington Beach, California
Surface, Conventional

This "Cali" chick joined us straight from high school and a "moving home." This proud plebe made it through one of the hardest years, using her eloquent word choices(sealawyer?) as well as her knack for putting cadences to song, and went on to do things her way. Making a name for herself in the musicals, D&B, and Glee CLub, (destined for stardom). A roommie who operated like clockwork, her MOTTO: "If homeworks not done by 2300, I'll dream about it." Her new and permanent boyfriend appeared in a cloud in a smoke by 2/C year. Although she didn't get to Broadway, she got her 2nd best choice, AE-34 with her partner in crime company cohort, KAE. Remember:"I'm a geek, sir" (calculator), 8-4 hell, door? flying down, friendly on the dance floor, the mini-van, driving back from Everly's party (T & K we have to leave now!), beedle-dee-dee girl, Bahamas, $.99 tips (want change?!) Lots of laughs, a true friend who always made things brighter, thanks! Love you, sis. TLW, KAE, ALS



Richard Griffen Morrison
Kansas City, Missouri
Surface Warfare

Known as "Jim" by the upperclass our plebe year, he was always "Scooter" to us. Although his home was in Kansas City, he came here from Southern California, leaving the good life at USC in hopes of better things. Rugby, beer, and chewing tobacco dominated his time here when not getting in trouble for blurting out comments that a select few found to be offensive. He later gave up rugby because it was found to be the most detrimental to his health. With the coming of his Ford Bronco, he pursued his other passions by packing his shark-skin suit and driving to New York to get work done on his tattoo and listening to bands with names that nobody else ever seemed to had heard of. He has definitely let an impression on all those who knew him and I, personally, am eager to leave this East coast behind with him in a quest for better times in Southern California. This Guinness is for you, Rich! SUL

Chandler Stephen Nelms
Jupiter, Florida
Surface Warfare

Chad has had an illustrious career at Canoe U. From the brawls of the Bahahmas to the police of Dyatona Beach, BA has worn his blue rim proudly through them all. Winner of the triple crown, Mental knew how to beat the system. He survived the semester from hell by taking on the USMC, the Lulu's bouncers, A.A., the parking attendant, and of course the House steps. Need a fight?, X was always there: battle of justice. Was he in Laos '68, interficimus puellam, has seen it all; house parties at 429 were sick, TB, AA, JH, SS, CS, PE, and KM. How many times can you total a brand new jeep: bullet holes, guard rails, and bar parking lots; it didn't prevent you from leaving CS behind. Nav class didn't beat you but you did beat Nav: winner of all of us CS, and SS. Doberman, thanks for all the laughs, slay on. Don't drink anymore Clorox: S.S., C.S., J.R., and C.S.

Lee David Pearce
North Myrtle Beach, South Carolina
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Unfortunately, Lee's aviation destiny was never fulfilled. He did not grow rotund, assume the call sign "TWINKIE," and try to sneak Hostess snack cakes aboard fighter aircraft. Instead, Lee is a nuke with glasses. Nevertheless, "TOP GUT" was a success and Lee went on to act in the now-famous, "PUDGY PLEBES LOST IN BAGHDAD." Aside from Lee's freshman acting career, he also specialized in being smarter than anyone else in the company, waking me up on a daily basis to go running, and telling me off whenever convenient. However, describing Lee's good points would be dull. Saving beaten-up women in Baltimore and making sexual harassment collages were his more popular hobbies. Thank god I am writing your biography because I know you are writing mine. Best of luck and take care, Lee. You are a loyal friend whose fairness and dedication were always admired. BTD

Joshua Price
Stevensville, Montana
Special Operations

How can a soft-spoken and serious Mountain Boy from STEVENSville, Montana share a room with a loud and loquacious lad from America's Armpit while keeping sane? P-A-T-I-E-N-C-E. After 3 semesters of training, this Fruit of the Spirit has become Jughead's greatest attribute. I did, however, manage to get him to speak an avg. 6.5 words per sentence and 3 sentences per thought (I think he did it just to shut me up). Sports, lots and lots of sports. Sorry J.D., but there just wasn't enough time to try them all. At least you managed to experience all the ones that would saturate your body with adrenaline. No wonder you decided to go Spec Ops instead of Pilot. Being on a P-3 just wouldn't cut it. Since the day we sang "Amazing Grace" during an SIP, I've seen much spiritual growth and I look up to your extraordinary faithfulness to the LORD. JDS

Thomas James Prieur

Miami, Florida

Surface Warfare

T.J. came to us from the Cuban suburb of Miami, and leaves quite a legacy here at the boat school. He impressed everyone plebe summer with his memory skills, and is the only person we know who, after failing English plebe year, chose it as a major. Known for fighting Seals, dancing with the spirits, and hot tub exhibitions, T.J. never let anything stand in the way of a good time. Did you really think you could walk back to Annapolis? From Georgetown? Walnut has seen all the ins and outs of USNA, but it took a fellow group 3 to bring out the best in you in your last semester. All the steerage runs, midnight inners 3/C year with Matti, the debacle of Lake Anna, one crazy spring break, long nights in Ocean City, and the CULT have been a blast. You've been a great roommate. Good Luck on the WASP...RJB & WAB

Jeffrey Raymond Register

Fairfax, Virginia

Navy Pilot

Reg, you've done it all. From regurgitating on CS's front yard to food fights in the Bahamas, Rental never could take it. He officially quit at 0052 14 OCT 93. The company commander who thought he was different, but really he was beach curmudgeon like the rest of us. Going to the dark side, another one bites the dust, who lives near you anyway? What are you doing this weekend; going home; back to the empire? Yeah, whatever. She has two kids. He was the world record holder in the sprint from Southgate and could always be heard saying "drink 'till we sink." Living with Mange for four years has taken its toll on Mr. Professionalism. How did you hook CN so well anyway, he owes you a couple for that one. Good luck in flight school, we'll miss you: C.S., S.S., C.S., and C. N.

Anne Lorraine Say

San Antonio, Texas

General Unrestricted Line

"Smiley" showed up at USNA quiet but determined from the start to be a pilot like her brother at USAFA. The gymnasics stud had better things to do with her time than Sat. fun runs. Plebe year brought Derby Day and a bruised heart(aren't men rats?). Youngster year-Wait! Where's Anne? Can you say stealth? Second class year and Anne's back. While the rest of '93 is perfecting the art of flaming, Annie has fond memories of Hot Tubs, Philly, Jamaica(Hey DAPA), belly buttons, memorable(do you remember?) dining outs, and wrestlemania on 1-2. As a firstie, true love hit the fitness T.Capt. and visitor in Bancroft(Eastport apt.). Now this little brown bear is off to NAS Bermuda for two years. Is this for real? We hope so. Keep a room open for your 8-4 and 1-2 roomies. See you on vacations. May God Bless You! Don't forget-B.D.&S.S., Daytona, spades, stealth 17, CA, T's Dad's car, RSF. Love, KAE, MCM, TLW

Steven Michael Seoane

Tampa Bay, Florida

Surface Warfare

Steve came to us in the summer of 89 with high ambitions and a life wrapped around Shannon's finger. But after two lost years of wearing her blinders he finally came around. Now with two, thin, sleek, diagonal lines on his shoulders and a new outlook on life, the world had to watch out for this flat topped, stubbled goatee, mean looking S.O.B. The street girls of Cancun are one necklace richer and the knowledge that the international language can prevail was one more lesson learned. From the shores of Key West to the Heads of West Virginia our man sat draped atop his throne, with Betty in the lead and Maxine following all the trips were eventually succesful. Oh, and Shannon, you couldn't hold a candle to Bambi and Alex will always hold his heart! Pete and San Diego you better watch out.

John Forest Peter Sharpe

Cerritos, California
Nuclear Power- Submarines

John came with a preconcieved notion that this place was hard, and when he found out different he was crushed with disappointment. He soon recovered and began having fun, way ahead of the systems schedule. After curdling our blood as well as the staffs' with "LOOKOUT, I HAVE A KNIFE!" John became somewhat of a scary enigma. With much relief we slowly discovered the great personality behind the sarcasm and acting ability. A walking jukebox, our LA DJ regularly regaled us with vocal selections ranging from hymns to rap. Extra time spent around the boat school after plebe year was was made up for by the many four-day weekends John spent making a name for Navy on the National Debate Circuit. Two relationships and many philosophy classes caused much soul-searching 1/C year, but we know he'll pull through! All those who came to know the man will always keep a place in their hearts for JFPS. -jdp

Charles William Sites

Ellicott City, Maryland
Navy Pilot

Your local florist, Charlie in the box, was always returning to the glory days at Mt. Hebron. Rejected 7 times, perfect!, yep, you were always able to get a date from high school. Did you ever drive? What kind of car did you have? Thanks Bill for all the stuff. UofP, boyfriend?, taking care of business, sleeping in every class, hypochondria (which knee was it?), Dental did it all. Mange, the perfect squad leader, what?, he always had tips for table manners and he always knew all their names. Ma sprinted from 14 Southgate and travelled the world in thirty days, dropped the hammer outside gate 8 and wrestled Frosty. He doesn't know that much about staples, but he does know how to appal. Chuck, the Godfather of Gouge, we all did have good times at the house: TB, AA, JH, CN, SS, SE, and KM. Goodluck at flight school, don't drink too much potion, C.N., S.S., J.R., and C.S.

Vincent P. Sivillo

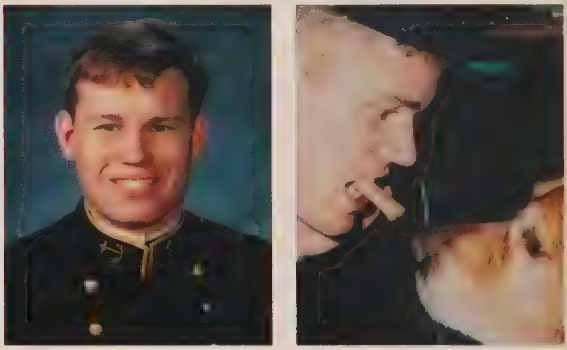
Gaithersburg, Maryland
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Vincent Sivillo decided to bless the Naval Academy with his arrival from State College Pa. Once the chains of Plebe year were gone Vince found YP's, toxic liquids, and Floridian women to his liking. Vince has partyied in every Rock-n-Roll joint from here to LA. He has partyied with every local band and even the famous. Vince has personally come to know most of the Hammerjacks babes-- and the back room. I think he even knows a West Point Babe, or is that just a rumor. Vince thought he had found it all in The Snake--Autorium. The girl was ready but Vindog could not perform under the pressure. This Physics geek is going for Harvard Law and then the presidency. Good luck Killer and may you never grow old-- and remember every night can't be a Frat Party!

Samual Hayden Smith

Prineton, New Jersey
Marine Corps Pilot

Tool, X, the Great Samtini (or so he thought) could always be found apeing down the hall, bellowing a Klingon War Cry in full battledress, or showing his prized possessions to the public. Flying off jeeps at 40 MPH, conducting inverted keg stands at lax tailgaters, breaking windows with his head and piece, Smitty was the originator of the bell ringing ceremony. From kissing Ed the Talking Horse of UofM to slamming port and becoming the Exorcist it was always "unbelievable". At 14 Southgate he "needed to go to the bathroom?" Thank goodness CS was there to clean it up. X always was up for a party at 429 with TB, AA, JH, CN, CS, PE, and KM. Tool never quite could find out who was the tougher opponent--CN or Frosty. Let's hope your platoon is always three minutes early! Good luck in the Corps; CS, CN, JR, and CS.



John Davenport Stevens
Cambridge, Maryland
Surface Warfare

John showed up at USNA fully aware of what was going to happen (He was following the footsteps of his Father '65 and two brothers '89 and '92). He had already been in the college scene for a couple years and perseverence was the name of his game. If he hadn't picked such a time consuming major he have could lettered in any of a half dozen sports (the only man in the company to get an "A" in 'spastics), but we were glad to have his raw athletic ability on our intramural teams. Hero was the word and John was it from 3/c energizer, 2/c mentor, and finally to Batt. Cdr. We were sorry to have to share so much of your time but at least our loss was HER gain! This is you: PHIL 3:13b,14 "...But this one thing I do: Forgetting what is behind and straining toward what is ahead, I press on toward the prize for which God has called me heavenward in Christ Jesus." -jdp

Michael Thouc Sullivan
Scottsdale, Arizona
Surface Warfare

Michael was clearly a product of his strict plebe background. Even as an upperclass, he always kept his room clean, enforced the necessary standards, and kept the plebes on their toes. Needless to say, as XO, he also kept his classmates on their toes. However, Sully has had his moments. There was that time he created his own liberty and went out 2/c year only to discover he had created his own restriction instead. No doubt he had a better uniform than the head restrictee. Nevertheless, most of Sull's moments were spent thinking about baseball (it's his life). Often, he could be seen playing JV baseball although his name was not on the roster.... Poking fun at Sully is essential because he always was such a straight arrow. The real Sull deserves to be remembered for his hard work, IMAX movies, his big white truck, Lil' Ditties, and being a great friend. BTD

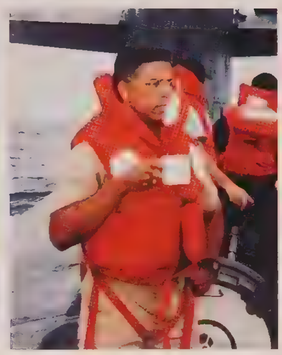
Christopher Anthony Sumner
Longmeadow, Massachusettes
Supply Corps

Where is Sumner? Kental, Ha, Scumner; he's been called them all. From the bars of Annapolis to the beaches of the Bahamas, we will always know this drunkard as the man who "couldn't find his luggage." What? How many days until the O's game? She did what...? Scumner has done it all. Behind the green door, his claim to fame comes from dealing with lawyers, Sweedish women, rude awakenings in Halifax, being thrown out of Lulus, Franny O's, McGarvey's, and of course the House. Kental is always ringing the bell, turning up the volume, and taking care of business; and yes, he might kill you. Awarded the N star as well as the black N star, he's truly made his hometown proud. "I'll give you $20 to jump in that pool." Chris, we'll give you a lifetime of friendship, C.S., C.N., S.S., and J.R. Goodluck, porkchop, have fun in the Corps!

Timothy Trent Tenne
Baltimore, Maryland
United States Air Force

The past five years have been long, but well worth the effort. As I graduate into a new era for the military I will do my best to carry out my oath of officer and be the best leader that I can be. I have dedicated my life to achieving my goals as a military officer. There are many people that have helped me along the way and I will never forget them. I stand firm in my belief of serving my country and protecting the freedoms that every American has fought long to achieve. I want to thank my mother and father, if it were not for you I would not be here to take part in achieving this life long dream. Thank you for all that you have done for me. I also want to be the best husband that I can be to my loving wife to be, Andrea. I know that you will always be there for me no matter what. You are my best friend and I love you always, forever, and a day.

Third Company



Arther William Wallace Jr.
Fort Washington, Maryland
Naval Flight Officer

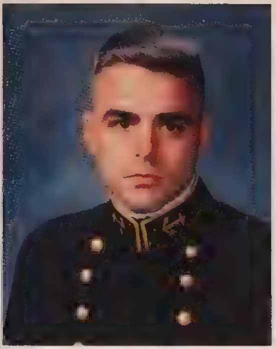
While most would consider Billy Dee Williams the smoothest person to walk the earth, the many that know Art would beg to differ. Once at a plebe mixer a classmate tried to cut in while Art and a lady friend were dancing. Without any effort or change of facial expression, Art informed him that "Things like that only happen in movies." "The Perfect Ten" proved to be a no-nonsense type of guy his second-class year. At a club in D.C. another unknowing man tried to interrupt Art and another lady friend. This resulted in an all-out brawl, and Art walked out in the midst of it, untouched! Art was devoted to the 150's cause all of his years at the academy. Despite the opinions of several coaches and fearful running backs, Art was the best athlete that ever performed on the turf field. Art, the people who count know the truth. You'll make the skies a much cooler place! -CLM

Tanya Lynn Wallace
Radcliff, Kentucky
General Unrestricted Line

"T" arrived at Canoe U straight out of a beauty contest. Southern Belle mannerisms and a happy-go-lucky personality helped her with her peers, but didn't impress the upperclass too much!--M.C.M. "T-Star" cheered during all four years and encountered countless movement orders. Remember: two-stepping, "sick," "what IS that?" "There's nothing on the ceiling, geek." Nationals, parties in New Orleans, Dallas, and how you have corrupted me! That's what friends are for--C.C.S. Infamous spring breaks: Daytona "MTV Bikini Girl," Welcome to the Bahamas.... This Cheerleader always looked her best (even in these uniforms). Always there if you needed a shoulder to cry on, you got me through some rough times. "T" survived Nelly (the biting roommate), her 2/c "mr sunshine," and an interested youngster (RP)! Then she found her one and only (J.T.). I wish you happiness and success in Hawaii, sun bunny! M.C.M.

Robert Vincent Barthel
Bel Ait, Maryland
Medical Corps

Vince came to USNA from Bel Air, MD via the Marine Corps Reserve and Loyola Coll. Vince's overseas comearounds plebe year made him the hardened warrior he is today. "Hey Vin, that 'Clue Bouy' was seen floating by recently." Wine not beer; preferably in Pearl Harbor or Fran's. "Hey Dave, I've got a story for you..." Many a plebe owe their passing chem grade to Vin. As a Chem Dork, Vin invented an elixr that helped him to strengthen his will power, keep such a studly physique, and revitalize his damaged brain cells. "Hey Dave, how do you spell 'ILLITERATE'?" Vince's true atheletic ability was never recognized at USNA as he was traded from three intramural teams. "Hey Dave, I got a question for you." Vince had a fettish for women with attitudes. "Hey Dave, I've got another story for you.." Take care in doctor land and always remember to wear your gloves. DMS



Paul Gregory Bernstein
West Long Branch, New Jersey
Marine Corps

Papa Cajun hailed from the land of the "Boss" leaving many heartbroken creole mudstomper's behind. Arriving in the stifling heat of July, his brain suffered from amnesia, and Paul spent most of his time in "jail." However, redemption came in the form of the Saturday Night M.D. and pitchers of ice water. As a meager village idiot, you spent the rest of the year chasing the goblin, making sweat cards, and cautiously perusing Crown Books. You're Doped! Then came a year of changing majors, latelights, heel-bashing, loincloths, Newsweek testimony, te-pe's, and more trips to the bookstore. Reunited, the Hooya Twins wrecked havoc on 3, under the influence of Capt Arse. You also slipped in a lot of olive oil and went a few rounds with Mike Tyson. Well, the chiggers will be playing your song soon enough, so make sure those acid wash jeans are pressed. Semper Fi, HOOYA! STK

David Allen Bretz
Villa Grove, Illinois
Surface Warfare

Coming to USNA after a few years underwater and a year in San Diego, Dave was obviously older and WISER?!? than the rest of us. I still think that all those days submegerged left water on his brain. One thing's for sure, though, the silent Don Juan did know a bit more about us when it came to certain subjects. CJ was just one example, and hardly the last. Immediately recognized for his leadership, or was it his height, he took the lead plebe summer. That summer was a breeze, too bad Marine Engineering was not. Did you ever sleep? His "four years by the bay," could have been more aptly called four years on the Severn. Too bad you couldn't row over all your leave periods. Oh well, it did give you that HULKING physique. Finally, 1/c year -- again Dave's in charge -- was it your height again or your speaking prowess. Surface warfare is getting one of our finest. Good luck! JAM

Gregory Frederick Chapman
Marlborough, Connecticut
Surface Warfare

Greg came to Boat School with wide blue eyes, blonde hair, and a poor sense of direction. He got lost on I-day looking for deck 5-2 and never quite recovered. His distinguished academic career includes two Ac. boards and every letter grade possible (even an A in NS 252). Thank God there is a History major. The knees that helped him run XC and Track plebe year also kept him in Misery and Medical a good bit of the time (CHITMAN). 2/C loan: 1 Nissan Sentra and 1 diamond engagement ring (2% Club). Too many fantasy novels and too much time with Dr. Abels sparked a burning desire to become a knight in shining armor. The Church w/ PWM, DAB 91-92 (Rm 3136). Cross Crew w/ TLD, DAB, PWM 91-93. Good luck all. Thanks for the love and support: Mom, Dad, Deb, Jen, Doug, Mrs M. I love you Nancy.

Joseph Michael Clark
San Dimas, California
Surface Warfare

Jobu, stay puf, emperor..Plebe year allergies with soap..Long distance love affairs with k.N. And s.R..Unexpected bills..Spinning rooms (just put one foot on the floor, joe)..Newton (say no more)..I believe, I believe..3/C year with chief and turbo..Nightly beatings followed by black history revised..Hood college wrestling. Group 11 - the boys, "hello betty", "hollywood".. Breakfast on the balcony..Going to class? Not!!..Rickover, too smart to be a marine "joe isuzu"..The darkside calleth and joe goeth..Need I say lush, c.M., R.D., (My ring dance date)..2/C year.. Room 1033 2 for 7 night..Girls at the window..Nafac love affairs..Jim, hook me with the gouge..Weeknight bmw rides..Going jogging..Spring break chicken pox..1/C year..God your cool!..Finally 21, the b-day beating..C.W. Moves in then out..Phone maintenance..3Rd co. Cdo (clark duty officer)..Going back to cali..God help the standley. Erp jmm

David Field Duncan

Florence, Mississippi
Surface Warfare

Coming from deep south, drawl and all, Dunk, Da-Dunk, D, the Mississippi showboat came unsure of USNA. With a mastery of all sports, Dunk dabbled in baseball and QB'd for 150s. The Rackmonster himself, Dunk slept through all the T-court repairs and most of study hour. Like a good wine, Dunk never turned in a paper or lab before its time. Surviving the kiss of death with L.B. plebe year, D made it through Dana and Terri (thanks to DBI) to arrive at Kelly. (not to mention his fan club back home) Rappin with CAP. Late night E.I. sessions for us EE rocks, you saved our butts. Don & Donna's (coach's truck, OUCH!). The Jacomets. B-ball in Mcdonough. Chick filet, again?!? Hey Dunk, can you, like, break another bone in your body? Too much STD, makin' us TTH. Its gonna be a B.Y.O.B. Got any rope? Strap it on in P-Goula, you'll make a great Doc! RRR

Wade Hamilton Hooper

Atlanta, Georgia
Navy Pilot

Hoops came to us from way down South and as we soon found out, was not named for any bball prowess. Wade did become famous, however, for his EXTREME suaveness. QF (UNSAT), plebe xmas formal, Atlanta encounters, UVA, A-N in Millersville, Philly, and Griffin's waitresses. Second class year brought a change of companies and an intro to Gtown where Wade's bachelor days were numbered with AL. Dropping from the singles scene, USNA became his SECOND home. Gtown parties, football on the mall, wedding bells - yes, it was that fast! USS Ranger, Tombs, Gold Club, more Gtown parties, and a bonding experience called spring break. Finally, despite several brushes will Hoo-ya-ism and a LITTLE sweat over service selection, Wade finally acheived his shot at wings of gold - NJI. Here's to one day seeing you on Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous! Good Luck! JAM RRR

John Freeman Hussey III

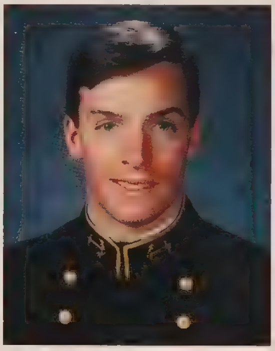
Portland, Maine
Surface Warfare Officer

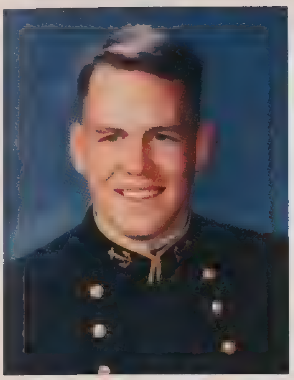
Those of us "from away" have much to recall about MacHussey: English Honor Society prez..*Labyrinth* co-editor..Supe's Stars 2d semester 1/c year (finally!)..sailing..crew..Bath, Maine (where the ships are built with pride!).."I can't help it if I love talking to beautiful women," (particularly plebe year drags)..Sorry, TW & HZ, but SWOspeare's heart is at FSU!.. Master Thespian, Melodramatist..testosterone fits..unsaved PCRs..shark hat..wasting away in Margaritaville during son-of-a-son-of-a-study-hour- sing alongs (Sorry, SK & PB)..'89 Mack truck..Chicken dance..baby powder..odiferous?..nude racking..*YMCA* serenade..a broken arm (Sure, I'll tie your white works)..ring retrieval (thanks!)..2 lamps & a magnifying bar?..Dr. Seuss final..The path of excess leads to wisdom!..Wink wink..Nudge nudge..Say no ***more***! MAM

Mathew Palmer Hyde

Georgetown, Maine
Navy Pilot

Matt-Spyde-Heeday-Hyde arrived via Capt Flight and BA. His plebe year was kept busy with Lucas' flash cards and antics with Jen. Your initiation as one of the home boys was made complete when JK induced a number of hangovers and one stained tie. Phil Ford would have been proud. Why didn't we get Werner that banana hammock anyway? "Oh I ALWAYS do that huh, ALWAYS?"Going to the beach, Shark Attacks Penn Stations garbage cans, Modified Rugby at Preakness, Smashball, Lockerball, A-N antics (polishing Bill), Ello Jeanine,Deb Balls,Daquiris in Orlando, Hyde*** his J-Rig and his Sup's Stars kept him occupied firstie year. What, Matt with Sups' Stars and 3 stripes? 93 computer for sale-"I wish I had four." It was the free sunglasses and flight Jacket that convinced him aviation was it. The Navy is getting a good man. I'm glad you finally passed calc at BA. The Best of Luck. RWK





Darrell Brian Ingram

Riverdale, Georgia
Navy Pilot

From GA to NAPS (2-1) to Company Commander plebe year? We still wonder what this Redneck did to deserve that. Soon after baseball, Darrell tried real hard at intramurals, and then set the standard for racking. A true sport fanatic, D cried after the Braves choked two years in a row (maybe in '93, HA), but 'Bama gave him hope in 92. Ketchup made everything taste better, and what about those black stars youngster year, and then the dark side (JS) of 1/c summer? Ofcourse, the few unfortunate girls. Dielle succumbed to his Southern drawl, he maxed out his midstore card with Andrea, the piece of junk 2-wheel drive Ford "truck" reeled in Cindy, and it must have been the growing baldness that finally hooked Terri. Darrell disappeared 1/c year, settling for PIANO LESSONS and WARM FEET!! Oh well, what can you do when you hear wedding bells?? Good luck in P-cola, see ya at Roz and Jim's. DFS TCS

Jeffrey Allen Jurgemeyer

Mission Viejo, California
Surface Warfare

Oh, Spanky... where should we begin. I would be doing the world a terrible diservice if I did not emphasize the origins of the man whom we call Jeff, Jurgs, Spanky, and most affectionately, the Mongoloid. Brought to USNA from the sunny golden skies of California (the state where all the women are beautiful, the weather is perfect, and the Mission Viejo Diablos have won every conference title thanks to the prowess of Jurgs). From his tales of grandeur to his furry Ugg boots, Jurgs is 100% California. Speaking of the Holy Land I must ask Jeff how his whip marks are doing? Yes, yes, we must thank good ol' T.D. for all she gave us. Well Jeff you define the term "beating the odds". With two Ax boards and 4 digits by your name, you made the brilliant choice of a major and let your golden shovel do the work for you. Surface Warfare will never be the same! Smooth Sailing! WHH

Richard William Kincaid

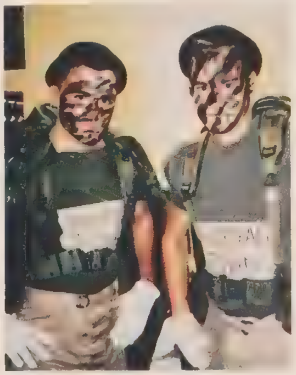
Kings Park, NY
Surface Warfare

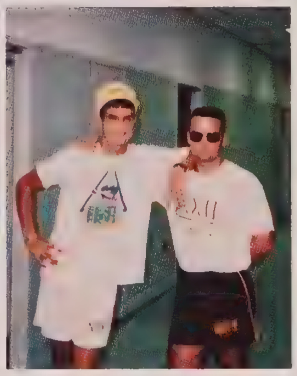
Rich (aka Lancelot, Chumpy, Jerky, the Sleeping Re-Decorator, Slinga') arrived on I-Day with a hangover and a lacrosse stick. With the support of his trusty 'ol gal Christine, and his loyal roommates Rich made it through. His valiant (but futile) attempts at German didn't go unnoticed, and after aboard BB62, knew he was destined for SWOdom. After Plebe Detail, he became the model midshipman. Neel/Cole and the walkman, Dr. Shade, the Phil Ford uniform store, Rounds of Bravo Golf in Cancun, Tricia, Preakness, 4-Striper Libs, Key West and the "borrowed" Taurus, Mulligan's, NYC after A-N "Gimme $5!", Huntington, B-Town with Mac, "Gayintzbet!", Penn Station (What Backpack?), Many DosEquis and Dark N Tans, Goin' Sharkin' at Bernie's, Ski Bar, Turkey Subs, "Wanna go to the beach?", Pink Floyd, AK47s, Deb Balls in NYC. Remember Rich, every boat is a minesweeper at least once! Good Luck and All my best. MPH

Steven Thomas Konkoly

Munster, Indiana
Special Warfare

Viet Konkoly arrived at USNA from Munster, Indiana, leaving behind a small town of coal miners, flannel, broken windshields, and die hard USNA Parents' Club members. He was the ultimate Stealth Plebe, suffering the hell of having to call his second class "Uncle" instead of "sir". This began four years of jimmy rigging the system: a task that Steve has truly mastered. After a doping Plebe year, Konk began his long line of warfare training schools: eating rabbit bile and smashed turtles at SERE, harrassing students as a survival instructor, Bulldog, then mini-BUDs, where Steve found his destiny to be wet, cold and socially stagnated for five more years. Projectile vomiting in restaurants, an insatiable thirst, a bottomless stomach, disheveled hair, entropy, mastery of pushups, and an innate ability to make people laugh made you an unforgettable friend. Good luck with SEALS, you ARSE! PGB





George Leo Korol Jr.

Pine Bluff, Arkansas
Marine Corps

George came from no name town,baby faced,skinny and quiet. By end he was a man,whose sarcasm was matched only by his shooting. A walk-on as a plebe he left a 2X First team All-American and capt. of the Posse. After dreaming of Comp-sci he settled for general,Wane's World was not for him,nor were most classes. G-town was great,the supe never knew,wrong pants though. Loyola beach parties, Easter restriction (Wte Works Baggit).The letter,king of the teens,she's how old? The stang,leave,LG,KK,21,BD,plt sgt,plenty of time,not! #1 150's fan,The turtle(2ndhome). Then came suzy,legal at least. Where's George?-Guess? AT&T central-"No Karen, he's not here" The marine that should have been. I'd gladly give mine up if I knew you'd get it. Thanks for putting up with me. Semper Fi. CDS

Kenneth Alfred Krueger

Hawthorne, New York
Surface Warfare

Some call you Kenny, Freddy, or Brad(?), but I'll stick with Ken-dog!..Yes, I'll wake you up in an hour..I did wake you up!..MC's out of bed! MC's out of bed!..Go ahead, sir, she doesn't know. Revo sunglasses, Porsche 944 (with valves intact), German beer and engineering, sailing awards, and vacuum-sealed chow packages: a standard of excellence!..Does one lab equal one essay?..How's the Old Lady (aka KJ)?..What does dich really mean?..Haagen gladje der Komissar eine 99 luftballons..Talking in your sleep in German.. Fuddrucker's.. Thanksgiving in NY with Nature Girl, etc...I thought we were authorized..No thanks, I've got some in my locker..ND is your squad leader? What a hook!..Two is company, three's a crowd (sorry JJ, JH, GC & MC)..Why don't they just call it surface selection?..All your life?..Yeah, Germany and Hawaii! MAM

James Arthur McCall III

Millersburg, Pennsylvania
Naval Flight Officer

How can we fit something so large into just 14 lines. "Say it again Sam." A regular walking stenographer. From Blodie to "Can I have your number?" Jim was larger than life. His illnesses affected us all or should I say "infected". Jim came to us as a piece of wet clay and we all did the molding. Credit must be given to the supreme diety...RRR. From finger snapping to Paul Mitchell, Jim came a long way. There is one area where Jim set himself apart- no not that- GRADES. Let us just say we owe Jim our diplomas. Kong deserves a medal for the abuse he endured. His character is almost as big as...well you get the picture. Our hat is off to the man with the "hottest girl, in the hottest car at the hottest prom!" Come reunion time, guys keep your girlfriends away because the sssnake is in the grass. Aviation is getting a good man. Good luck. Enjoy the ride! JAJ WHH

Michael Aaron McCord

Dallas, Texas
Surface Warfare

Mike certainly knew how to enjoy himself! Wine, Women, and Song accurately depict his lifestyle and he really lived it up! He holds the distinction of receiving a Dear John via E-mail, but not to let that deter his efforts he tried again with TG only to receive heartache and headache as Smoke Hall became his second home. Like superman Mike could leap high walls in a single bound, to bad he couldn't turn invisible from the armed guards. Another trip to Smoke Hall! Mike's reputation as a dancer was well earned (especially when he was tight for cash during break, all $1 bills). Want to find Mike?, look at Fran's. Normal girls weren't good enough for Mike as he occupied his time 1st Class year with MA (did the scratches heal?) & when once wasn't enough with an older woman he met TS at Fran's. How old is she? He was always willing to talk and I'll miss our midnight philosophy discourses. Good Luck! MSS

Paul Wilson Miller
Daytona Beach, FL
USMC Pilot

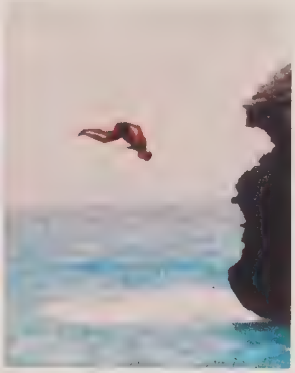
Spock came from sunny FL and decided to stay this time. The three years that he spent here were intense. We're still trying to figure out what he did as a firstie (other than sleep and eat Jerry's Pizza). No scurvy!! Don't sound off, go give a youngster E.I. Gotta problem?— recreate the wheel. Chowcall Station #1. Golf 4. Chill out a little. Get a date yet? No!?! Do brains and sloppiness coincide, 'Pick up your stuff!' OCF, WSS, PMC, FCA, you should've gone to Oral Roberts U. Beat Ball State. You thought shoe polish would "wash right off?" From Metal Head to Jesus freak. Christian Thrash? 'Why should the devil have all the good music?' Get that cockroach out of your clock. Who is Mary? The Church w/ DAB, GFC 91-92 (Rm 3136) and Cross Crew w/ TLD, DAB, GFC 91-93. IX0YE

Phillip Rommel Paschel
Huntsville, Alabama
Surface Warfare

We'll put it like this. The T, the U, the R, the BO, TURBO, Entity, Legend. Been Great hang'in together 'specially when I needed money. Guess I don't just wanna knock boots now. Good luck wit Verne- friends forever MackDaddy Crew - M.G.; Little kicked your butt and my dog pissed on your luggage. I looked forward to E.P.'s daily beatings and a black history lesson. Still scared of mice. Catcha at KFC back in Georgia - J.C.; Comb those Naps Mr. > Wh man mult.- T.T. "Why ya clowning me?" Alabama B, Notre Dame V, West Point D, Fat Ones 3, & Noslot G. Fish with ya? Bring a 6pack- L.B.; Thought you were a scholar: Pizza and Ben & Jerry's+35 min. final=GE maj.- S.S.; Known for good investments; spent $6000 on $500 car, spent $1000 on ring dance, and always found time during the week, vice weekend. Whether "From the Mall!!", "From K-Mart!!", or "From the Naval Station!!", he always called to check in..- J.J.; Peace Out.

Erik Russell Patton
Sandy, Oregon
Surface Warfare

Chief, rumble belly...Plebe summer-gets robbed in the smoker..Plebe year-yugo on the highway of life with T.C, not just a notch on the hanger, roomin' with M.C. and sending him to Bethesda in summer whites with long sleeves, the psycho attacks you with a bayonnet....youngster year- hood college say no more and nightly beatings of P.P. followed by black history lessons ...second class year- roomin' with the pretty boy--"Hey M.S. can I borrow your car?" S.M., S.D., M.F., sushi, A.T., and all the girls back home doesn't equal faithfulness...first class year-going to Herndon, hey little girls want some candy? friends with K.W. and then J is your new sponsor and let the good times roll, you finally figure out why your grades are bad and you fix it. You get mad at J.C. and room with pretty boy once again. Going to San Diego to join the real world...see you there! JMC



Mark W. Peters
Oakley, California
Marine Corps

The Shark came to USNA from a barrier reef off the coast of Camp Pendleton, bringing with him old age, a permanent high and tight, and a trail of broken hearts in his chum trail. Upon his arrival, Corporal Peters was glad to find his own spot in the Midstore lot. Mark's adoration for the Navy was intensified during his stay at USNA, and it showed in his cheery attitude. The shark soon found consolation through a few fellow great whites at the Academy. These new contacts were elemental in his obtaining the "Peters Exemption." Chemistry added to his bitterism, but Mark found refuge in Fran's, Cluck-U (savage), and the Debutante's Ball (LIZ?) He avoided the Emperor's clutches until his eventual conversion firsty year. Though we lived in fear of your Al Mar and many rows of teeth, we're glad that we could finally cruise the reef with you. Semper Fi! PGB STK

John Richard Polidoro, Jr.
North Kingstown, Rhode Island
Marine Corps

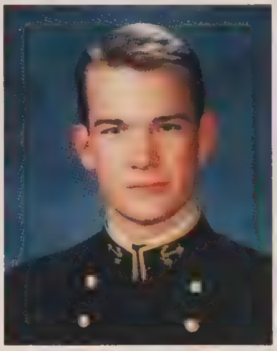
Coming from near the sailing capital of the East Coast, Poly was naturally drawn to the salty academy lifestyle. Plebe year was filled with come-arounds by Mr. Little, fights with certain roommates, and M.O.'s with the sailing types. For excitement he invited his friends to a retirement village during spring break. Youngster year brought many changes like stable roommates, friendship with Dave Little, Marine Corp spirit, and the exciting ski club. All the while Poly was trying to find his love, but friends such as Laverne McCall were to desperate to respect another man's property. Of course, Poly was famous for his beer goggling abilities. Many friends were made during plebe detail such as the army week room trashers. With senior year came the awesome responsibilities of being king of the ski club and an entire platoon. In the future, the Marines will have to handle him. Beef

Rey Rail Ross
San Jose, California
Navy Pilot

After two years of schooling in Cali, the Rossman decided USNA and the EAST COAST was the only place for him. The consummate volley player, Rail was always looking for a beach, babes, and a net - not necesarily in that order. We were never quite sure whether liberty was invented before or after Rey. In his pursuit of fun, though, trouble was never too far away. Youngster fun landed Rey on SP, Fells meant bruises, while three striper libs further acquainted Rey with Smoke Hall. Meanwhile, Mr. GQ maxed his credit ensuring he was in the latest fashions, and we could NEVER forget the HAIR. Good music, a NICE car -"this is NOT your car," and a fake Rolex completed his look. Bahamas, the Keys, SD, Fells, DC, Vancouver, and EVEN Harrisburg - Rey charmed them all. Eventually, even Sharon Stone fell to his spell. With all this style, aviation was always in the bag (NJI). Good Luck! JAM

Michael Scott Saling
Atlanta, Georgia
Navy Pilot

White gloves waving from the stands and falsetto catcalls of "Sa-ling! Oh, Sa-ling!" met this baby-faced Georgian through-out his cheerleading days, but he blushes best when we mention the A/N youngster brick for LK '94: all work, no play. (Sorry.) This Mirror Man really knows what he looks like, and thanks to JM we all know how he dances. (See the real thing at Sanctuary, Fran's, or Tombs!) A sun lamp, a barbell, Paul Mitchell, and a blazer contribute to the "look" that has captivated Hood, Goucher, Loyola (Grind it, Mike!), Fells Pt., VS & WM's LL (St. Patty thumb test?), SL, UGA's SB w/ protein jewelry and his brother, and DR (his Seminole Future). G'bye, Atlantis 3 & Ocean Eng.; hello, coffee, Depends, and boxing with inanimate objects (who won anyway?). Thanks for the tailgaters, wardroom & quotes o' wisdom! MAM



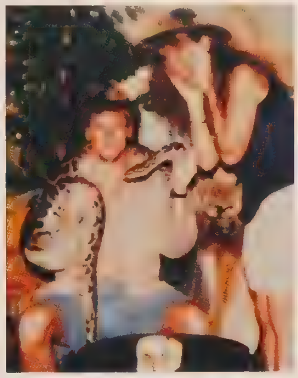
Michael Sheehan Seeberger
Madison, Virginia
Nuclear Power - Surface

Beef came to us from the happy hunting grounds of UVA with his ever present scowl plastered across his face. What was it, four or five times that we have seen him smile in the past four years? He still doesn't remember the bus ride back from the plebe year Army-Navy game due to an induced coma. Youngster year began with twenty five days of restriction and spending three football games on the drunk patrol for drinking a beer with J.J. I guess things were different in '58. Not quite the flaming second class, he spent more of time in the rack than training the plebes. As a firstie, he was corrupted by his roommate who introduced him to the Ebbtide. A geek to the end, he spent his last semester at Johns Hopkins through VGEP for computer science. And we thought he only used his computer for HARPOON. It is no surprise that he chose nuclear power. Maybe he'll learn to smile in Orlando. JRP

Daniel Franklin Seidensticker

Chilicothe, Ohio
Medical Corps

Dan arrived at USNA with all the grace and coordination of a newborn foal. Mr. Do Right could either be found face planted listening to another soundtrack or on the courts in MacDonough being schooled in hoops. Constantly impressing the babes, Stick wasted no time in establishing himself as the company John Travolta. Never taking a firm stance on any issue, four stripes suited him well. 2/C year, the pride and joy of Chilicothe left USNA for Towson and an Elizabethan education only to return when Mommy put an end to this extracurricular activity. Thinking that traffic laws did not pertain to him he managed to increase his criminal record a few pages. Although Angie was nice at Va Tech she did not fulfill the "Tammy" qualifications that has always infatuated him with LG. Good Luck with the rubber gloves and Vince at Med School. See ya at Roz and Jim's. TCS DBI



Colin David Smith

Evanston, Illinois
Marine Corps

Colin came to us with his giant blue eyes ready to conquer all. Being from chicago we all learned to either love the bulls, cubs, or bears or avoid him during the respective seasons. With ac-yr came karen and the river. Not to mention a psycho room-mate. The inspection (nice nametag "wolfersberger") youngster year brought a talon but took easter. "Someone stole my jacket!" Karen called. With the talon came melissa. During second-class summer came brandi. "I lost my i.D.!" "Why am I in the sand dune?" Karen called. Lets not forget 150's. Boy is he fast. With second-class year came the cruise ,traci, and a letter in 150's. What about the tie at army? "We'll get them next year!" Karen called. During first-class summer bulldog became home. Karen called. The party at karen's; "i never..." Mike and steve in the river. Finally 21 and the inevitable, a n-star! Glk

David Michael Souza

McDermitt, Nevada
Navy Pilot

Dave came to Navyland from Nowhere, Nevada via NAPS. During plebe summer Dave had a leadership position, but the Academy never repeated that mistake. For the rest of plebe year Dave fought with his roommates who struggled to make a good midshipman out of him. On cruise Dave watched the coast of Africa and earned his nick-name, Snooza. Youngster year our man tried physics, but he finally found a home as an oceanographer. The rest of his youngster year Dave faked a knee injury to avoid the dreaded PRT. Second class year Dave enjoyed "Souza libs" and never got caught. Dave did his THIRD YP cruise first class summer. There also was an expensive little problem with a cellular phone. Academically, Dave coasted through first class year. This did not prevent him from selecting air, despite a body made for surface warfare. Good luck up there and try to stay awake. RVB

Timothy Curtis Spicer

Hazard, Kentucky
Surface Warfare

Straight from the hills of KY, this hillbilly arrived at USNA with his alien accent, fishin' pole, but no mustache. Plebe year, Quincy and Lisa tried to enlighten this hick, but they weren't his greatest enemy. "Guys, I'm really dreadin' this mile and a half!!" could be heard, religiously, every semester, (sometimes more than once). Swimming, the RACK, an early bedtime, and more RACK accounted for all his natural strength. For all his talk, Daddy left his mark on Georgetown campus as well as Darrell's side of the room (UNSAT!). On the weekends, Little Boy could be found working on his wannabe Ford Chevy or munching at Pig Out's. In March Madness '92, UK b-ball became the love of his life, with Christian Laettner as his best friend. But, Pamela Gail had a hold of his heart, keeping that leash tight. We hope Mayport's ready for this natural SWO..See ya at Roz and Jim's. DBI DFS

Michael Trent Wolfersberger
Point Pleasant Beach, New Jersey
Navy Pilot

Straight from his local Jersey shore high school, the "Bunger" finished plebe summer with only a few incidents such as getting caught dipping on the parade field. Racking during plebe year was especially difficult with our infamous former classmate chopping in his sleep. C.D. tried to help his exploits by hooking Wolf up with a Monmoth College chick, but I guess she just wasn't impressed. This tragedy did not deter our hero, because many old girlfriends were still to be had on the Jersey shore. Youngster cruise in the P.I. (no comment). I wonder if Wolf will do a better job flying a plane than he did driving the beer truck 2/C summer? At least Sunshine entered the picture to straighten him out, but even she could not fix him totally. Now, Wolf is going into the wild blue yonder with a woman by his side. Beef

Fourth Company

Brian John Burke
Baltimore, Maryland
Navy Pilot

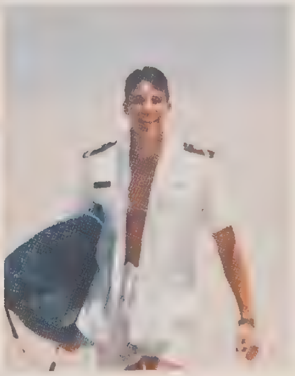
When Brian realized that a few years in the minors would be necessary before hitting the show with the Orioles, he decided on a naval career. Where better to start it than right down I-97 on the banks of the Severn? Despite his Randy Quaid like appearance, Burke was totally fearless when it came to meeting members of the opposite sex. His smooth approach and sweet talk also managed to convince a number of his sucker classmates to purchase lemons disguised as planets. Although always quick to point out his status as a "rocket scientist", Brian also possessed and advertised the stanchest of conservative (right) viewpoints. Brian shows wisdom and knowledge that is only matched by the maturity of his hairline. More than anybody, Burke can be counted on for great advice and a quick wit. Brian's brains, brawn, and humor will ensure him success in the future. Keep swinging for the fences! AAK, SST, & JCC

Bryan Michael Cochran
Marietta, Georgia
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Bryan arrived at USNA from the fine southern school of Westminster. Time sure has flown..Navy 150's from beginning to end..4 years to a national title..Mobayed (Ayatollah)..midnight workouts & oranges..staring at the stars..snowcon..Kish-ash and DN..Friday afternoon rack sessions..nude sightings by CV..Kish, let me in..BC, shut up or i'll hurt DN..room wrestling..Duke University..AB..2/C summer in Mayport..2/C hall antics--Park's door thunder.. Thanksgiving in Atlanta..The Capt. and Tre Mont..Georgia Tech..Yosemite, John Denver, Red Hots, and Salinas..Come here Bryan, I want to show you something (Kit and Kat)..the light station..Ring dance..Booze Cruise..Jibba and LaRocca..Triathalon team..service selection party..Heavy D..permanent visitor at USNA..Platoon Commander, what?..BR, CY, BC together again on May 26, 2018 at Griffins..Best of Luck! BR,CY

James Colin Cummings
Mediapolis, Iowa
Special Warfare

Jamey Cummings will best be remembered as a Camaro drivin', tank-top wearin', Gargoyle sportin', RATT disciple. This lovable meathead, although not inspired to excel professionally, let his actions on the wrestling mat do his talking for him. Little did he know that his exploits on liberty far overshadowed any accomplishments he may have achieved in athletics. Cummings usually had the best intention of hanging with his buds, but it could be virtually assured that once he set foot inside any establishment those buds were the last thing on his mind. Let's just say this man is a hard charger! His interest in most girls usually ended after three days. Which interestingly enough is the same length of time he retained any academic knowledge. Seriously though, we could not have asked for a better roommate. Jamey is the truest of friends. Good luck big guy, you're the greatest. SST & AAK



James Devin Deen
Daytona, Florida
Marine Corps

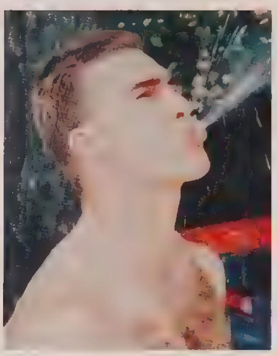
James Debon Deen came to us from sunny Florida--did you know you're in a sense of honor? He established himself early as an outstanding marcher, defying gravity in the process. Why'd you let down Gibs--he had a race the next day! Devin has a reputation for being too good for American girls--leave Scandavia alone, they're neutral! I salute you, Major Wedgie. Had a good time at the BC's house over Easter, after we got kicked out of the other house. Almost left you in Munich, keep hold of that ID next time. Surf's up, and whites look so good(look at that tuck)! The babes love you, really. Nice ring dance date and for fragging me. You were a real ball of fire at OCS. Your as coordinated as a monkey rolling a football. A versatile man, goes out in combat and cowboy boots. Wanna play dodgeball? His band and WRNV--was that a screwup or a political statement? P.S. You should have preregistered! MKI,EBE,DJH,CPS,JEF

Robert Denton
Miami Shores, Florida
Navy Pilot

The Miami native never thought he would see the light, but Rob's knack for the system and bold attitude carried him four full years. During a rough plebe summer "Bonesy" ate a few meals with his squad and even brought home a sign for his dog, Mike. Double session swim practices, team tables, the "BARN", and 6258 roommates soon dominated Rob's plebe year lifestyle. Youngster year "Rob-O" would emerge from the rack to exercise a little of his wit - from bananas and spaghetti to getting extra food in King Hall, Rob's amusement never stopped. The summer was always too short, but Hawaii with Dingy and a hot car made it worthwhile. 2/C year brought many new female personalities into Rob's life, but none to last. Most time firstie year was spent skirting the conduct system, at the pool setting records, or MAD up in Baltimore. A true and loyal friend -we'll miss you as roommates - Good Luck in the sky. MTP DJN

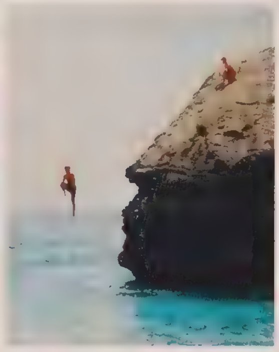
Erik Bruce Eldridge
Keystone, Iowa
Marine Corps

Rick joined us from a town where pigs number more than people. His accent has gotten progressively worse with time and drinks (refer to chart). Originator of 1-90, thanks. Transom cdr from OJ to paint. 3/c yr, started drool towel, lived in his cubbyhole & rack. Diamonds aren't a man's best friend. Testing the Honor Concept. Billy Buck, Rick's cuz. 2/c yr, generated more fries than entire brigade. Reinstate Rocco. The REFUSE man. Sorry about 0430 wakeup. A Randy's regular, but no luck with girls his age-KY. Yo HEAT! Taught the 2 step. Bark at the moon, but don't tell parents. Spittoon greatly pleased roommate, amused others. Sword dent in cover? Speaks trucker and eats plates. Truck held together by REDNECK stickers. Wanna play dodgeball? That Rayffactor! Thanks for that M-60 gunner? GS2000 and his flying compatriots. Rick I got a story "There once was a man from Peru" JEF,CPS,JDD,DJH,MKI,JBE



James Brian Ellis
Morrow, Georgia
Marine Corps Pilot

Those who could have and should have but were denied the opportunity. You are a man who is harder on yourself than anyone else could be. 14-Perma-smile- Stealthy until the very end! C'est la vie. Think of this- Baltimore Sports Bar, Penn State, the BOQ in P-Cola -what do these places have in common? He shoots,he scores! Don't forget to tip the maid when you check out. Thanks for taking care of me and hawking me down outside the G-man(slow, white, QB). Saved my body, but not my face. You are in the game now to work a miracle and save the Chump! Final score Navy 28, Army 24. It should have happened. We love you man. "You're right Brian, really, you're right." Mustard. Yogurt. No sustacal for CPS. "I'm just a squirrel." Wanna play dodgeball? Refrigerator. Dr. Jekyl, Mr. Hyde, depending on semester. ACB,GCC,JEF,DJH



James Edward Fritsch, Jr.
Mt. Lakes, New Jersey
Surface Warfare

Frogman Fritsch came to us from NJ and Nuke school, although we didn't hold that against him, initially. An old man(where's your Geritol?), but hey, summer whites don't go with black corfams. Watched a few too many Seagal movies. It's a Zen thing-you wouldn't understand. We'd think he's a good-looking guy, if we could find him under that coat of hair. No James, I don't want any Pez, and I'm not "just jealous"; neat basket, short dash. Mech E didn't agree with James, and he switched to Gen. Sci with questionable success. It's all in the profs. You will go to mass. You owe me a white shirt, thanks for the antenna. Wanna play dodgeball? Thanks for the hookup over 2/c Thanksgiving, really, I mean it. You didn't warn me! What's up with the "L" word? Pizza at Rudys, broadening horizons at Randy's. You've been a great friend through it all--tell me a story...Stay relaxed--DJH,EBE,JDD,CPS,MKI.

Daniel John Houting
Corpus Christi, Texas
Marine Corps Pilot

Navy Brat joined USNA from Slidell LA? Springfield IL? or San Diego? Arrived a day early in M-36 so we must be roommates. KSC, from Slidell, made plebe year worthwhile. 3/C year, DJ claimed a real state as home, Tx, and learned to jump on grenades graciously. She sent a carepackage! 2/c year, our hero blossomed as the leader he is, leading people to gate 3. Santa Fe was great, sorry about antenna. DJ learned to L--- aero majors from NJ. I warned you. Therapy was good. Your parents were married but still 2nd at OCS. Lose weight in the jungle fatbody. Got good tips at OCS and Force: Don't forget Maj's advice in FMF! 18hrs of Clint. Pizza at Rudy's. Thanksgiving football. Ganja. Wanna play dodgeball? Always remember the TIME poem. After May 26, USMC will get a sensitive aviator. DJ, YOU'RE THE GREATEST. Thanks for being head warlock. Thanks for the memories. See you on our 25th for the time machine. JEF and EBE

Michael Kazuo Itakura
Honolulu, Hawawii
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Howzit brah, try come mainland with howlies. Za-Zen anyone? Its Elvis, its Arnie, its Pacino, where's Mike? Don't laugh at JQ for his shorts; look at that eyes in the boat machine. How's that Q-ball cut and watchcap? Remember sleeping behind the desk? Remember flexing for the LCDR? We don't have outrigger canoeing here, but he's still buff! Never replaces underwear, Grandma sews the holes. Nightmares about Flounder and Eddie Munster. I don't know nothin 'bout nothin. How was that shower on the big 21? Good job missing the boat on ring dance. Found Little Miss Can't Be Wrong, yet? 0 for 3 in Daytona, try Orlando with subpay. Viva Las Vegas! The Pink Cadillac! There's a thorn in your side. Wanna play dodgeball? Crushes lesser species in subsquad. It's not a tumor! He's a good boy, we're serious. A soul of honor. Squeeky clean. Where's your sunroof? We go beach! Das vidanya,comrade. JDD,EBE,CPS,DJH,JEF,EMVB

Corinne Riley Jones
Clifton, Virginia
Navy Pilot

Typhanie Anne Kinder
Thousands Oaks, California
Medical Corps

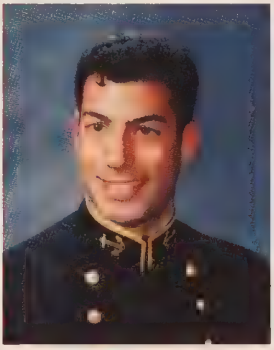
"My candle burns at both ends
It will not last the night
But, ah my friends and ah my foes,
It sheds a lovely light."

Andrew Alexander Kiss
San Diego, California
Navy Pilot

Hailing from Upper Mexico, Stinky considers "War and Peace" suitable bathroom reading material. Thanks to Pizza Hut, the 3-0 head will never be the same. According to Kiss, virtually every pro athlete was either a PAC10 product or a former Padre. Although he never bought a vehicle of his own, he was always glad to borrow one from his roommates. Proud of his engineering degree and HP48sx calculator,AK showed his command of exponential numbers when estimating his hat size. Andrew's generosity is without bounds, especially when it comes to his sister or laying down his Visa. Kiss one day aspires to play in the NBA, too bad his two inch vertical, unrelenting hacks, and thermal underwear top bar him from participation. Despite Andrew's reputation as "That guy who fried me", his loyalty to friends is undying. As a roommate, we could not ask for better. Good luck, Amigo. SST, JCC & BJB

Derek Jude Nisco
Fairfax, Virginia
Naval Flight Officer

What a long, strange trip its been. Transition was hard for this former Cavalier - BD, a tent, and a boog welcomed Dre to Plebe Summer. His love for the Dead and Doors appeared on colorful tapestries. Dre definitely went out at night-SNOWCON, Whalers in the Annapolis Harbor. In 6258, the law was "It's already Oct, Chill Out!"Youngster year saw *Stinky* and BC with some fiesty room wars. Weekends were spent at DOME, Loyola, Duke-anywhere but here. In 4th Dre grabbed two rings of the triple crown. You are supposed to shoot pool on the table, to stay out of trouble Dre joined the Rugby club. O.C. was always a good way to relax in smiley boxers. There were lots of new people in different places. SS in accords to crowded rooms (Buffet- "look at this thing"-"are we on stage?"). 1/C back with Doc and together never ceased to make someone laugh. Remember the Beast in you! We'll miss you! RD/ MTP



Jeffrey Robert Oettle

Haslett, Michigan
Navy Pilot

Jeff had a typical midwestern childhood for the most part. He spent his earlier years playing catch with his father and friends. He pleased his teachers by always putting forth a decent effort (and a few apples now and then). So it is no surprise that he made it into the boat school. We first got acquainted when my plebe summer roommate chose an early retirement and I was forced to live in the coffin underneath Jeff's rack. We shared the adventures of plebe summer and then moved our separate ways during the ac year. Through trial and error with many other roommates, Jeff and I were eventually thrust back together for our last two years here. It was a good deal because there were not enough two man rooms to go around and no one had any desire to share a room with the two of us. So after having known Jeff so closely for so long I think I am most qualified to say, "Jeff, your one in a million--fortunately."

Vaughn Miguel Pangelinan

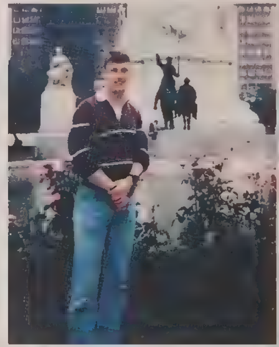
Garapan, Saipan
Marine Corps

Yo, VMP! So, are you still thinking about writing a book? First you moved in with JCC and I Plebe Summer (DJM's on M.O.), and slept in my coffin. You couldn't do that now, though... you're just too HUGE!! Wait... flex again!! Wow!! You're really pumped! Hey, V, let's do wings. A pitcher of Killian's? "Here's what I think of the Gamecocks!" Devin and Mike say, "Let's see that Paula Abdul impersonation again." (You would) You sure gave the Virus your best. And, you are the only person I know of who actually tried to practice the "rack 12 hours, only here two years" theory. Some more memories: "I'm getting up at 0330 to study... Yeah, right!" "I know where you sleep!" "Nice Bouquet." "You wanna see a dead squirrel?" "What's that blue thing doing here?!... I don't understand you (I just don't understand you)." "Don't go back to the rack after reveille!" Kinnison lives. Good luck, buddy.

James Thomas Polickoski

Greensboro, North Carolina
Nuclear Power-Surface

James, affectionatly known as Mr. Tan Man (after his skin which does not tan but rather spontaneously combusts), came to USNA full of idealism and energy, expecting a pure environment where brave men were molded. While he was never known to miss a rate during plebe year, he could never realize that roommate arguments do not follow classical debate rules! He learned the hard way about punctuality at Notre Dame, as the bus remorselessly departed for home without him. 2/C year he became quite the expert on West Point as he participated in a unique, earth shattering, two-way Service Exchange Program. This year we see James much more relaxed, less likely to debate and more inclined to pick up the next round at McGarvey's. For four years he has made great company softball contributions, been a dynamic debater and a prominent member of the Catholic Midn Club. The USS Philippine Sea will soon get a hard working, dedicated Southerner. Good Luck, Jim!



Matthew Thomas Provencher

Barrington, New Hampshire
Medical Corps

You can take a man out of NH, but you can't take NH out of a man (or boy). Four full years together except for 1 semester in striper alley. It all started with Plebe Summer - croakies, Tuck's, and his feet on the "Ground", Provy even laid down on the job at Worden. Then to the notorious 6258-nothing reg-from banners, doors, radios, and SNOWCON to kissing mirrors and "it's already Oct". Supt's list every semester from the start - without you studying would have been impossible. Then, it was CatProvDoc with Bocephus coming out the ears. Road trips were key - Duke, OC, and the A/N game. 2/C year Matt spent lots of time at the Boathouse on the erg, weights, and water--finally a US Ltwt Team tryout. Doc's restless nights soon faded-21 begging for crackers. Now we are here, firsties and a new roommate-but we saved room, Lucky for you BRIGDEPCOM. A myth to most-A legend to us.Good luck Doc! RD/DJN

James Thomas Quann
Dubuque, Iowa
Marine Corps

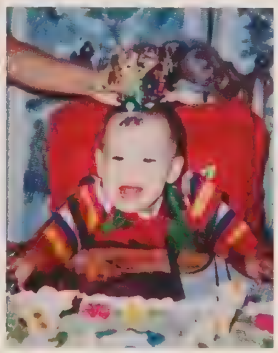
Sir Psycho. Wathen? no. Quann came to us as the man who would eat anything. Table hopping at Dennys, raiding plebe care packages, and MRE trash. JQ survived a ROCKy youngster year and nude bicycle races. By 2/C year he made the swim team and was never the same after, he learned to wear whiteworks, eat at teamtables, and love his body. This helped him start slow with the girls: LaBelle Cezanne, Banana Republic, visits with KB, MJN's knees, Sun. night at Orpheus. Then X-mas and b-ball season, I knew IT worked. Jimbo excelled in areas, not academics, by leading the way in body scars. The area bars will never be the same, neither will the Bulls shirt or that car window. 1/C year he hit stride though, he never did a paper on time, but he still made the grade. You don't have to "Be like Mike," or BJ, JH, ABB, JL, BK, RD, just choose your music and be yourself. Breast of chicken, second to none. JQ you're the best. TW

Brad William Rockwell
Downey, California
Surface Warfare

Brad came to USNA from Downey High School, sportin' his casual California attitude. It all began with Frankenstein..feeding the birds..Highberger Inspections..Rob-o, Dre, Telydog, and Brad = the Barn (the escape from Plebe Year)..Snowcon..drinking with the Canadians..seagull trapping..JQ and TW..the instigator.."I knew from the first come-around"..Traveling to D.C. with ABB, CY, JQ..kneeling in the parade (sorry I offended you Gibb)..Roddy Frame..Light Station..Pepe the Cactus..Waking up with DN..Monday Night Minstrels ..Salsa Parties..Pentagon Trip for Army Navy Game.. Polock in the Camel clutch..Yosemite..Have Jeep will travel (breakneck speeds)..'92 New Year's in L.A..Thanks, CY and BC.. Midstore Lot--first class parking?..James Dean..Christmas Tree (Roman Candle)..fishing the seawall..Service Selection of a Spruance out of Long Beach will take Brad back to Cali..Best of Luck. BC and CY

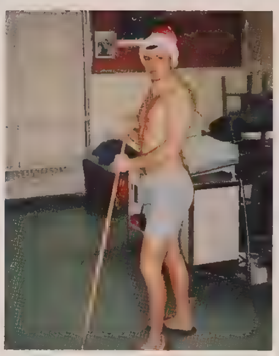
Samantha Julia Saxton
Springfield, Virginia
Surface Warfare

Sam, Samantha, Sammi, and even Mana; take your pick of names. Eventually she'll answer to one of them. That fateful 3/C year, you stuck it out! Whoever thunk a little tutoring would turn into a friend for life? 2/C summer began an adventure, to last a liftime. ES400 to ACTRAMID to Group six!!?? Off to Quantico, Tin Grin Third Herd up front! Mayport brought the beach, new friends, cooking, cleaning house. 7 hours to P-cola, how fast can we get to New Orleans? Ac year brought Sam to 4, plebe rates all over again! 1/C summer in CA again, 8 weeks haze grey & underway (for 36 days!). From seeing the Supe to being on Dant's, 2-striper paper person to squad-mama, 1/C year brought *Lucky Bag* , Spaztics season cut in half, actually having to work for Jack. TAD for SWO? Good luck in that big grey Navy, I know you'll add a splash of color and a touch of sunshine to everyone's life. Remember we all love you! MRH, CDV, SCM, ERB



Charles Patrick Smith
Fairfield, Connecticut
Marine Corps

Following in his sister's footsteps, the last Marine (with the luck of the Irish but don't tell the 'rents), he came SWO close, joined us via NAPS and he isn't even an athlete! 4/c yr, juice under the door and midnight recons. 2 dates in 4 yrs, batting .500. Tuna likes you? No, JS does! Spending Thanksgiving with Jack. Wear your nikes out kicking garbage cans? What did you do during ring dance? Eat your vegies and clean your locker, the Silver Bullet (OCS).Brainiac, academian, philosopher, theologian, just ask him; "You're right Chuck, really." This man never misses church (for real). Heathen persecuter. Took the bugs out of the room, Big Brother is still watching! Chef Tell. Cooked for brigade cdr and CH, remember the wrestling match with Rocco? Wanna play dodgeball? Were the manatees receptive in FL? Nice legs. 2/c Lush, in typical Irish fashion. Semper Fi Mac! JEF,EBE,DJH,JDD,MKI,JBE.



Scott Stephen Troyer

Evansville, Indiana

Navy Pilot

Immediately upon entering a room occupied by Scott, one comes to the realization that he maintains "positive control" of a chemical weapons cache Sadam Hussein would be jealous of. Scott was ready to turn in his future as a naval aviator for fifty grand and a one way ticket to IU business school. Too bad his involvement with IU will have to remain a daily prayer to his idol and mentor Bobby Knight. We don't know what is going on over at Sampson, but respecting one's superiors is definitely not on the history syllabus. Troyer was not a consistent partier, but when he did choose to indulge at high altitude the results were disastrous. Even though he was a high school soccer superstar, he found his true calling on the cycling team. Scott possesses a sense of humor rivaled only by his former Siamese twin Rick Moranis. His friendship through these years was without equal. Good luck, your the best! AAK, JCC & BJB

Edward Morris Van Buren

New York, New York

Nuclear Power-Submarines

Eddie Munster comes to us from beautiful NY, not the promised land. Hey prep boy, how's your vocabulary? We think it's a virtual plethora of splendid words, its amusing. Don't cry over spilt milk in Mitcher, you know SS did. He has seen the ghost of Christmas future. It's a bird, it's a plane, it's a grandma green Nova! You sailing baggit. "And here's to the Annapolis Terrace motel.." One of Johnny K's boys. Complements to the Gaucher girls. Pontificate lately? 21st B-day, next time sign the Ac-Log. Do you have to render a salute to your ex? He speaks the international language, and to drink, Peru` (Pink`s Garage, remember). 1/c year he made the French Connection and, forgot the Far East. Midn/Terapin, what is the wol-yume?.. The Blues, turn off that damn amp. No skis please. G-town will never be the same. No SAAB story here. JDD, MKI, WJQ, JTP, VMP.

Cynthia Domingo Viernes

San Diego, California

Oceanography

Cyndi Sunday Friday came from sunny Cali a wee bit frightened but very ready for adventure. Go Army sir, beat Navy sir-woops I mean GO NAVY SIR--would she ever get it straight? Would our parents ever make it for Parents weekend, better LATE than never. 3/C Summer: Fun in the Sun!-Cali-43-Kirk-TJ-MCRD-1st LT USMC Pilot-THE DARE -Marimar -Beaches, beaches, beaches!!! 3/C year Friday could be twirling her heart out or struggling through Statics. Friday liked the blondies from JM, JB, DC, WG, HooYah, Rick and eventually, to the one and only MarkieMark. 2/C year: BEAT AIR FORCE!!-Grog-training-rates AGAIN!?!?! 2/C loan bought freedom and unfortunately a LEMON-japanese style. 1/C year: WOW! 4 stripes (+ed)-paperwork-concerts-cellular phone-cooking-I'll get you out yet!!!! Hugs and Kisses! We love you! Good Luck in Rhoda! -sjs, lpv. I love you, YFE&E -mat:9

Todd Andrew Washburn

Newberg, Oregon

Supply Corps

T&A had a spaghetti-fed stealth plebe year. He barely survived youngster year with the instigator. No chocolate after 8 and in bed by 11 was corrupted by me while he tried to keep me in line. After going from chemistry to oceanography to bagging the medical corps altogether, he started his supply corps career (and IRA) early by selling sporthills to the brigade. He liked LT(ouch) (passout), JG, and KM but all time favs are short locks and NW. During spring break '92, he earned the title Disco and headaches. Boxman. Self-appointed wrinkle star for the team, he learned from the best- CT and AL. He learned to drink beer, though never in season? In season all year- where are squad tables anyway? Four years of dedication in running came to a head firstie year with eleven stars, a record in the 5000, All American status, and a real screamer at Nationals. RD, DN, ABB, JK, LM, BF, and I love you and you hate the rest. You're the greatest. JQ.

Jason Thomas Wathen

Louisville, Kentucky

Nuclear Power-Submarines

The slumbering, blundering giant comes to us from Kentucky. His mother did not think he would live past three but thankfully the carpenter cut his head out and the giant known by the group as "flounder" arrived relatively unscathed. This great kisser also known as peanut often would talk and talk and talk and talk and talk...Hey J. a little soap and water works better, stunkip. With all that talkin' and all that fluffin' your hot air always kept us warm and the room empty and noisy. When the adminstration weeded through his room they finally found him during his last semester and fried up the flounder. J., they don't let fish fly. The social scene treated him better and if things didn't go the way he wanted there was always the Moose. There was always the Moose. With the car on autopilot you made your way back from such exotic locations as M-street, Olde Town, Fells Point, and Atlantic City. The Cellar and DP will miss him on Monday nights, but TG from plebe summer won't. BW

Benjamin Woodriffe White

Pittsburgh, Pennslyvania

Navy Pilot

White Out. Hailing from the Steel City and always loyal to who ever is winning, Ben never realized his dream of 'one for the thumb.' L (RIP) R and Ben sweated through plebe summer together. Plebe Year, he roomed with Pan Pan and J (RIP) S, but wanted to get closer to J, so he stole his blond haired, blue eyed princess. Youngster year, he roomed with A (RIP) BB and D (RIP-see a pattern here?) I. Cheap thrills was hearing DI and KO play checkers in the shack. Second class year, he moved in with Stunkip, but six days late due to bruised avacadoes. His German beauty left for home with his heart and $4k. Firstie year, he got over his lost love with the TLC of a minor. Ben lifted, slept, and cooked while he wasn't fighting with his girlfriends. Unable to keep himself or his room clean for four years, small fry made his move late in the eighth semester. Benny, thanks for the late night race/equality/theology/mostly skinnies talks. Oh, by the way, call ES. JQ.

Charles Williams Young III

Atlanta, Georgia

Marine Corps

From the south, Chip came to USNA via Hargrave Military Academy. Since then, it has all been a blur..mud covered shoes at DC Naval Shipyard..GQ Carpet..always in the rack..sorry about the 8-2 plunge of DH's Big Ben alarm clock..probably the only alarm clock he ever heard..Lightweight crew..drunken night with Giebs--ruined eyes--lost flight billet..Sandoval, Flounder, ABB, Duke (and Olson) in the wack shack..DiffEQ streak to Triton..night in OC..good times in DC..The Dome, the Jeep, ABB, BR, JQ..best comedy routine as saviour of the flag corps during the '92 football season..trips to Carder Rock..Yosemite and the 1000 mile drive..naked BR's pool along with BC..Come here Chip, I wanna show you something..Booze Cruise..CCC..climbing rocks in the room..SoCo..Army-Navy mooning..don't touch me if you're going to mock me..Navy Triathlon..BR, gimme five..Best of Luck--BR..BC

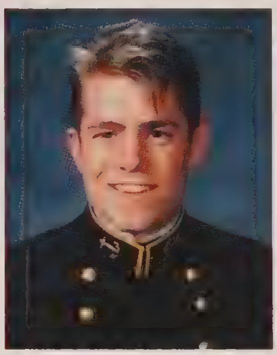
Fifth Company

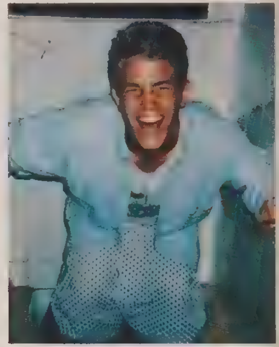
John Anthony Baltes
Springfield, Missouri
Navy Pilot

John "Missile Lock" Baltes, the oldest of seven, came to us from his tribe in Springfield.Day 1,it was obvious that John was in for a long 4 years: 1, 2, 3,. .uhhh?, "What comes next, sir?" Outbackjack, MO was apparently no M.I.T.(1.63)? "What's an integral?" 3/C year brought better academics, and a never ending social career.John's escapades ranged from a G-town Basement babe to a Cath U. toilet.Get Some.2nd Class year earned his new nick name "CB." She's mine, BACK OFF! John reached the height of his professional development when he became the shortest reigning CO CDR(12hrs) KEG STAND, anyone?? After slimming out of 45 days of restriction, John was back with a vengeance.He was always economically conscious(NO WAY GRENADE!)Firsty year was filled w/ skiing/drinking/ women-chasing. Thanks for all the great memories and good luck in the AIR. SEND Corona/Heineken ASAP!- MDF.MCD

Stephen Anthony Bishop
Greensburg, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

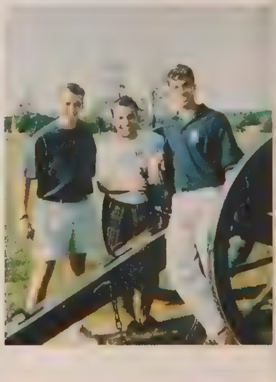
From the start we all knew Steve was going to be a leader, especially when he started up his very own clique. Never needing to study much, he spent all his time attempting to have a good hair day on the rugby pitch or trying to justify a $500,000 team budget. Luckily for Navy, the knee injury that would keep him off the drill field always got better in time for the big game. On youngster cruise Steve and his eye learned the hard way that Navy/Marine Corps joint operations don't include girlfriends. He thought that he played the guitar but Mac daddy, GEN. Z and I knew that...he played the role...Wow-that was damning. A little banana roja and some other bad habits always helped on the treks to DC, Fells and the real long ones to Annapolis. A room (re)inspection by the Dant, an overnight roadside stay in DC and 45 days of bread and water made for four great years. One way means one way. SJD





Justin Guy Butters
Herndon, Kentucky
Marine Corps

When I met this skinny kid with his squinty-eyed smile four years ago, I had no idea I would never get rid of him. J.B. got off to a rocky start with the help of a squad only a sadist would enjoy and a certain firstie that took "A Sense of Honor" a little too much to heart. But from those humble beginnings the lefty from KENtucky showed them all. J.B. was perennial member of the list named after the guy with the thick stripes and oversized back-yard, and a firstie CCDR which I think means SOMEONE in the class of '90 owes SOMEONE ELSE an apology. He is still not much more than a reformed slob when it comes to the room and is a lightweight when it comes to...well, we won't embarrass him further. Through it all he remained as down-to-earth as ever. I never thought I'd get to be such good friends and grow up so much with this Yankee disguised as a Southerner, but I did. Thanks for four great years, roomie. AMH



Angelo Nicholas Catalano

Surface Warfare

Shogo John Cottrell

Las Cruces, New Mexico
Marine Corps

Shogo came to us from the desolate American South West. The war hero arrived sporting a pair of jump wings. He soon pursued other forms of flight with the 5-4 ballet. His many computer pranks, and rappelling expeditions, brought him great popularity with Bobbie, members of the Dant's staff, and computer services. His pranks were many, but sometimes brought unexpected repercussions, like the letter to his father from JM. His reputation soon shifted from his computing ability to his driving ability. Did they ever find the truck? His immaculate driving record was tarnished (yeah, right). MARIO ANDRETTI scored two accidents in two weeks including my pride and joy. Shogo and I roomed during plebe summer, and were reunited youngster year. Those 2.5 years were indeed an experience. Thanks, and remember you are the man. Oh yeah, thank Findog for the degree. KK

Stephen John Delanty

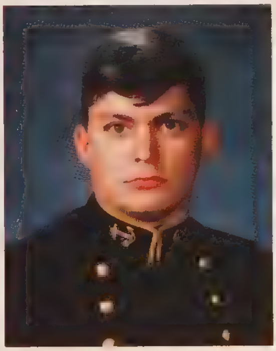
Kalamazoo, Michigan
Surface Warfare

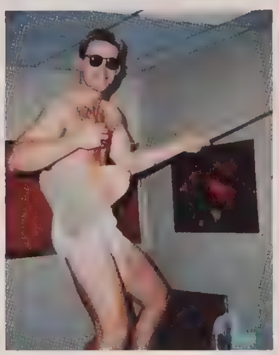
Before Steve Delanty, nobody knew that a place called Kalamazoo even existed. Now none of us will ever forget! During plebe summer, he was "Clownface" or "Dinosaur-breath", but, to his friends, he was just "the Dog." Halloween brought us great memories: the bloody leprechaun and the Heisman Trophy! We died laughing when he became the blessed virgin, Chief H, J, or da Rooster. He had some rough times: sun-burned on Spring Break, Herndon on crutches, and a long night in DWAP's car, but RADM H gave him the deciding vote! Although he was a 2% member for over 3 years, Steve never had trouble meeting girls: note cards at U of M, movies in the Mariott, letters to JMU, Muggin' in Panama City, and one night in G-town. Banana Rojo 20/20, MAC & SB, sign language, peanut shells, and the GENERAL! He'd be proud!! You, YOU CARE!! Don't look into the sun, it's bright!! SAB

Ted Eric Dinklocker

Strasburg, Virginia
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Drinkwater..Two! Classmates get a load of my nice blue polkadot boxers! "I like this place, I think I'll buy it." At least you won't have any trouble figuring out the price from those 2 calculators you brought during plebe summer. How many push-ups did we do for them and that picture of your girlfriend? Oh no! Not another drink. Flying tadpoles!? "10 meters..Ah..that's nothing. I'm used to 1250 feet. AIRBORNE!" Ker-splash! gurgle-gurgle-gulp! Conlocker, is the mechanic done with your $20,000 MG? I hear it has great pick-up. Too bad the roof leaks. Shrinkdinker you can step away from the mirror now. Ted..you broke the tent! Hey bat-janitor, my locker's broke. @#$%!, they all want it. Yea buddy! How's Austin? Any more pictures? Hope you can spend that nuke bonus somewhere 1500 feet under the Artic Ocean. Glad to have you as part of "the boys." Cat





Matthew Charles Dunaway
Butler, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

Matt "Guns" Dunaway came to us from Butler as his mother's pride and joy but left us all in shock. His athletic exploits dazzled us all. Plebe year came and went with his one cameo appearance at tables. Youngster year Matt became famous when he sent the same three Valentine Cards to different girls. 2nd Class summer brought about the demise of mamma's little boy. "My daddy's on the Coral Sea." 2nd class year, Matt was attacked by a barnacle and kept the post office in Paris busy. A fire escape became Matt's only saving grace on a Ohio road trip. After his success at BULLDOG?, Matt attempted to sign up for FOREST Recon. Matt spent the majority of firsty year with mousse in one hand and a hairdryer in the other. One excursion to Baltimore left Matt searching the alleys for a doggie. Matt, thanks for the fun time and memories. Send the Heineken to Pensacola. MF,JB

Matthew David Finney
Friendswood, Texas
Navy Pilot

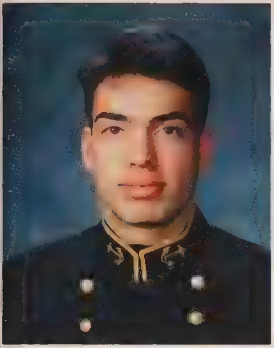
Fin-Dog came to us from TX, and will never be the same. He quickly distinguished himself academically as an astro-geek, earning stars every semester except for the conduct one. His social life began to flourish under the guidance of his mentors, JB & MD. It started with the biker chick in NY, continued with piano playing at Penn State, & progressed with routine Baltimore excursions (mirror cleaning & standing in food lines ?). I guess you were made in heaven Fin. You learned to well & got chased out of TX at X-mass (By how many?). Did you brush before kissing? Get some B! 3 years into his social training his anchor dropped in College Station & the M & L words were mentioned often. It must have been the way with which she punched your buttons that caused you to bail on Key West. After much training and fun, you should be ready for P-Cola. Thanks for the memories. JB & MD

Kevin Karl Hanson
Maple Heights, Ohio
Surface Warfare

It must suck to celebrate your b-day and I-day together. A permanent smile earned the Gooch nickname of Gigglepuss. Kev was known as Chuck (Manson) and Grenade. What happened to Lisa, the love of your life? Remember the 8th wing parking lot? Heidi caught his heart and Kev's mom soon found a pair o' earrings on her car floor. Hmmmm. Chuck earned a reputation for ravaging chow packages: he ballooned to almost 200 pounds plebe year, a fact that his Gymspastics coach never forgot. It only took 3 years get Kev to sleep 2 minutes past reveille and then another half year to quit waking up his roommate. Thanks to our great taste in music, we're undefeated in Stop The Music. Calls from Heidi and the parents, motrin, Wanna see my blisters?, more motrin, When's your next care package coming?, the big Five Fry, Who am I?-I'm Shogo's roommate, Inconcievable! Take care and Good Luck! SJC

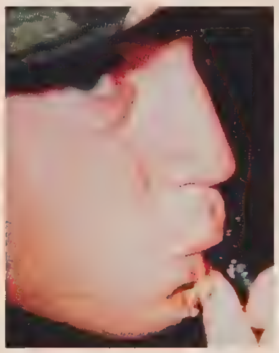
Anthony John Hatok, Jr.
Pittsburgh, PA
Navy Pilot

Young Tony, aka the Weasel, Hatbox, Weedsnatch, milked his way through Plebe Year with a full ride football scholarship. Yet, Youngster year he opted for the little football team which he ultimately quit once he realized he could rack 12 hours a day if he played intramurals. Tony's true dedication was his beloved H.M. There was a time before (and during???) when veggies, old (young?) cheerleaders, dancers, and Towsend alumni (key chain) tied up the phone and Waldo's ear. Ultimately his one true love made him drive his teeny tiny Hotwheel to C.P. **every spare moment** . Why were you so exausted on Sundays? His confused calogne, CD, and clothes collection made up for his weak bone structure (How's the plate?). Of course one had to love the pickled shark and his short man's complex which never stopped him from picking fights or telling H.S. football stories(again & again). AJ's a legend in his own mind. jw



Alan Hern
Martinez, California
Navy Pilot

When Alan Hern arrived at USNA, it was his first trip East and many times over the next four years Al would compare our new home to his beloved Bay Area, heaven on earth (or so he kept saying, over and over...) Al got off to a quick start, but his journey was fraught with surprises. Coach D and baseball did not agree with him and four years of mandatory futitility (Navy home games) frustrated this high school jock so Al simply joined the 150s team as quarterback ("Put me in coach, I'm ready to play.") To the surprise of all, Al joined the 98% club, but quickly found happiness close to home, again. Mech E was no match for Al, well Killer Keith maybe...but Al had the last laugh (graduation!) Navy Pilot is the next goal on Al's list, as with everything he does, success is a given, it's only logical. Al, you're a great friend, thanks for the great times. -JB



Karl Edward Hill
Montgomery, Alabama
Marine Corps NFO

Snarl is a worldly man, just ask him he'll tell you. A backwoods country boy with a slab of velcro on his chest,he does it all-just ask him he'll tell you. His exploits are many but lack commitment (just ask V). Never short of words except at Holiday Inn in Philly. "Just a minute." V chronology: HB's,her place,his laughter,her mortification,insert AJR. Knock,knock, Don't shoot!; Stoneman kills 120 during Plebe Summer. What's black,sucks up money,has a parking sticker and breaks down in N.C.? Don't worry Karl,the rope won't break(chicken!). Has it cleared up?(Don't worry it's only a rash.) The only Youngster flamer(actually,the only flamer in our Co.) Lime-green jello;four on the road. Thought you were Web's roommate for a while. If you won't marry a woman you can at least marry "the last bastion of male chauvenism." Have fun being a professional passenger. Good Luck, don't sweat the small stuff. CW,MC,JW.

Patrick Russell Hittle
Mishawaka, Indiana
Marine Corps

Patrick aka P.R.,Spittle,Scott Free slithered out from under a rock in Indiana and into the lab decks of Chauvenet, only coming out at night. Seen in the Wardroom after his drunken carousing. One of USNA's truly nocturnal creatures. P.R. is the most motivated grunt the Corps will get(NOT!!) and the most informed drill officer 5th Co. has ever seen "Is there drill today?". Lime-green jello; one of the four on the road; road-sodas;"I think it was that exit?" A Chem-geek to the bone. His carousing included many women,wait... no it didn't. Thank goodness AAA came along after TMM put him in the 98% club. Do you even remember Ring Dance? Nice haircut. Can I snag a dip? Nice gut, when's it due. How's your sweater, you snaked out of that one. Wait for the calling. Brown, holey bedsheets. Frozen Chosin. Good luck to the only person we know who can sleep 18 hours a day. Try not to wear out too many boots. MCW,KEH,JEW.

Mark Fredrick Holzrichter
Chicago, Illinois
Navy Pilot

Holz-the real life Footloose. He came to USNA as one of Adm. Farrugut's shining stars: "Don't hassle it." With a look of seniority, the Howitzer intimidated his upperclass. He was laughing on the inside, and they knew it. But he overcame many pressures his first 2 years: little sleep, little food, and Coach D. A Natural, but his Field of Dreams was not fulfilled. A Voice, "If you stop this, you'll have fun." I'm goin' fishin'. Hoops kept in shape through late night wind sprints from town. "I can't fit, I'm going over." No Surrender-Sing it Bruce. He was his hero, David Letterman. "It's my show, stick to your keyboard." Dk. As. Oh and...About Last Night. O-30-C. Whoa, Dude! Are you gonna finish that, Skinny? He caught up on his sleep and racked in his free time. "Navy Pilot?" He's laughing again. "Is there something in there?" There sure is Holz; You're alright. God Bless from Big G.

David Robert Johnson
Lanham, Maryland
Naval Flight Officer

Daves was the first person I met on that unforgettable day in July, four years ago. That was probably the most anyone saw of him after raising his right hand on I-day. Plebe year, Daves would slip into Lejeune before the sun came up and would not return to Bancroft until after the sun went down. Daves presence hardly felt that year, quite indicative of the next three. 3/C year rolled around and Daves rolled out of the rack just in time for the weekend. Leave at Noon back at midnight for Saturday. Jeeze Dave, church was awful early on Sunday! 2/C year rolled around and Daves managed to roll out of the rack again. Lou was a loo and Daves had enough, or at least his shoulders did. The thirst for racing was still there and Daves passed up a chit for Motorcycle racing. Whether of not it was approved, like most things, it didn't matter. 1/C year came for us but like most things it didn't matter. Dave takes life as it comes and lives it to the max. All the best from the Fellahs! -KKH

Andrew Denis Lamorie
Phoenix, Arizona
Surface Warfare

"Chief" came to us from Phoenix via a long trip through the fleet, ASU, and BOOST. But La-moron never let his age show. Although Drew's vast fleet experience helped him slide through plebe year (what was with you and Kuts anyway?) he was lucky to escape 34 after going toe to toe with another prior who was also a company officer. Notorious for his disappearing acts (Plebe Detail, etc.) Drew always had an excuse that made sense, to him at least. After meeting Jill, Drew was always quick to punch out after his last military obligation (at least the important ones, right?) Although he flirted with the Marine Corps or with becoming permanent DAPA rep (listen up, I'm serious about this) Drew went SWO and signed on with the fightin' stump. Never a financial wizard (3 cars?), Drew and Jill are bound for years of happiness, of Jill balances the checkbook. When the moon hits your eye like a big pizza pie that's LAMORIE!!! - JB, KKH, DWAP

Shawn Garrett Linton
Damascus, Maryland
Surface Warfare

ServiceSelectionMan came direct from the sticks of Maryland,and Damascus' golden boy never looked back.From the first nights staying up talking,to the late nights out on the town,the "sweat" became more chill than his placid roommate."Garrett, I know," "You're like a brother" the ladies used to say.Then came a change,and we haven't been able to keep them off since.Pun Master, monkey,Olympic Bobsledder & Skier,Blues Brother,Ninja Warrior fighting the Mate,Kris Kros,Elvis,Paul Schaefer,the list goes on. Endless hours of entertainment. Poet, singer, songwriter, comedian, impersonator, counselor, handled with ease. Little more time and maybe musical tastes would have stepped up from Michael J.A golden foot to beat Army in Rugby, a natural. Keep your eyes open and avoid Marmaduke.Ya know Dave,I'm lookin at the big clock in the sky" Garrett, you're alright,been my brother, See ya in the mornin. M.H.

Jason Robert Maddocks
Beaufort, South Carolina
Marine Pilot

Jason came to USNA determined to become a Marine Corps pilot or get his first kiss, whichever came first (He's flying). Jason's plebe year was drenched in sweat, but a new sponsor with a great bar ensured that the old boy might actually learn to live a little. He joined the powerlifting team in order to bulk up. Oh well. Actually, it seemed like the majority of his time was spent in front of the mirror trying to suck in that "spare tire". His romantic career was legendary, if not criminal: A scandalous affair in the JAG Corps (See JAGMAN Art. 133), the "ICE" chick, a couple of girls on the rebound, and finally A Run for the Border. We'll always remember Jason's general goofiness, his uncanny ability to laugh at himself, his little red CRX, the fuschia mood ring, his lack of a good tan, and his lust for domineering women. Best of luck, and Check your Six. Adios--MDF,CTS

Joseph Edward Maybach

Lakeville, Minnesota

Marine Corps Naval Flight Officer

Although Joe wasn't used to the tropics of Crabtown as compared to the Minnesota tundra, he adapted and overcame. Joe found faith in the book of Psalms plebe year and enjoyed reciting Psalms after taps, until our friend Quimbus found out. Joe also loved playing the Big Drum for everyone but soon discovered that Aerospace Engineering was tough-especially when you had never seen calculus. You should have gone Astro! Joe also had an uncanny way to attract strange dressed-in- black-with-unkept-hair women at the Sanctuary, though. Stay away from knobby knees! After tireless searching to find the perfect 2LT-mobile, an 86 Audi Quattro, he promptly turned around and sold it-to USAA. We hope that you can keep your second Quattro on the road! Advice: be careful on your next skiing trip-you only have one spleen to lose. Congrats on taking the last USMC NFO billet! Semper Fi! SJC, DRJ

Mario Manuel Montalvo

Rio Piedras, Puerto Rico

Surface Warfare

Mario came to our great school by way if NAPS, but is originally from his most beloved homeland, Puerto Rico. There, he trained endless hours a day trying to become the judo stud that he was here. As well, he sent many hours looking for that perfect woman, -- well he found her just before NAPS and has adored her ever since. At the same time, though, it seemed as if Mario loved nothing more than his car, his stereo, and his dinosaurs. Berry Powerful! What Mario? Oh, he's just looking at himself in the mirror again. I've never seen people watch TV that long. He who eats good once, but he who eats good and bad eats twice, right Mario? No, but Mario works hard, and tried his best to remain humble. Physically, Mario would run up and down eight wing stairs while holding his breath. Mentally, we were surprised he made it through 4 years of Mech E. And whenever he wasn't giving Salsa or Spanish lessons to his roommate, he always found time for a milkshake or three. Mario we think you're the greatest. You're a true player and will be missed. --DRJ

Darrell William Alfred Platz

Springfield, Virginia

Marine Corps

If Darrell had been a Comp. Sci. major he probably would have made a 4.0. Microsoft could have used him as a video game test pilot. Good times were always around with Darrell. The SCUD missiles, classic rock, Sat. Night Live, his grey bomber, the brain trust, tanning on his private deck, and hanging with the fellas. He gave his life to rugby. Spring flings never turned out fruitful, but they didn't deserve him. The "Corps" is going to have a great leader. You might say he could be our next Gen. Patton. But, to us SWOs he is an honorary member. Esek Hopkins would be proud of Darrell's "raids". The best of luck to him wherever he goes. He will always be the best of friends with Dog, Bish, S.G., Spaniard, Holz, Misha, and the short brown surf punk from Va. Beach. KAU

Michael Andrew Purcell

Greensburg, Pennsylvania

Marine Corps

"If this is any representation of your work as an officer you're in for a short and painful career", said P-3 History Prof. and off to English it was. Was Hannibal a Roman or a Carthaginian? Anyway the Dan Gable of W.Pa. quickly joined the ranks of the retired Athlete Assoc. because of bum shoulders. The Probe he ended up with would be key for his trips to U.M. but for I don't think it was made to be a 4X4, you know? Summer cruises brought interesting stories back to the room...starting with that special Indian girl from OK to "Talk dirty to me!" "Ok you're ugly and you smell." Russia caught his interest and his heart. "Its convenient you know.", as we were soon to find Moscow in downtown Crabtown. You can probably still hear it in your sleep " 300 spots in less than 3 semesters Wow! What an influence!" But if I were to do it again, which I doubt I would, I'd have it no other way. Gracias por todo. LEY

Kenneth Ardonia Ubial

Cheseapeake, Virginia
Surface Warfare

Ken aka Ubes joined us at USNA after graduating NAPS with honors. His knowledge of matters military helped PRH survive the summer, but Stealth planes and guitars were his aero downfall. Ken quickly 'rebounded' to a Gilligan scene w/ SJD. The surfer, actor, musician, and disc f-ball player missed that pilot billet by a few miss-placed inches (check his six), but his good standing as a member of the braintrust will serve him well in the fleet. Ubes made his acting debut as the baby Jesus which led to his finest performance as "Kung fu Ken" at A-N '92. A terror on the field, Ken was forced into an early retirement after some fancy footwork. Ken is both a lover AND a fighter, "Come here, I want to talk to you!" Ubes returned to grade school for some late night E.I. (w/ML). Its been fun. Best of Luck to you and Maricel. Who Knows maybe I'll see you in Norfolk? DWP

Mark Alexander Vannoy

Souderton, Pennsylvania
Nuclear Power - Surface

Vann-wah was a very fuzzy, coffee-drinking, vannoying roommate for 3.5 years for PRH (thanks for the fun.) Mark matriculated to the Academy from Covenant College under Foundation sponsorship. Note his heavy involvement in OCF. (John 7:4) Curiously, Vann-wah spent several days on R&R at sponsors' while recovering from a crash weightloss diet (pneumonia). What did Benson think? Mark avoided anything and everything military by earning a varsity letter on the sailing team (no soccer!) Newport-Bermuda 92! As an OE major, he took far too many math and engineering classes. How about the Frozen Chosin (want some snow?) He can be found in the woods, on the water, or playing golf. Maybe there is some deserving young lass for this boy; perhaps time will tell. She will have to endure his strict regimen of sleep (1130=lights out.) He enjoyed the AC officer billet (finally, co. work!) PRH

James Roy Wais, Jr.

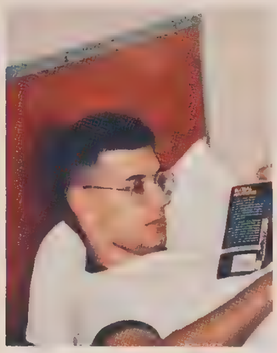
Lake Bluff, Illinois
Surface Warfare

NUKE, often confused for the new cyborg 6000 series(TERMINATOR), has come and gone without a clue. Plebe summer was filled with laughter from Jim's movie recounts. 1st set earned Jim a ranking of 1, and 2nd set 39. WDF? Jim's academic year began with ENGINEERING mathematics and REMEDIAL English. WDF? Jim's marching rythm earned him a permanent watch station during drill competition. WDF? Yeahhhh. Jim tried out for every Varsity sport on the yard, finally finding his place with 150s football(Earning his N-star and ALL CONF award) Yeaahhhh. Youngster year came and went without notice except for a few incidents: One involving an overly friendly man in a Mercedes, and two the Welcome-Yack party. WDF? Jim's most challenging moment came in the fall of firsty year as a result of dining at Ram's Head. We'll never forget your ability to make the boys laugh and we're sure all will go well. GOODLUCK-MD,JB,MF.

Jason Eric Waldron

Glen Ellen, California
Marine Corps Pilot

Jason, alias Waldo, came to us from Glen Ellen, Ca, by way of Northwestern Prep located in Green Valley, Ca. Waldo loves the Marine Corps, fire arms, motorcycles, and a special member of the class of '95, oops now x-member of '95. Boy what a ringdance date she made Waldo!! Waldo was the only first class midshipman to shine his shoes and brasso his belt and nametag every single morning before quarters-yarch devil dog!! Waldo was also one of the few 2/c to earn 1/c weekends. So what did you do with all those weekends-I remember, you stayed in and studied. I think you missed the idea. I hope some of my bad habits wore off on you-maybe then you will know what to do next time you spend a weekend at N.C. State. Remember,watch out for those wedding bells, don't worry she will tell you what to do. Well roomie it has been great-watch out Marine Corps 'cause here comes Waldo. TH,PH,KH,MC



Matthew Ian Weber
Elkgrove, Illinois
Surface Warfare

Matt started his four years off a little slow preferring to spend his time dreaming about gas turbine engines and battling his computer in some fantasy adventure. Luckily, Matt has finished off strong inviting the rest of us into his liitle cubicle on 3-4 to blast everything from WWI biplanes to Imperial Tie fighters out of the sky. When Matt wasn't jumping the wall to see Metallica, he was pulling all nighters playing battletech with Daryll. During his free time, Matt was a successful Marine Engineer. Matt will always be remembered for his preference for Glen Livet and Scottish swords. Matt has everything in life including a portable VCR but a beautiful babe, but few women are up to his quality. Good Luck with Ashley. Matt is off to Yokuska for his long dreamed about FFG, but first he'll be my bestman. Good Luck Matt, your a great friend. Thanks for the scar. May the force be with you, DreamWeber.

Mark Christopher Welch
Norwood, Massachussetts
Marine Corps Pilot

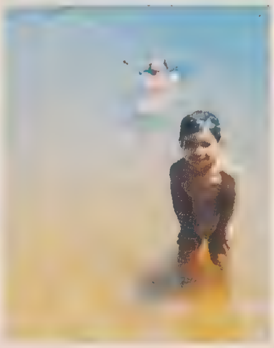
M.C. wandered in to plebe summer and our lives with a horrendous accent and an interesting disposition. Mahk pahked his cah in Hahvahd yahd. Zippidee doo dah, zippidee day. He minored in easyography and by firstie year majored in Deena (with a few interesting dates along the way- "so, is this your first Junior Prom?") Is the Ring callus still there? Forget the matriarchal relationships of 3/c spring break. BOTH of them! Excuse me, how do I get back to the Academy? Four by the road, lemon-yellow Jello. Got a butt? Devildog, bulldog, Mardet. The Calling. Harry was good for you (and your powerlifting drinking buddy.) Watch out for those stairs and AA Comm. Hospital. I AM DEATH INCARNATE (poke, poke). Nice Reeboks. Lose the headphones. Survived Macarthur (RIP). You got your billet- remember us on the ground (be careful with the bombs!) PRH, JEW, KH

Walter Clark Wrye IV
Plymouth, Massachusetts
Nuclear Power - Surface

Chip Wired came to us from Plymouth Rock, and a rock he was. Wearing his shoulder boards inside out to a formal inspection, setting fire to the room, trying to burn down a bar with his Statue of Liberty, getting thrown out of St. John's--twice!! He spent every weekend either trying to convince us that sailing is a real sport or out on the slopes skiing, badly. Every Sunday, his only story was "I almost hooked up, but..." Par for the course for a guy who barely had a date in four years. Oh, except for that time he was green over white with that girl from Hood. It's good that Chip will be stuck in a reactor because its taken him four years to earn a letter in sailing, during which time he has run aground several times (great navigation) and overturned another boat. Hopefully all the time he spends haze grey and underway will give him the opportunity to get huge. Chipper spent long hours studying to be an Ocean Engineer so he can go on to paint buoys. Go Swo,not!!!!Snarl

Louis Enrique Yepez
Worcester Paxton, Massachusetts
Surface Warfare

The Spanish Peacock had no trouble adapting to USNA after 5 years at the V F Fascist Youth Academy and spent an easy plebe year smacking up to the Aikido club. After a naked sprint with Bart, Lou headed the downfall of the "Braintrust" and was spirited off to become the hero of a more logical crew. After one of his daily sessions with 'the counselor' he decided to join forces with MP and initiated a plummet of 500 merit places. After advising LCDR 'Spleen' to "get a life" Sugar Ray(retiring the singlet 4 times-the girls hate those mat burns!) moved on to pain and pleasure with J, laundry in Catalina, 12HRUA for V, and Emerg leave for the illnesses of his six or so grandparents in Ecuador and an off color N. Lou was sure to have his favorite Uncle pick up more than the tab for a summer in Chile. Thanks for hangin with me for three and we all wish you well on the never ending honeymoon. MP



Sixth Company

DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVY
UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS

John Benedict Barranco Jr.
Arlington, Massachusetts
Marine Corps Pilot

We were only one semester away from going eight for eight as roomates, and what a great trip we had. After flagging Calc Plebe year, academics became a breeze for J.B. and was replaced by Rugby and Davis' Pub. Road tripping to G-Town in the Barrancomobile was always a highlight, As was Beantown (the Boathouse will never be the same. J.B. played Rugby for three years, where it is rumored sometimes he would shine at the keg more than on the field. 2nd class year brought about two changes in J.B. First, he became a "red tag" for Plebe Summer (proving they will take ANYONE for the job). Then he went on a rampage with the female section of the brigade. Amy, Kristian, S.J. and of course the period which had him singing "Joy to the World." 2nd LT Barranco? Who's kidding who? Perhaps there is hope for the Corps yet. John tought us all one can accomplish anything if you put your mind to it, even EE. Best of luck in the air and keep in touch to rally. Happy Happy, Joy Joy. Fogs

Jason Horst Bennett
Denver, Colorado
Medical Corps

Bean came to us from the mile-high city with a snowboard in one hand and love beads in the other. Wood's favorite pastimes included arguing against you, resisting authority, and growing his hair out. The pioneer of new music, and explorer of D.C.'s sexually diverse dance clubs, Nosaj always was the ladies man: no techno 'Bennett' chic was safe when he was Raving. Then again, not everyone had to call their girlfriend "Ma'am." Not your average Mid, Doc went from chemist to poet, accumulating enough credits for two degrees, then decided that he had not punished himself enough and went off to Med school to become a poet-doctor. Pig Pen also did detail, and as a member of the handstand chowcall gang, he soon learned how many minutes it took to get to Smoke Hall. Wood always made this place a little more livable, if not laughable. MAM, JPS, GMK, MAP, BLS, HAE.

Eric Laurence Conzen
Redondo Beach, California
Surface Warfare

"Lazy E" arrived at Annapolis rip-roaring and hard charging, prepped for the US Marine Corps (bark!), having been the Supreme Allied Commander of his high school MCJROTC. But soon he realized that "Conzen, you're an idiot" wasn't just Plebe Summer name-calling, but *verdad*. So he turned his efforts from professionalism to his grades...no, athletics...no....Well, he turned. He also found that he was exempt from some insignificant events (Herndon), and he had no qualms about other misdemeanors (**** the Felch). Finally he saw the true light of being a SWODADDY, quickly adding a gut to his svelte frame. While his love life was constant, it was either too distant (T, jungle woman - hey, why'd we miss our exit?) or too distant (I need a watch. Timex, Rolex or...); until he found a sponsor! All in all, Eric has been a true friend and the best roommate, especially on EOSL. Yo' "ho" fo'ever. DJC

Devan John Napoleon Cross

San Francisco, California

Surface Warfare

Dev came to USNA shouting that "I'm from San Francisco and I wear an earring, sir!" The Brigade of Midshipmen proved drastically different than anything he'd experienced before in his Jesuit education, there are girls here! After moving out of the psycho room he never had to hear "Come on, you know you do it more than I do!" again. A Herndon validator, ZZZZ, Dev proceeded to terrorize Summer Seminar campers and LT Bosslady. Youngster year brought an exciting plane ride back from leave - "Uuuh, stewardess..." Dev met more girls through Glee Club, the more pen pals the better he always said. Only 3 girls really interested him, one was too crazy (Ring Dance), one was too close (3-3), and the other was so close, yet so far (Hoodlum!). First class year DJ lived alone but found time to visit his roommate in Eastport every once in a while. With Cox Fund, he'll probably bring back an opaire to San Dog. ELC-QIK

John Alexander Delia

Brussels, Belgium

United States Air Force

Deals came to the Academy with hopes of playing halfback, but sooner than expected, he switched over to baseball. This is where he found one of his best pals... Coach Duff. Thanks to Deals we have become more hip than we ever hoped to be. Deals your so bourgeois, can I read your Details magazine? Is the new Autistic Step Children album out? How about that Singles soundtrack? WOW! Is that an Italian vest? Deals decided to follow in his fathers footsteps and join the Air Force, and the Navy was happy to oblige since they tried to get rid of him, his entire first class year! Good luck in the Air Force and keep hitting those slopes, just not as hard, HA HA HA! Keep in touch. "And when Alexander saw the breadth of his domain, he wept, for there were no more worlds to conquer." GGF JBB

Harold Alan Ellsworth

Bancroft, Michigan

Surface Warfare

A proud member of the 2% club came our way from the dirt roads of Michigan. But little did we know that he lived all his life in Bancroft without a TV. He brought with him a unique personality and dedication to God. When handstands and Smoke Hall trips weren't falling through his door, the little red tool box, the 2.3, and Shena were in his dreams. His mighty SWOness "should have really taken up running!" Weekend disappearances were common 1/C year for those long books-on-tape road trips to the homestead to visit the wife to be. AT&T and gemstone stocks were certainly on the rise in '93. "Al-ky" considered about every service selection option but settled with the donut crew. Aim High (that is if you had any weapons on board the chimney sweep) in the bright blue waters of the GULF (of Mexico). Good Luck Big Al! Susan got a good one. BLS JPS MAP GMK MAM JHB SRSE

Kenneth Lee Ferguson

Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Naval Flight Officer

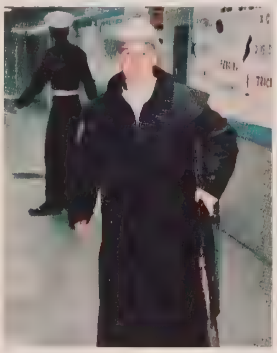
"Waka-Waka-Waka" Fozie Bear arrived from some brain school in NC, following in the footsteps of his Hornet pilot brother. He got off to a rough start wearing the sea lawyer sign but has fared well in the rough seas of USNA. Became the company "pro-stud", just ask him, he'll explain more than you ever wanted to know. Seriously though, this happy-go-lucky camper (eagle dad) is a spirited dude that will always hang with the guys. New privileges of Youngster and 2/c years allowed him maximum Harpoon time. He finished 2/c year with batt cdr stripes. 1/c Weekends saw him heading out in his touring sedan to tear up the town in search of an eternal pen pal. Too bad he hasn't shared his secret of high grades while never doing any work. The perfect nuke, seeing visions of leather, shades and babes, surprised us all by his desire to be a zapper passenger. Good Luck in the pursuit of the 4 stars. MAP BLS

Jeff Joseph Fogarty

Rochester Minnesota

Surface Warfare

Fogs came from the Land of 10,000 lakes. After turning down hockey and football scholarships he came to USNA to be a linebacker and pilot. Plebe year Fogs found sanctuary in the football locker room, then he went back to his real love, not Kim, hockey. Fogs "owned" Dahlgren setting numerous school records. Fogs made the Padre pilgrimage 3 years in a row, leaving smiles on many faces. The string ended in Key West where he found the real meaning of love me two times baby. Jabour will never be the same. Fogs found that 4 out of 5 academic buildings do not approve of him. He spent a lot of time w/Feltch justifying his continued government employment. Early return from EOS leave, left 1 question; UMD or Auburn? After tailhook(and academics) Fogs decided on Surface, and Cali is the place he oughta be. Good luck, we love you like a brother.(Rick would be SO PROUD!) HUBS JBB



George Gregory Futch

Annapolis Maryland

Navy Pilot

Futcher we're SO PROUD! It took a little while for the Colonel's influence to wear off of Greg, but eventually he lost the stigma of being seen as squared away. Being so close to home, Futchers house was the scene of numerous hot tub parties. Futcher continued a stellar high school wrestling career at USNA, and he has the rack burns to prove it. Using the NAAA system to the max, Futcher always chose the most challenging professors and classes with his priority. What happened to Terrie? There was so much potential there. Always willing to stand up for his buddies, neither the Feltch nor grilled cheese scared him. Futcher found a second home in G-town, not to mention the outback. Caw, Caw! Watch for ravens when you are flying. What was that thing on the back of your neck, anyways? Holy Buckets, we will miss you and wish you the very best. I AM SOOOO PROUD. Futcher, Futcher is our friend, he's our friend until the END. FOGS JBB HUBS

Winston Anthony Heron Jr.

Louisville, Kentucky

Surface Warfare

Wishbone came to USNA all the way from Luavull, KY; with a brief stop in Newport. Smokin, was one of the precious FEW to actually make it from the psychopath platoon. I guess it was the fact that he was the All Supreme Ever Knowing ROTC God at his high school. Plebe year found him blind folded for most of first semester; due to the excellent leadership of Hardluck and Dickson. He never could get those chow calls down!!! Youngsterdom gave him the chance to thoroughly develop his hour glass figure and begin his road to social development. Don't forget the free-for-all over Xmas break!!! As a second class, he managed to perfect his skills as a moderator. Then the most courageous undertaking of all the CURL.. Or was it the speaking in tongues?!? By first class year, his teflon coated image had been tarnished. Whatever happened with that AKA/Monchichi? Peace out and the BYG clique rules!--QIK,G/X,BOO

Brandon Alan Honeycutt

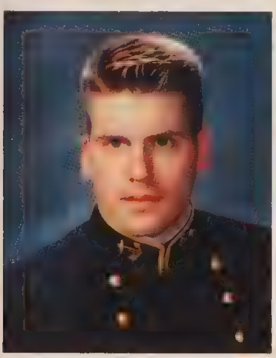
Issaquah, Washington

Navy Pilot

Flown to Canoe U. on a one-way trip from WAZZU where you stopped preachin' & started partyin'. After a short plebe year break you picked up where you left off during youngster summer. Still you couldn't resist mixers, boy they caused you trouble. A USAF brat from JMU left your gaunt 150s body & heart lonely, then Wolfman said, "maybe this isn't for you". That's O.K. cause with your money experience you'll be a great economist (Subic)? Next, there was M1, M2, M3,...only the nanny was a true love (whew! that was close). Brando's book is full of #s (even one from AU) & poetry. BJ tried to switch to Cutter? C'mon, you know you're a Jaeger-man; besides Larry'd go broke without you. Well nothing's slowed you down (Rectum, EEEE311311, Evelyn, hard rock dates, incident at the Sanctuary). The sky will never be safe again. Good luck & remember: don't play with fire or knives. & NO MORE BLONDES!RS VS

Gregory Wright Hubbard
Jacksonville, Alabama
Surface Warfare

From the dozen donuts the night before I-day to the great road trip, you have been the best buddy I have ever known. Coming to us from the metropolis of Jacksonville, Alabama, Greg was a little too gung ho about the academy and naive about college life. It didn't take him to correct this. Jeep rides on Padre will always have a special meaning for Hubs. Football was Hubs' dominating love, where he traveled for three years and earned the Admiral Mack trophy in Spring Ball junior year. The "Hubinator" always threw all 265 lbs to the team. Remember the Ac-Board road trip to see the Feltch. Auburn or U-Minn Duluth? Then along came Milanne, game over man. Forget seeing Hubs on weekends. You surprised us all in Key West Spring Break where we left it in a state of emergency. What was her name, again? Which one? Good rally. Hubs, you know we wish you the very best of luck and will always look forward for another rally. As Arnold would say, keep pumping. FOGS



George Martin Kollar
West Mifflin, Pennsylvania
Nuclear Power - Submarines

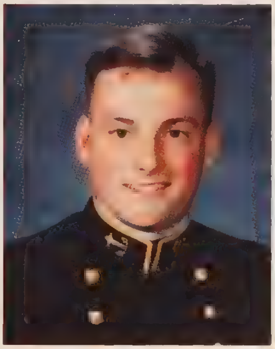
AhOoooga!! Dive. Dive for the G-money Sport!Son of Da Berg, G.K. came from the not so sleepy burrough of West Mifflin. He opened our eyes to the wonders of his land: eats and slabs, cuttin' the rug, the rents and a dope crazy doo with a taste of Vanilla. We had our hard times when Crazy MAM waxed pictures to the floor but the quest for the perfect buzz and a perfect rack brought us back together. We never feared Sport's departure until now. Even in the face of Jennifer Lynn, little? Laura, Robin, the Parakeet, and yes, even Christine, G.K. always had Chicken left for us. Fond rememberances go to Pimpin' Virginia and Pumpin Milli and the CoverGirls, Rockhead, Lootin' with the Groveller, power drinkin' twice as hard as the other guy, and looking for love in all the wrong places.

Eric James McGowan
Houston Texas
Surface Warfare

EEEEE! An all around athlete in high school, E gave up track and hoops to play the gridiron, where he excelled and became captain. Plebe year treated E well, with the locker room and upper class firsties to hide. If it wasn't for chow calls, Plebe year would have gone much better (and faster). E's talents shown on both sides of the ball. The "instigator" was always ready to abuse someone. D.C. loves you E, and he has the phone bill to prove it. "Fingers McGowan" really lit up the dance floor in P-Cola. We never saw E get upset at anyone, except for Lindgrin. Morally, Mentally and Physically, Oh well one of three isn't bad. Lucky for us E was always there to provide comic relief or the score to the games. How did Houston lose that game. Good choice on picking the Ranier with Fogs, we will have a great time. Good luck and always stay in touch with the boyz. FOGS HUBS

Michael Sean Mollohan
Decatur, Illinois
Marine Corps

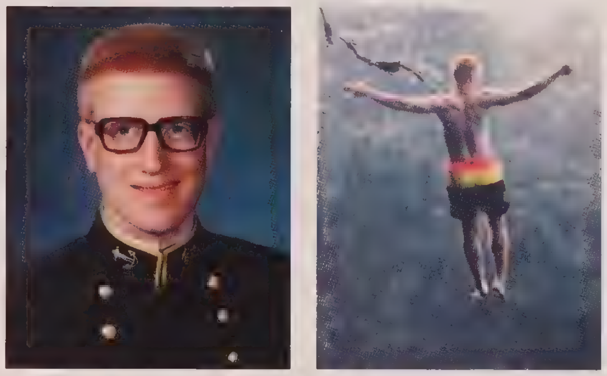
Well, after 4 years we're still alive. We didn't kill each other, but we had to rough up a few along the way: EC, HVH, TD, and mostly AJG. And you too met your match at A/N '89, CAM. After the rough riders' plebe year tours, we chilled on 8-1. The end of 2/C year hit CAM like, and with, a rock which I will always be proud to have had a part in. Firstie year was a breeze with the help of CAM's home cookin' every night. You'll do great things, comrade. All of your Russian studies have kept us asking one thing: have you renewed your party membership this year? Just kidding; we're all glad the USSR and the wall are gone. After boot, nuke, NAPS, and USNA you've finally become a lean, mean, USMC killin' machine. You made it. Thank God there was always a little angle looking over your shoulder. Thanks for being a great friend to me and to all of us. Best of luck to you and CAM. Semper Fi. MDZ.



Matthew Alexander Morse

Fairfax, Virginia
Surface Warfare

From Arkansas? From a more ancient and chivalrous age? Anyway, faster than a speeding compact japanese sports car, a well bred ambassador's son joined the "knighthood" of USNA. He now wields a SWOrrior's sword but upon his arrival, an issue of GQ in one hand and his virile manhood in the other was all that he carried. Perfect manners and masculine methods were his code, and this has made Squire Tugger's life at USNA hard fought. In spite of everything, he has garnered his share of fame, learned much and overcome great odds. After winds and war scatter this warrior and his friends there will always be the battle against the wild Langston, the mystical Swedish handshake, the cough of WILNOTLEVE, and the treacherous voyage as XO aboard the Sea-Galleon of LUV. Remember Morsey's battle cry, "Vouz etes vraiment ennuyeux !!!"



Michael Andrew Pierce

Los Osos, California
United States Air Force

This lucky man started his academy career rooming with little F, two sets of fun for both, lucky campers. After this roomie, Mike began to develop the Pierce Law of Average Speed: How can a PE validator have so may slowpoke roomates(GD,GK,AG,KF,TD)? We must also consider Navy Cycling: what really happened there, Eng. Math or PJK and his "Shaved Leg Cadence" hmmmm? We are also very proud of UNIVAC and his personal multi-media flaming. This amazing mid also managed to attend the "ULTRA-GUNGE EARLY BULLDOG" and still select Air Force, then bag out in battalion area for a semester in addition to Nav's and OCF. However, Mike's immortalizing accomplishment is his creation and domination of the "BACK FIRE HALL OF FAME." Who was that ring dance date? Where in the world is Los Osos anyway? What do you mean everyone in California doesn't surf? HAE JPS BLS GMK MAM JHB

Colleen Chris Salonga

Martinez, California
Supply Corps

Leen the Dance Machine came from N. Cali after NAPS. Cheerleading was her thing and she donned us with her smile. She became Captain and enjoyed stunts with her new partner. Remember Ima Pig, staring at the ceiling, Karaoke in Dallas and Boston. 2 Legit!Yalooz-TLW Fatty II...Met under Patrick's reign of terror; been laughing ever since. Cruise in Palma: resesitation Annie, sleeping through duty when the galley flooded, Coco Locos at Daquiri Palace. Cheer saga: just point and laugh you tactless fool. Kicking guys where the sun don't shine. "I am not an animal!" Long live the girls!!!-KLK Fatty III...MIDN 5/C Worst's donuts Often seen reading her VOGUE or cutting split ends instead of doing h.w. 93 6 6 6 6 Bastien infatuation Halloween pygmies "what the hell ARE you two?!" Zoomie Wolf zero for relocating companies Rabbit paranoia -CMS,SAU...My best to li'l sis, Greg, and Navy Cheerleading!

Catherine Mendoza Santos

Corpus Christi, Texas
General Unrestricted Line

SANTOS, CADENCE! "You're taking me, to the point of no return (O-O-O)." She even braved living with the Raven (CCaw,CCaw) when no one else would. Basically, Cathy came here with hopes of majoring in Chemistry, but with an F in plebe Chemistry, they immediately said "NOT!!!" So instead she went on to master Oceanography. With her .93 SQPR she decided to get many many hours of extra E.I. how about those weekend tours! How often was Z kicked out? Into 6, she basically became the fitness guru. If it wasn't running marathons, counting fat grams, or burping to get rid of unwanted gas, it'd be "LET'S GO SHOPPING!" -even though her cards were ALWAYS maxed. We can't forget A/N & the 3 hippies & our wonderpunch. And we won't forget the carrots, cabbage and chicken bones, why the rubber hit the wall, our rabbit paranoia. We wish you the best of luck back in Texas with your family & a filling life w/ Chippy. CS SU WH DC

SAM
BOSTON LAGER
THE BEST BEER IN AMERICA

Richard Alan Schilke
Elyria, Ohio
Marine Corps Naval Flight Officer

This is dedicated to the guy with the shortest hair (yes, he really looked like this all 4 years!?) in the company: Schlick came to Boat School with a ring already on his finger. "Patty" monopolized most of Baldo's time, but a couple of weekends we were able to sneak him out to show him how good the singles life really is. He caught on quick and was able to live a little during the summers. He returned to USNA like everyone else, but soon disappeared to his sister's off campus housing. Come on Rick, you're not fooling us -those are really your kids, aren't they? The last two years renewed his interest in the guitar, but there is so much more to it than "Sweet Home Alabama" (over and over!?!) keep practicing, you've been a good student. Good luck in the USMC - who knows, you'll probably be the first RIO to make Commandant. You can be our backseater anytime... Semper Fi! BH and JT

Jeffery Paul Scofield
Virginia Beach, Virginia
Marine Corps

This second generation Naval Academy grad had no trouble adapting to the Boat School's customs and tradition, he also discovered TLW at a post Herndon debrief. Scof had a weekendless battle with EE until firstie year when GE brought good things to life. Swimming to the spider bouy with SH and missing taps, finding the only rock slide in Kansas, survivor of 2 SB's with the Foz and being the poster child for world hunger are some of Jeff's finer achievements. As Big Al's former POW, Jeff was a slave to "Scof's law of average speed:" his ultra slow stroll that allowed his amazing pace, earning him 2 N-stars along the way. Also, our sweet smelling German flower, doing the desk dance with the cutter and younster year riddles (courtesy of Mr. kiss & tell) certainly say a lot about the King of stomach veins. MAP HAE JHB MAM GMK BLS

Juan Alejandro Silva
Houston, Texas
Surface Warfare

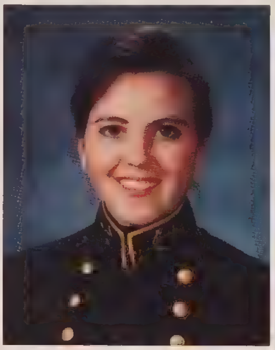
Mr Quick, originally from Providence,RI, began his career as the fastest man at NAPS (NOT!). After sleeping through Carvell's class, learning how the "A" students do it, youngster year Sly eventually "massaged" a piece of the package His skills were greatly admired by many. Sometimes too many. Second class year, he had a firm hand on the PACKAGE and the other on the plebes' racks. The CISCO Kid's talents were also appreciated in Fla. (on the moonlit beach). He returned, first class year, to savor 2 dishes of Annapolitan cuisine. Unfortunately, these dishes weren't as filling, so his taste turned to Baltimore. Yet, the prince still found time to make trips to the KINGDOM and impress young maidens of the court (M,T,G). After 5 yrs. of nationwide service, the DR. is now making private house calls in Baltimore. El Presidente knew the secret of life - "I give a $@*#!" Stay strong, Third. - 3rd Bass and the BYG clique (1st,2nd,TJT)

Brian Lynn Sittlow
Roberts, Wisconson
Nuclear Power - Submarines

What ever convinced our big midwestern farmboy to go nuke? No wonder though, this is the same guy that selected 93rd in the class, dates a girl named Bazooka (we're glad ring dance was so fun) and owns the only midshipman subscription to Nuclear News. I suppose that some brain cells have to go when you take a disciple of Rush Limbaugh and send him off to New Mexico alone for a week with no one to think of except Lefty Kreh and his scaly friends. Also, who else commanded the Sixth Reich, drives da'Merc while he listens to George Jones???? and Mark Chestnut (who's that)? No man is an island but some are certainly peninsulas and we all love the BIG three sports (are there any others), BIG athletes, and BIG time wrestling. But that's OK, because we all know that gettin' crazy with the Foz beats a date with JB anyday. HAE MAP JHB JPS MAM GMK

John Sebastian Turner
St. Louis, Montana
Marine Corps Pilot

Tutu left behind, you sailed here from planet Voop where sisters & brothers are close, sheep scared, & loading in the back of the pickup w/ a banjo & rifle is just about the best thing ever. You managed to protect your sis & not have a serious girlfriend. What's the call? sssafe! (what were you thinking?). But, let's not forget your beantown connections, Hoodlums, & more. We've seen several people inside you (Zelda, Sdwarf), and your in-room concerts started a trend that's out of control. Your Gleeful taste in music made us wonder (Metheny, & songs like Pet the Hot KITty). Was that clear? Crystal? I thought so. Sebe, it was an honor to room with such a talented person, not to mention the one and only MCPOSC-ie grand poobah. I'm glad I brought out the hard charger in you (I created a monster!). I hope the FMF is ready for Tom Cruise Marine Corps style. See you in an 18D janitor. RS



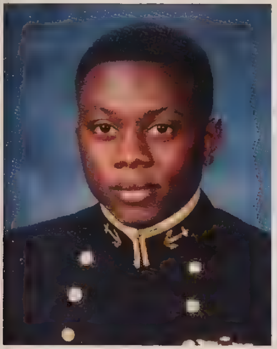
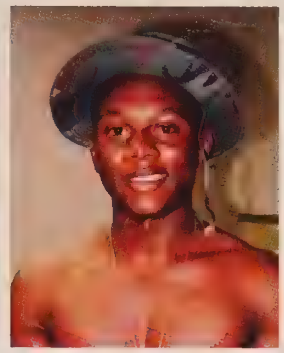
Stacia Agnes Ulissey
St. Augustine, Florida
General Unrestricted Line

The persistent one loved plebe summer so much she went through twice! "Tiny bubbles in my wine" ate pizza and played cards all night instead of doing homework. Grand Slam! With her compulsive need to clean the room and brush her teeth after every meal, she barely survived the wrath of the Raven...Who left water in my soap dish again?! Luckily this ended soon, and Tiny Bubbles lived with her bud and best friend, the Marine Corps gunge pup. Although Mrs. Gunge Pup was married and had to leave the 35th brigade, Tiny Bubbles remained and left a trail of broken hearts. Loves horses and country music. Remember country dancing Army Navy weekend? Not! Let's go shopping! What credit card limits?! Little Caesars and ice cream - yes! "What do you mean there's no lake?!" Tiny Bubbles will be going to China Lake in sunny California where the desert is like home in Saudi Arabia.

Matthew David Zerphy
Allentown, Pennsylvania
Nuclear Power-Submarines

MDZ knew since he was a little kid on his parent's yacht that he was destined to be a midshipman. After numerous times powerin' by the sea wall and then when EJZ came to the boat school there was no question. Once reaching the Academy the grand illusion became reality. MDZ then spent four years striving for the ultimate goal "...just to be left alone." Well, MDZ being the perfectionist that he is soon found his weakness: THE WATER. But, as is expected of MDZ he found a way to conquer that mountain, after many diligent hours in the water the rock became a fish. Early on MDZ met his match, JR. She kept him poolside, on edge and sane at the same time. He rushed off to DE every weekend, but MDZ was always here when we needed him the most. MDZ we'd wish you luck but this Irishman knows that you won't need it. MDZ forever to be our friend in Pennsylvania. MSM.

Seventh Company

Arnoux Abraham
Miami, Florida
Marine Corps Pilot

Hey, Oh Great Broad-Chested One, you've made life here a bit more interesting for the last four years. Whether you were wandering to formation late or getting chewed out for smiling Plebe Summer, kicking the daylights out of some Army puke at a karate tournament, or "packing chutes" at the loft, you were always unmistakably everybody's little buddy "Abe". How you pack so much gunge into one little body, I'll never figure out. But pack it in you did during Second Class Summer Bulldog, earning yourself the Corps Pilot billet you always wanted. Add to that your degree in Aerospace (astro track, of course), and subtract a lot of weekends, and I figure you'll be putting the jammy-jam on NASA in a few years. If they build a wardroom in the Space Shuttle, I know you'll be up there, DOIN' THE JOB! SAB

Shawn Allen Basil
Bowling Green, Kentucky
Marine Corps

SAB: "God's test to the Marine Corps". Some people would say Shawn was a bit crazy, well let me tell you brother, he was. Take it from the man who spent two years of his life with him, life was never dull. Heaven forbid you asked him a question concerning Viet Nam, hell, the length of a gnats butt hair or anything for that matter, you would cause him to go into one of his many zones. It would take one of God's ten plagues before you could get SAB out of his zone. Hell, it takes an extraordinary man to service select Marine Corps with the expressed desire to command TANKS (submarines on wheels). But, in all seriocity...SAB is crazy...No No just kidding...Seriously, though, one of the many traits that will set SAB as my good friend is his loyalty. I will never forget when I was screwing up during plebe year, SAB you were always, always there to help me. SEMPER FI!! DO or DIE!!! AA

Brady Adams Brady
Columbus, Ohio
General Unrestricted Line

Scarred for life at birth by his parents and hailing from Ohio Babs needed an escape. For some reason he looked to the Navy. After a brief stint in the enlisted ranks making his hair fall out, BABS took a stab at The Academy. Plebe: pledged deck,SH shoes,hard chargin. Youngster: Enter the magnet,the pit,the cave, new ways to spend your life in the rack,stereo time,JJM and the social misfits. Second Class: Brady who??? Fed and the deck, memorable ring dance even if he had to pay CAS for it. Firstie: Batt stripes??,no taps,no revielle,no responsibility,0400 scorched earth,hot pop tarts,last of 13 roommates,back to the rack,lots of work??,cribbage all night,beepers,AH Francesco,BLH, Pistol-whipped Army,0300 piano music,southern MD Drives,2hr phone calls,Babe From Ohio,m&m men. After Grad: "I'll only see a ship with binoculars" Babs it takes work to be baggit do good. OB

Stephanie Michelle Brill
London, Ohio
Supply Corps

A small town "right outside of Columbus" sent SMB and her crazy, wacky sense of humor ("you boob") to Canoe U. She spent her plebe year imitating upperclass and eliminating roommates. Youngster year the Brillster emerged as the self-proclaimed "adju-bone." For three years she never let us forget the "random" box nor the chance to be "volunteered" for watch. With an ever-present harem second-class year, no one thought SMB would ever settle down. But we turned around firstie year and found her joined at hip with TEP. Throwing dinner parties was her specialty (and brigade-famous). The infamous Aerobix Queen...NO KHB, BOB!! GOAL: $1,000,000,000 via Supply school. We wish you assured success--and don't forget your buds in need (low IR's). FW/FS CAS

Christopher Robert Escamilla

San Gabriel, California
Marine Corps

Transplanted from the hills of San Gabriel, 'milla arrived at the Academy a tall willow of a boy. The rigors of plebe summer, however, quickly turned him into the tool he was meant to be. Always honorable, "Sir, I think Spooky is going to commit suicide..." Scam brought with him his laid back Southern Cal attitude and a suave way with women (ask the wolf), making him a natural mediator. "BRD, you're just a politician." or, "MRK, you have no friends.." He insists all the plebes that left because of him really wanted it to happen. It was sad to see the one-lunged, scrubby-haired, sensitive Zorro trapped by the monster, but that's what you get for walking in the heather. Don't tell me to "lick...." Shippensburg happened before you even were a Guest! Here's to a future in the Marine Corps and Pediatrics; I hope your tires fare better than your lungs.-RMR

Robert Keegan Federal, III

Atlanta, Georgia
Naval Flight Officer

Keegan "the Weasel" got off to a quick start Plebe year with the Rude Dogs, learned that "chicks dig Federal", and has spent his time since trying to find a short one. Although he generally sits in the back of the boat and says stuff, like "So help me God, I'll run you through!" he also passes time at the Tombs, or at the mercy of the wind, assuming the mainsail is back in one piece. He took a year off after run-ins with the Major and Pat, and learned to shave his legs as well as "put the hammer down." After peer pressure, coercion, duress, and threats of bodily harm, Kelly returned to work his cox box magic and keep the crew team informed of weather, oceanographic trivia, the latest blond jokes & tales of last weekend. Despite all his activities, he manages to re-read How to Get Straight A's and take lots of photos, especially from the waterline. SRC "crush" EH KV MK CD

Fernando Garcia

Westchester, California
Naval Flight Officer

Nando arrived at USNA on July 2, 1989 with all his baggage in tow; which was a feat since he came by way of NAPS and icy Rhode Island. His luggage proved quite useful, however, and the SUPER-NAUT became the driving force behind Garc's famous parties. After a very religious plebe year (what did you and JEN spend all day confessing ?), youngster year brought brain surgery and a rapid upswing in SNM's IQ. Obvious since he changed his major from Marine Eng. to Poly Sci, remembered his age in the presence of alcohol, and traded dreams of the Marine Corps to become a back seat driver. The Joker's honors include: late nights with the BOOW, being the last alcoholic Mr. Vice, wearing a girdle, and being named "Gutless Wonder GAR-SEE-YA" by a plebe. Nando, you were a good XO when we got your eyes off the women's uniforms. You may have been near the bottom of the pecking order, but you were never the papoose. RMR

Todd Alden Hofstedt

Coon Rapids, Minnesota
Nuclear Power - Submarines

It's been a great pleasure knowing TH, who's been an entertaining roommate, fellow naval architect, and friend. There are few people who are as intense as he when there is work to do, and it is best to stand clear when a deadline approaches. Unfortunately, his computer is not so cooperative (only his machine would plot a straight line equation as a curve). I believe that TH and his Zenith must have been enemies in a past life. Not much phases TH, except for wooden stakes, garlic, and running water. Proving he is a vampire is tough, but he shows the classic attributes. He sleeps mostly during daylight hours, studies best in dark rooms late at night, and can sneak around unnoticed in the shadows, sometimes as green vapor. I am almost sure there is Minnesota soil in the coffin under his rack. Even so, I really look forward to Orlando, and always wish you the best of luck, pal. SNP

Thomas Charles Kait

Buffalo, New York

Surface Warfare

TCK came to the Academy with superstar volleyball expectations. After one year of team tables his size grew to immense proportions, thereby earning himself the name BEAR. While lying in his bear cave, he challenged anyone to any competition. Whether it was the pit or taking on plebes in 6 to 1 volleyball matches, he would take any shot for a juice. We now know for sure that the CHIEF rules the basketball court, NANDO rules the tennis court, but Bear rules the rack. Bear will make one hell of a housewife, pass the S.O.S. bottle and sweep the floor. Someday, The Bear will remember the many times he Raindanced, so that the brigade would have to drill--Good memories for cold days on the Denver's bridge. You still owe me $2 for the girl in Berlin, and don't buy anymore "little Drinks". Keep the faith. Bills 0-3 the team is hotter than his wings. Good LUCK! FG JEM

David Arnold Larsen

Forest Lake, Minnesota

Special Operations

DAL joined us on our 4-year journey by the bay from the icy tundra of Minnesota. "Minnesota has such and such" or "well you can do that in Minnesota." That's nice, Dave. Dubbed over plebe summer as "Baddog" for his hammering of easy runs, he will forever be half a step ahead of his competition. Plebe year brought many challenges to this man, as baffled upperclass asked questions such as, "Who is Larsen?" and "Is Larsen a plebe in this company?" Youngster year brought a letdown at Hood and troubles with Jack Daniels one Friday night. 2/C year brought legal drinking. "Hey, this isn't as much fun if we are allowed to do it." 1/C year brought DAL his varsity letter after many grueling miles. Way to come through Al, you schmuck. After being set on aviation for three years, scuba training, surf, and tan lines convinced DAL that Navy Diver was the way to go. Best of luck, pal, and find that Golden Cheetah. DJS

James John Marsh

Evansville, Indiana

Surface Warfare

Better known from the Van Halen tune "Top Jimmy," JJM is unforgettable. Even though his sarcasm sometimes made him difficult to live with, making him mad was not a good idea. The natural-born collegiate pistol champion's generosity only gave you fifty yards head start (and no one's faster than a bullet). Raised in an oasis of civilization in Indiana, JJM never fails to impress us with his ingenuity and mechanical skill. His still running '82 Oldsmobile (or better yet, "Jimmy cruise-mobile") proves it. When his hands aren't dirty from some project, he is most likely found out having fun. Even with a tough major like naval architecture, JJM always had time to spend with friends, or whichever woman had the privilege of his attention. I have rarely run across anyone else so suave with the opposite sex. Good luck, SWO dog. Hope we run into each other often. SNP

Joel Evan Moss

Swansea, Massachusetts

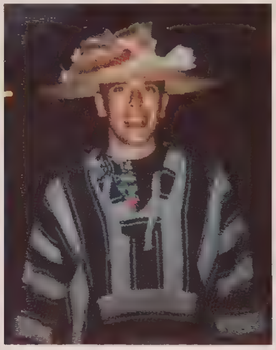
Surface Warfare

JEM hails from what he thinks is the center of the universe, Massachusetts. The road to USNA brought him through Boot Camp and NAPS. Plebe year he found himself in the squad from Hell with Nanndo, Orr, and most notably HARRILL, where dining In's were always interesting with the squad members in the back room with the confiscated Hooch. Youngster year brought 2 Ac-Boards and a 1.25 GPA, along with two failed attempts at Calc III, fortunately his superb Military Performance saved him from joining Harrill. 2/C year JEM found a ball and chain, and soon after Orr joined him, changing both forever. JEM is responsible for teaching BEAR the game of life, in Germany, during their European vacation. If your looking for JEM after the Navy, you're sure to find him in one of three places, IRISH TIMES, Denmark, or following the Grateful Dead. Peace. WAU

Jay Albert Murphy

Mid West City, Oklahoma
Civil Engineer Corps

Don't remember much about J plebe year...don't think I knew him till he became co. commander. then everyone who knew him wished they hadn't. 3/c year began J's education on the finer things in life...things a good church boy wouldn't know about. This wasn't w/out setbacks...what's it like to be dumped for God? 2/c year-btween eating pizza & sleeping, J continued his education through lab time with co. mates. it wasn't till sometime later that jay grasped the theme of my lectures, saw the light, tasted the apple on the tree. J, "A" for intentions, "F" for choice...your parents were right...focus less on ocean-going mammals & more on beautiful, long haired, persian cats. Down south, you'll see strays all over...pick one up! take it home! if it fights when you want to play kick it out, but if it purrs...remember what I told you. C.T.E



John Chipman Neidigh

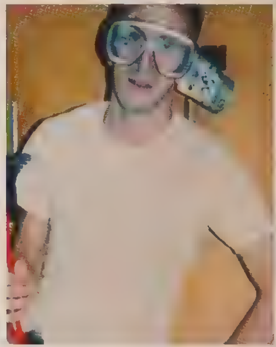
Indianapolis, Indiana
Marine Corps

Hailing from the state with the largest ego, JCN flew solo into a world of lax sticks,band aids,missing anchors,perf. boards,and paper bag headwear. 4/C Indoc (old style) ended and 3/C year started with his first (and not last!) career choice of subs?!? Luckily that fad was short lived and he started to see the GREEN light after many midnight runs in boots. ESE was too easy so he decided to do studies in peanut butter friction, "top" rotation records, and still life photos of Warrior Dog. That 10% insanity really started to show! 2/C year began and the tyrant started to earn his infamous name (beaten child syndrome). Sanity is key when knives, oranges, and recycling boxes are mixed. FIVE stripes came 1/C year (congrats) and we all knew that you would still be a member of the 2% club (Kim W. helped). Ho-mate still flies high, him hem schloppy, and flaven roo. Semper Fi do or die roomie. MBR

Joseph Robert O'Brien

Manasquan, New Jersey
Navy Pilot

OB came to the Academy filled with idealism (didn't we all?!) After 8 semesters here, I am happy to say that his views are just as jaded as mine. "It's about this cold out, ma'am.", She was just 17, you know what I mean? Plebe detail, not twice but thrice? Talk about losing a whole generation... So, how many times were you thrown out of the C.O.'s office? "Only 3 more months, BABs..." How often were we braced up by L.S. for one thing or another?? (If the stripe ain't straight...) Pop tarts and the TOAST-R-OVEN, MRAF (Why press a uniform when you can spill pizza on it?) "Ahhh, Francesco!" Don't forget, you're pretty BLH yourself! You **loved** riding shotgun, didn't you?!? What a wingman! (Although jealous because I've flown farther...) S11-B3-G3 : don't worry, she'll get hers! "Ohhh, S.I.I.M.A." Co. CDR? You fooled USNA, but not me, O.B! Hope you fly planes like you fly the rack! BAB



Alan Edward Orr

St. Louis, Missouri
Surface Warfare

58 IS GREAT! At least to Al, anyway... Plebe summer grated your nerves (remember spooky) but you did pretty well for someone who wasn't "smart enough to get in here on your first try." You had a nice right cross, anyway. Youngster year you spent in the rack, with your corrosive dogs and all. Remember the barn 3/C year? I don't think the lights were ever on. Why should they be if your mom could type your papers for you? 2/C year you decided to validate the mile and 1/2, your way. Remember getting an extra day of leave the hard way, by passing out at my house? What a scammer! Then you met Michele, and your life, not to mention phone bills, changed forever. BZ on keeping the company squared away during spring break, I know you loved it! Although at first you might have wondered why Annapolis was called crabtown, I'm sure your curiosity has been satisfied by now! BAB

Thomas Edward Plott
Hendersonville, North Carolina
Navy Pilot

The Lone Wolf came from the dark hills of NC, becoming the HMWH club's pres.- which included the office of 7th Co.'s CMEO rep. This was an office he held until the "tractor beam" of the DS pulled him in. Plebe year brought "mission impossible", wild mans, and a Laundry bag in the shower. With a green glint in his eye's he headed down to Benning to spend time with JJ's car and a Georgia State trooper. As a 2/c TEP spent time practicing for the Corps: chasing girls on Farragut, pre minibuds (only to go to Bulldog), and Gungy stuff with the boys (running on window ledges, knocking on windows, E-course). With the coming of 93, he left his ideals, us, and the Corps for SMB, 9th, and Navy Air. Don't give up hope on finding 16 inch Guns. Keep practicing basketball, Driving Fast (Break 1-9), and talking to God. Eat at TH. Remeber ME rules, your friends, and you'll get enough sleep in the Grave. TAW CRE

Steven Nikolai Potochniak
Hanover Park, Illinois
Nuclear Power-Submarines

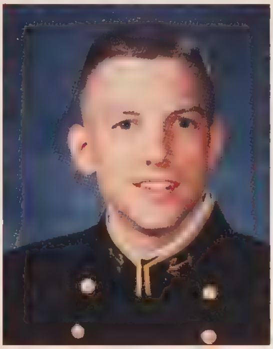
Potato showed up to Canoe U with a girlfriend/Boss only to soon become a member of the 98% Club. Though initially dry he was corrupted by youngster year, and forced to form the Slavic Brotherhood Support group. Long ride-homes with Pry-bell formed his character as was seen in the shower at Army-Navy and sessions with Big BOB in the pit(Thanks MRK). 2/c year bring's out the beast, "When you look like I do, you gotta take what you get." The Absolut worst, however occured at Boots' "How fast can you move?" and toasting cigars at Pap's B-Day. Listening to Enter Sandman and visitng him in "every" class. I would not have want to spent those long Narch nights, long tow-tank days, and trips to our sponsor with anyone else but the Submarine Commander. Remember to always dive deep, look out for #1; Nothing Else Matters. CRE RMR JJM

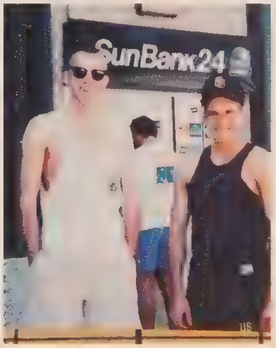
Rick Marshall Radonich
Los Gatos, California
Nuclear Power-Submarines

RMR entered the academy as old as our squad leaders. If one could not pick this up from his erudite wisdom they sure could from his receding hairline. He never had it rough here, well maybe when his roomates grades were low or EP gave him a hard time. Let's face it RMR knew all and "he'll be the first to tell you" Just ask NS from the old training days. He did mellow with age. He survived falling water, stopped staying in cheap motels, ditched the sea anchor and stopped his loss of hair(the Rogain helped). With a near perfect QPR, Pappy never did realize that group two majors survive on gouge not theory. He knows he can get the grade by wining and dining your Profs. Late night work outs, studying all those weird hours, and listening to all that pinko music really did hurt his hearing. He just wouldn't listen to his roomies' advice. He had to complete the power trip and be CC. Oh well. FG OB

Matthew Becket Reuter
Erie, Pennsylvania
Marine Corps Pilot

High school: drill commando, OSS, and women belong on pedestals. 4/C year: cheez whiz/mousse fights; ho-mate visitations. 2/C L, S, and E taught us (well, 3 of us, anyway) positive leadership before it really caught on at USNA. The 3rd pltn 1st sqd special projects got crusty marinara sauce on their "I'm a disgrace bags." Clean out the 6-1 (cough) head, sir? 3/C year: Stick becomes the first EGE in '93 (by choice, of course). 2/C year: Ikard; the GREEN begins to lure the warrior away from Navy Air. Chia Warrior Dog manifests himself. MBR gets an N-star and daddy's 240SX (no spoiler, handles well; we THINK it revs higher than 3500rpm). 1/C year: Turbulence; BAJA!; "We don't talk about whats-her-name."; the 5th Wing Barber Shop. Ethanol experimentation (and one too many thong bikinis) forced him to reevaluate his position on pedestals. (AAUs just a phone call away, MBR.) And turn down that damned Megadeth. JCN





James Byron Roots
Fairfax, Virginia
United States Air Force

JB came to USNA, via NAPS, to complete his never ending search of knowledge. First JB wanted to be a weather man, but his always inquisitive mind was not satisfied. Instead he chose the path of political science and world affairs, concentrating in Japan. He did this because all of his possibilities for companionship at the Peabody Conservatory, Louvre, Lithuanian tennis court, Germany and Denmark were exhausted. Is it his Mysterious Ways or his scratchin'? How about athlete's foot spray? To clear his mind of these problems JB had his monthly beatings and his decorations: the SWO DOOR, the Commandant's Rug, yellow hearts and orange stars, chains, LEGOs, stereo and Periodic Table. Of course he outgrew those things and is now living at his sponsor's house. In the future you can call his secretary and leave a message about lunch because JB will be looking at his nice planes. Thanks Best Man - JB

David Joseph Schlesinger
Bonita, California
Navy Pilot

One thing is certain about Slinger, from day one he knew what was best in life. Anyone so obsessed with fast, powerful cars that he rebuilt his own and named it Mable, needs to be in the cockpit of America's finest jet aircraft. DJS is the ultimate pessimist yet he managed to still have fun, so the question remains-is it just an act? Anyhoo, from his plebe summer constipation stick to his first class follies he always managed to amuse. How can you not appreciate someone who introduces you to the finer things in life: San Diego beaches, T.J.'s, So-Co., and interesting words like "caca". Of course his musical tastes are not the most varied (from Metallica to Motley Crue) but that never stopped him from making up his own twisted tunes and singing them in his o so lovely voice. But all in all he's been quite a good/supportive roommate and will make a darn good nazal radiator. I was thar - DAL (the other D)

Cynthia Ann Schowe
Chesterton, Indiana
Surface Warfare

CAS came to USNA with high hopes and lots of determination to master Comp Sci, but Ocean E called her name and her final answer was "Go History or be history". Even though she grew up in the south, she's a die hard Hoosier and her zest for sports changed her from a Spirit Pirate to a cheerleader. She was the easy one to pick out on the field-- the one with the big blue knee brace who never gave up or quit smiling. We've been through a lot, from surgeries and percocet to "Bratz" with dinosaurs and through it all you've been a great roommate and an even better friend (even though you listen to that progressive @$&#)!! I wish you all the success in the world; I know you will make it. And don't worry, I'm still planning on warping your children, eventually. It's the least I can do since you've scarred, I mean scared, me so much. I'll miss you, Shortie...SMB

Wyatt Allen Ulrich
Red Bank, New Jersey
Surface Warfare

WAU is a man of many talents and more importantly, a friend to all. Fortunately for Dinghy, he has 9 lives. Many times he has jumped on a grenade for a buddy, surviving with only a tongue lashing from his peers the day after. Unfortunately for the Chief his bark is far worse than his bite. After getting tossed around by anyone who had the time, Chief was demoted to the rank of Papoose. Still his way with women has carried him through the abuse that USNA has blessed him with. Chief has turned into an intercontinental lover, sampling exotic women from around the world, just ask him. A Pink Floyd song suggests that "all that you touch and all that you see is all that your life will ever be". The Chief has touched all of us in some way and the memories of our time together will bring a smile to our faces for years to come. Thanks for everything, Stay Gold. JEM & Jeanett

Thomas A. Welborn
Delphi, Indiana
Marine Corps

TAW chose four years by the bay even though he had a full ride to Bob Jones University. Plebe year brought a new member to the IM basketball team even if EP blamed him for all losses, no women till Herndon, "The Dance", and rooming with AO and JM. Life got better with youngster year, academics did not. Studying on the weekends, he became the most studious with the worst grades, created the inverted rack, and love for rubber bands. Surviving "Axe" Boards started him on 2/C year where he became acquainted with Taco Bell after church, the B bunny, satness, a Ring Dance date plebe, and farts at reveille. After Bulldog he struggled with grades(again), the chiefs daughters, getting one of the last USMC billets, and finally finding KLC. I'll never forget "Saving the honey for the Honeymoon", and "Things are looking good that shouldn't be". Keep your eyes on God, ground pounding, and KLC. I'll miss you. TEP

Tiffany Marie Zallnick
Syracuse, New York
Civil Engineering Corps

You'd think she was born in a swimming pool, this former synchronized swimmer who gave up her nose plugs for a wooden oar at her new home on the Severn. Power 10 baby! Yeah, right. Crew was too heavy, in all senses for our little light weight. BIG TIFF, little fanny, Go!Go! A former mountain mama from NMH, Tiff was filled with lofty ideas of USNA. Wicked upperclass bearing brown paper bags soon changed that, but then hey, 91 wasn't all bad. There was HIM. Yes, while the rest of us were kissing toads, Fanny snagged the Prince. Leave it to TMZ, the only girl we know who can do 20 things in 5 minutes and if there's time left over, well, put the desk in alphabetical order. It's called the Tiffy Thing, and if you want to be Pres. of SWE, W. Lacrosse and have 4 stripes you better learn it too. St. Thomas, Debi-country, Ocean city, library..great memories, thanks to you. We love you. CJ CVS

Eighth Company

UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY, 1908

Jason Christopher Alleyne
Salem, Massachusetts
Surface Warfare

How can one sum up 4 years at the mistake by the lake, no not Cleveland but good old USNA, in the life of HOALMIGHTY? You can't, but all you have to know is this: G.E. brings good things & grades to life! A renaissance man of the nineties, the CISCO KID (I'm not talking Western here) has acquired a taste for many things. From the flavor of a certain mouse (not Minnie), to the scent of more than one woman (as long as he remembers which goes with which). His quest for true bass remains unfulfilled, but if there is bass, he will find it. To a man who really does everything with his boots on, even shower, and has a strange way of adding shine to a perfectly good floor, there is yet hope for this dog (correction OMEGA DOG!!!) to settle down and find a good wife. Live long and prosper you dog of dogs, NU FI, PEACE and CHICKEN GREASE its time for a run to Henry's. CGC

Richard Charles Arthur
Pasadena, California
Surface Warfare

What can be said about RCA that would shock and surprise anyone? Very little, so an attempt would be worthless. We first knew we were in a unique presence when a 4/C RCA started inquiring during Plebe Summer about smoking regulations in the hall. By the time of the infamous 29th dining in and the RCA grog downing, we knew that the next three years would have a considerable amount of free entertainment provided. Sailing, cigarettes, philosophical discussions, and women not to be named wrap up Plebe year nicely. When we rejoined 2/C year it was sailing, cigarettes, philosophical plays, and more women not to be named. As I try to recall events from the mire of senior year, I always end up at H.B.'s. A special thanks go out to B., A., and J. from RCA and his roomie for making the last year pass more quickly and with less pain. DGW

David George Beiter
Buffalo, New York
General Unrestricted Line

Mary and David blessed us with the daygo out of a northern borough. GB was an inspiration to us all as he was a leader on and off the V-ball court. GB liked to go to the b-room, win money and stain desks since day 1 here at USNA. Bunk has certainly changed a lot since he first donned the uniform, from a 3.6 to a 1.4 was only one of the areas of his mutation. Jungle also explored new areas of love going dark and going hunting for wild beast and just going. GB was a frequenter of waterholes but he was never anywhere to make friends, especially with the c words. He lived through poor music tastes. Never forget us or Jerry, and never lose the rage, good luck with GIRL and go buy your Harley. GOMBADA

Jamey John Block
Livonia, Michigan
Naval Flight Officer

JB, the erstwhile bodybuilding champ from somewhere near Detroit, came to USNA because he figured normal college would be too easy and boring. Hard to believe, seeing as he lived in the rack and never studied here, either. Ask him sometime if he ever read the works of Plato and Socrates. He didn't sleep in class, though. In fact, his profs always found him awake, diligently doing his crossword or filling out entry forms for a MidStore give away. Outside the academy, he was a changed man. Be it Hood, Michigan, or Georgetown, JJB was a man possessed. Whether seeing the Rocky Horror Picture Show frame by frame, or bonding with Jose Cuervo, he definitely had a good time. Now he's headed to P-Cola (someday) for fun in the sun. JB, it's been an experience, to say the least. Take it easy and don't study too hard down there, o huge one. MGF

Anthony Che Bolden
Seabrook, Texas
Surface Warfare

Why are you such a ...? #8 walked on with us in the summer of '89, beginning four years of dis. Remember the fresh catch vs. Rice. Two words..You pole-vaulted (with a star) into youngster year to become the conduct king. (Restriction squad). Scarface made appearances at G-man (w/ Carl Pickens) and v-ball at the Sports Bar. 21st at P-cola and the 4-horsemen left you in Irish Wake..“Shhh, Listen”, "I love you guys."8-ballin at World Beat showed us the Big O. You were always sick (w/ the fever). "Hey babe, you got to reverse that, Bam Bam." By the way, did you end up with more girls or cars at USNA, Darth? Will that be cash or charge for your 18 bars of soap? Vermont Slope-Shredder. AB welcome to the Surface Warfare Comm, just for a month. Seriously, you're the best we know, we'll tri-up again at TBS. We Love You! Oooh Rah! See ya, but I wouldn't wanna be ya. CC, JBE

Christopher George Catlin
Salem, Ohio
Surface Warfare

It's been a loong 4 years! He's been everything from hero to James Brown to head restrictee. He's close friends of two commandants and a close friend of the Supe. The man who has a knack for trouble. What was the fire coming out of in that picture? How did those handcuffs get on your rear view mirror? Whatever happened to that girl in Florida, Canada, Baltimore, Atlanta, D.C.?!! In 4 yrs he went from being sloppy to damned messy, except cleaning up after a sick roomate. I've seen him overcome everything that this place could throw at him, and with the help of his little train, alot of friends and a stubborn roomate he's made it through. Now that we've made it, let's get in that shiny, black car and go to Henry's. Cat, stay strong and GO KAPPA!! Peace Out my brother. JCA

Lawence Charles Coleman
Colts Neck, New Jersey
Marine Corps

LCC shows up on I-Day as a Metallica fireball from MMA and leaves a mellowed Cowboy. LCC was not quite apt in the art of personal hygiene, but his flamboyant personality made up for it. LCC was the only plebe that scared the upperclass with the mystery scar. Youngster cruise LCC lost the force in style w/ the BC. 3/C year LCC was martyred w/ trips to UD and strange containers under the sink. "But mom, I never..."came to an end 2/C year w/ 45 days. LCC fears nothing-not even steel signs. "Everybody in your underwheres.."was LCC party call and he was definitly the life of any party. Watch out for dog's in the hot tub. Never take token advice- you'll be a great Marine. Your the best friend any of us could have with a heart bigger than your tree trunk legs. Keep the eight MH,CP,GB,SJ,RF,CB,BP,JC,BC.

Douglas Lionel Constant
Irvine, California
Marine Corps

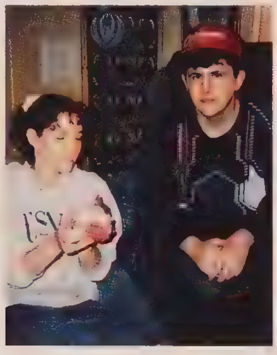
Being a brat, DC claims several homes including the wonderful state of TN. He arrived at USNA after a BOOST from CALI with the blond hair and tan of a true mariner/aviator. Before the end of plebehood, our leader Herbie changed his career choice from dental corps to undersea life and became alpha in military ranks (despite his regard for civvies). 3/C year produced a long line of $5 burned bridges, an automobile accident, and career changes including the chair force for this seasoned sailor. After 2/C summer, DC became even more stressed about the future and decided to try USAFA for a semester. Returning to USNA with several more kindled bridges, this starman found his calling in EE/WEAPS and as Bud the maintenance-man. 1/C summer showed this 4 striped Devil DAWG the light that he must be a Marine with a 4X wheel vehicle. RL

Travis Barry Done
Murray, Utah
Surface Warfare

Hey, what's with Grandpa? Oh, he's one of us! From idealistic ELT to dreary PEP plebe. PE and RF survived him, then JC and JB; JR and CT never really recovered and me..well, 'nuff said. Speakin' o' that phrase, how'd U manage 2 live thru the year-o-the-Ratt? Ceausesc-who? Panama? Rudy-Knudy (Pinky) n' Schwags were VERY impressed with U, good thing you're straight. 2 much studyin' next 2 country tunes n' dip fumes cract him as a youngster, then I got my turn... 2 great yrs 2gether by the bay! What's ESE good 4? OK if U can make that leg scratch my back! Travis, where's my...? Goats may be old n'gnarly, but Ram's Head lives 4ever. Don't U still owe me a bucket? What's a Grenell anyway? Sweetest skier, smoothest talker, honest and fair; but always a GRAPE at heart! Best friend (best man?), U're my hero! "Bartender, another round for me and my bud!" Take care...JKR

Todd Christopher Dudley
Palo Alto, California
Navy Pilot

"You can take the boy out of Cali, but you can never take Cali out of the boy." Coming all the way from Palo Alto, TD never gave in to the East Coast. To pass the time before returning to the West Coast, he picked up Crew. TD rowed for the heavyweight team for three years, pulling the fastest erg time on the East coast, winning the IRA Championships, and receiving the rare N-Oar letter. Spending as much time socializing and laughing as he did sleeping in class, he was well known by everyone throughout the brigade. Trouble had its a way of finding TD though. Whether it was the highway patrol or the CO, he had a way of being in the wrong place at the wrong time. Although excited that he's headed off to flight school, the boy will never be truly happy until he's cruising down I-5 in his Merkur, windows down, music up, with a smile on his face. Good luck, bro- JBP



Philip Lee Engle, Jr.
Oklahoma City, OK
Surface Warfare

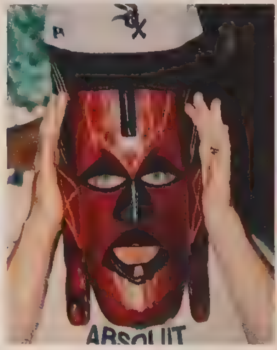
Phil, the oil tycoon from OKC. Plebe summer he was the chit master & continued the tradition for the next four years. 3/C Year introduced PLE to a world without S, but with the wardroom, rack, computer games, & booze (A man). I guess it's a good thing we didn't all just leave him alone. Watch those field promotions. His taste in music (Whitney Houston & Heavy Metal) is only matched by his taste in clothes (Black w/OU hat). But that Pink shirt did blend in well at Disney World. MC will never forget 2/C summer in New Orleans. What was the name of that joint on Bourbon Street anyway? 2/C year started looking up, he got back with S, & Spring Break in Daytona w/the Guido Mobile was a blast. Firsty Year proved what I've known all the time, P must be the smartest lazy person in the world. How anyone can sleep through all his classes & still pass I'll never know. I wish PE & Shelly a happy life together. BMW

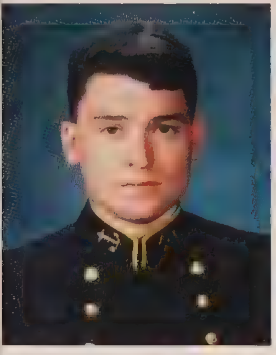
Robert William Falkenbach
Bumpass, Virginia
Marine Corps Pilot

AAAYYY! RF kun, the raging samurai with oh so sensitive feet, appeared from the fabled east, but has since traded his chopsticks for a goo goo pitchfork to satiate his bottomless void of a stomach. This loveable master of bodily functions with ears a la Perot and the Scooby Doo laugh is never deterred from fun even though Mom still matches his Garanimals for him. How can one go from Plebe Rep. to Batt Commander? You're not fooling anyone you know! Then there's the matter of women. No one's ever fallen harder faster! Fancy Nancy, the little Cuban firecracker, oh and the radiant one - Does the leash really reach all the way from 5-0? Nothing stops Angler Bob from "Falling in the Rack." No more treaties, OK? Stay clear of $4000 ice, and do let us know if we can help you with that bong or attend another aquatic labor rally! - Peace Brother! SJ,CP,GB,MH,LC,PK,GF.

Gregory Michael Fallon
Orlando, Florida
Surface Warfare

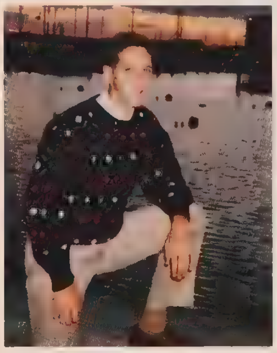
GMF was the proudest native of Florida. He is the only person to like all the Florida sports teams including winners like the Miami Heat and Florida Marlins. It was hard for GMF to leave his 12 siblings. Especially his sister the sister and his brothers the brothers. At USNA GMF lived with a diverse bunch of folks. He battled with a third world fireball, moved into the ghetto, and then settled for another Mick. GMF lived on the trailing edge of the Systems curve, but always managed to enjoy himself. Who didn't forget CT's last night out, which GMF blamed on the four beers not the Tequila shots. Not to mention GMF's own 21st birthday party. Did that stuff ever come off? Don't worry DGB didn't need a registration to drive your car. Is there something we should know about you and Magic? "Your the one with the problem here M." GMF is a credit to his Irish heritage and a true friend. Peace Brother. PMK





Michael Gerard Farren
Ft. Worth, Texas
Naval Flight Officer

"Dude, You Know...I've killed men for less." MGF the NFO, he's wanted to be one since he's known what it was, and maybe some day he will get to be one. Can't tell you what type of plane he wants to ride in though, that changes with the seasons, and we think he has covered them all since his arrival at Canoe U. MGF was born to short for his true dream, a Pro Basketball player, but makes up for his lack in height by playing several hours a day and joining every B-ball intramural (not a total put-down, it pays-off, we hear he is pretty good). Sorry, no studying tonight, got a new video game. What, a new version of Hardball is out? No studying tomorrow night either, gotta rack. Oh, by the way, nice golf hat and plastic car--Is that one of those new "Jupiter" cars? Watch out for the fetal position after too many 23-ouncers!!! JJB

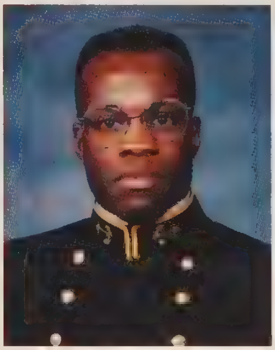


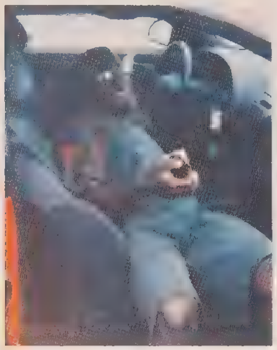
Michael Lane Gilchrist
Columbia, Tennessee
United States Air Force

MG pursued a circuitous route back to the paramilitary organization called the CHAIR FORCE. The Rocky mountain wayward school for lost boys and girls recommended that MG attend Canoe U. via NAPS. As an AF brat, he was destined to track space garbage. Later, he qualified as DSR's "poster child" and excelled as a symbol slapper for "Frat and Travel"-he should never be confused as a military blower. Mike became entangled with Church out in town and saw it more than just a spiritual experience, it was his hunting ground. Mike, ever the gregarious one and veritable social butterfly, took up the team sport of marathon running. His passion for running is only supplanted by his yen for the arts and music. The imposed Alcatraz sentence was truly a Sing Sing on the Severn experience. He did not choose to have the same...Why not Minot? The reason is because it's freezin! DC

Anthony Scott Glover
Norfolk, Virginia
Surface Warfare

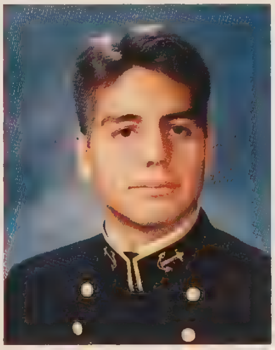
T- came to us from "THE NAVY TOWN" and four years of Navy JROTC? Plebe year held many things for the "G-MAN", endless days with Laga--hole and quickly ending nights trying to study while your roommate talked to the "plump-one". Can you say sthufferin'-thuckatash? 3/C year brought with it life as a convict, TWICE! By this time the "G-MAN" had become the "G-LOVER", literally. 2/C year brought with it sleeping habits from hell and the realization that AERO was not worth the price of the G-LOVER'S weekends. T- bought a new car for X-mas and with it a stereo that dims the head lights when he turns it on. Due to weak ankles and air sickness the Corps and aviation went the way of the dinosaur and T- became a diehard SWARRIOR during 1/C year. Good luck to you HOALMIGHTY a.k.a Velvet Jones. RML





Patrick Lee Herrera
El Paso, Texas
Naval Flight Officer

P.H., the Jolt drinking frisbee throwing insomniac from El Paso,joined us so he could fly or so he hoped. Who'd of thought it would come down to the wire and you'd be P-cola bound? "What'swrong with your roommate?" was heard often, but we all knew he wasjust a little eccentric. Strange sleeping hours and wierd study habits helped P.H. survive the Systems Major. Is your roommateasleep? No, he just likes to throw half of his locker on his rackand cover it so it looks like he's asleep. SERE: it fits you. "Cover down on the man in front of you" took new meaning when youtook the cover off. Now you can eat your burrito with your fingers, too. Your pathfinder may never be the same, but at least it's broken in after all that mud. Does that kite really fly? Only a systems major could know. Good luck in P-cola and remember there's an interior decorating job out there for you. MG, RA



Monroe Martin Howell
Thibodeaux, Louisiana
Navy Pilot

This PVTM came with a single desire to be a SEAL only to have his hopes dashed by scholarship winners and others desiring good workouts on the Coronado beaches. His sister (keep her away from mids) got the looks and the brains, and he got what was left. It's hard to believe he was a member of the NGA club suffering from DSB syndrome, give them more than one chance. He received a crash course in Army mule driving, outrunning "the man" and then relinquishing the credit to the stripers. How can we forget, co-originator of the `the bigger one you are, the more they want you' theory...the joy of the silk boxers ("You get used to it")." Thanks for the vacations in Cajun land. You're guaranteed success in whatever you do, just work on the chicken-scratch. Thurston, thanks for being a good roommate and a good friend. Never forget Steve, John & Arlene, Jim & Linda and the Eight. LC, CP,GB,JC,RF,SJ,BP,CB,PK,GF

William Spencer Johnson V
Oakton, Virginia
Navy Pilot

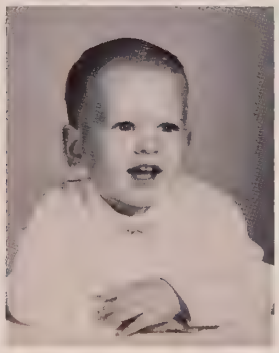
WSJ is the eloquent dirtbag with girly handwriting coming from Virginia. Early on all we heard from this whipped wonder was "I like Malaika" "Really Larry, I'm pressed for time...if I don't pass this test I might not graduate.....10th in the class". He is now on Born Again status..but the waiting hasn't been too bad...gas station legs...Donna Donna everywhere. His second class year was magic, great room and for God sakes plug that clock back in. We wondered about how he was taking the born again status when he wanted to use sweet roomy for a towel. Thank God for Donna! The luck was better before her with Ms. New Hampshire..a long drive to get the Heisman. At least he's not back to square one. Spence needs to take lessons from the O-6, man, can he smooth talk em. Well, he still reigns supreme in the moshing category. He can mix it up with the best of them. Spence can rage...Ride on brother! RWF

Patrick Michael Keane
Waterford, Connecticut
Surface Warfare

Peachy the red-headed stepchild. Athlete, intellectual, icebreaker. A brilliant man with flashes of genius. Only #8 in the class, but #1 among dirtbags--clearly a case of domination. Perhaps something a bit more challenging than Political Science next time. It was made clear repeatedly where PMK's priorities "lay" by miss-adventures (Baltimore and Rutgers). Accident or not, society is indebted to him for the 50 mile rule. To a highly acclaimed stud in the social arena, whose snifling never seemed to bother the ladies, a bit of advice: diamond ring-wearers and friend's sisters = bad prospects. Speaking of rings, before making considerable jewelry purchases, be sure to have a taker (not to include sisters). Close proximity to his home as well as that of a close companion led PMK to exploit the CG exchange program. Just kidding about the tattoos. Nevertheless, may the brotherhood of the sea live forever. GMF

Richard Shannon Lee
Kingston, Tennessee
Naval Flight Officer

Napolean, an apt pseudonyme for a distinguished Southern gentleman, RSL comes from the hills of East TN, Kingston, and once upon a time Cookeville. Unwittingly RSL followed in the foot steps of Douglas McArthur, however he was most generous with his large and numerous bundles of love bar his coveted PN butter and fruit cocktail. Prone to seasickness, he took up skydiving. He mastered the art of high speed dirt but didn't like the taste and has since set off metal detectors. RL was the pipeline for "Southern Belles" and found himself with two dates one Xmas Ball, the young lady and her mother. Always dead on balls accurate, RL became the honor dude and professional baby-sitter of 8th company, the 3 striped CC. If you need a friend for your 21st b-day, call RL, same goes if you have technical difficulties with printer. Also if you need music from the 80's archives or your sink fixed, get RL and his B&D.



Robert Max Lohman Jr.
Charlestown, Indiana
Navy Pilot

Mad Max graced us from the "real" Navy via NAPS as an E-5 in the Navy. Blessed with prior experience plebe summer was cake "The Laws of the-WHAT ?!?" Well at least he was able 2 blend in well during plebe year. "Sthuffer-ing sthuckatash..." RML was an E-5 in the Navy. After 3/C cruise he brought his undersea aspirations 2 the surface & YP's with Laga--hole. 3/C year was typical with a change of major & the addition of a cast, fieldball brawl--held him a little 2 long. Oh yeah, he was an E-5 in the Navy. 2/C year earned him the title of "REDMAN" (among others) during his fits of agitation brought on by the plebes. RML was an E-5 in the Navy. Grades improved & his hopes changed 2 air. Did I mention he was an E-5 in the Navy? 1/C year he was CoCDR--well he's still got friends & the fact that he was an E-5 in the Navy. By the way he's always right. TG

Christian Jurgen Peterson
Bethesda, Maryland
Supply Corps

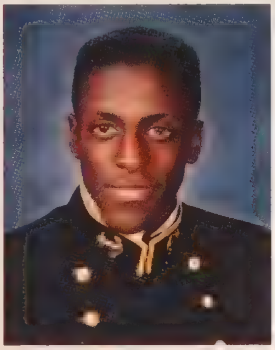
Our bearded friend came to us never knowing when to quit. "I'm just telling the truth,she has the right to know." "Well,it's time to have the treatment." "I'm a worm, sir." "Our Redskins fan finally dropped anchor in New Orleans where he earned his dive quals after years of effort. He prides himself on many things, passing chem, physics, ee, and weapons, an order of merit in the 4's...4 digits, thanks NPQ, the only man with morning sickness, -heisman on the other side, and most proudly his religious influence on us, King of the Born Agains...2 years,ouch. Just a couple of questions, Can we borrow your car? NOT! Where's the filling in this King Cake? at FSU?Or maybe it is in your pants. He has quite a future ahead of him, perhaps hunting ("He got one, he got one") Perhaps truckin' (you've got the mouth) Perhaps dancing (hah) Get a sporty and ride. WE LOVE YOU, BROTHER! GOMBADA.

James Bohling Pfeiffer
Monterey, California
Navy Pilot

"Fife" came to us from the sunny shores of California with tennis racket under arm and a haircut that would've made the Johnnies jealous. Well, four years later, you might say he finally grew into his hair. It's been tough for him, but the NorCal crew hung tough throughout- it's those unexplainable addictions like going UA for surf sessions that kept getting him in trouble. Not likely that anybody was going to brainwash him here, though- his Karate varsity letter kept us keenly aware of his desire to stay, at least in mind, back in Cali. Two years on the intercollegiate sailing team kept him as close to the water as possible, and out of drill. Besides F2's, J soon also found himself adept at evading the state police- a year in his Jetta and not one ticket?! Well, $175,000+ later, USNA never did get through to you, but hey, we had a great time, eh? The best to you in flight school and beyond, bro- TCD

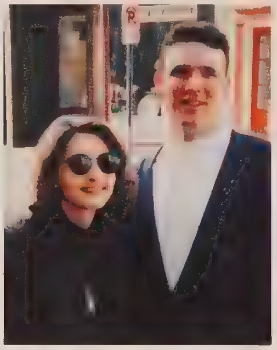
Brian Charles Proctor
Chula Vista, California
Surface, Warfare

Brian, Brilo, Bri, Carl Lewis, Proxie--whtevr U wnt 2 call 'em, cam 2 the NA from NAPS. Waitd til last secnd 2 ask me 2 writ dis bio. Strtd at Presidio Pt Ct. Brian, Mike,N I stil best friends. Rembr, do'n anythng we cud thnk of N d court til dark? Wht a bunch of idiots. Grw up. N Prxe's Pinto. Great car! Alwys by'n cars. Nex his "TOY2ENV" Corolla. Went evrywhre N d car (off highway on ramp)! Now a MR2; Wht's nex? Frm cars to girls. Pam, Melisa, Bernice, Adalin, Tara, McDonald's grl, Tara, N Adelin agan. Wht a ladies man! Hop U'l mak up UR mind (no sprng braks anymor). Wht can I sa? Alwys break'n records. 96Olympx? Cud B d nex Carl Lwis. Can't believ UR graduat'n! Alwys get'n N troubl..do U hav? Wht's UR OOM? Wel, thnx 4 hlp'n me dur'n plebe year N 4 mak'n the NA bearabl. No I cud ask 4 a bet'r friend! By U a Mickey's bck N San Diego. "I KNOW YOU GOT SOUL". Peace out. EVS



John Kenneth Reilley
Long Island, New York
Surface Warfare

Uncle Jake came to us a salty dog from the Roosevelt. His infinite knowledge and wisdom when it comes to professional topics is exceeded by no one I know and has served him well here. He survived many booted roommates, including a confirmed psychotic and a pudgy, coke-bottle-glasses, carrot-head. His love for sailing is exceeded only by his love for his '83 Porsche and a good computer game. Skipper, bartender, carpenter, cynic, disillusioned idealist, closet English Major, Ratte look-alike, camper, obnoxious Irishman, sometimes sloppy drunk, sometimes explosive stress case, avid duck hunter, lover of long straight hair and small lawyers, and always a source of sardonic views of the system. Future Admiral? Future charter boat captain. Reckless driver on the Yard, "Son, It's ticket time!" Flutterkicks in the rack? My favorite drinking buddy, immortalized at the Ram's Head, I think you owe me a bucket. TBD



John Philipse Robinson III
Montgomery, Alabama
Surface Warfare

JR, the laid back southern boy, showed up on I-day expecting only a few military formations between starts as a Navy P-dawg. He brought with him the world's longest fuse to a temper that never blew, undying faith to a woman half his size, & a "Take it Easy" theme to life. Plebe year he moderated the holy wars & did flight ops from top rack. As a youngster he took a trip to the Gulag & developed a hatred for Zobo-Euro fag music. Later, he learned about Iced Tea at Harry Brown's & snot-shots at Navy Lodge. The little woman came to town & ZRR-049 became the family's first car. Memories of 21 shot night, world's best study breaks, "God, this room stinks," term paper from hell, getting a patent, passing out at your own party, Armory, & "Jr, do you have a beer?" will follow you always. Thanks for keeping me in check thru the years and being the best friend ever. Remember always to "GIVE'EM THE GAS!" -CAT

Christopher Andrew Turkovich
Jacksonville, Alabama
Surface Warfare

TURK, it's all in the name. An innocent boy introduced to the sins of the world by "the fellahs". From Plebe Summer we can still hear, "Turkovich, Where's Turkovich?". But, through the years he acquired the talent of procrastination ('A' paper a day late = a 'B') and instigation. Then Service Selection, Subs?, Pilot?, No go SWO! He found solace in the memory of Lisa, three Jennifers, a sponsor's niece, and 2 years of celibacy (by choice, of course). Remember all the parties, Mr. Smiley? Or your 21st with the Severn and Mr. Cisco? Or Florida, a wallet in your pants and pockets full of tokens? And then there's the episode in Newport. It did earn you some great leave, and a nice sweater. And then the room, the battle between Country and Euro-fag, the Roaches (LA vs. LePew). Hey, at least you're not an adamant Braves fan. Turk, take it easy and never change or forget, Brother. JR

Beauregard Moseley White
Brent, Alabama
Surface Warfare

"Beauregard, come hither boy" was the new catch phrase in 29 when BMW graced the Severn from the state of Alabama. Being a true southerner, BMW found the pace of USNA difficult, especially with mono and all-calls. But through it all he found a true love for sailing. Great Herndon Party. 3/C cruise found BMW in Japan and PI. Nuff said. With chronic spelling problems "You spell soap s-o-p-e, right?", BMW was well suited for Engineering. 2/C class summer found BMW with everything being stolen, right down to his shorts. Daytona was great (Hawaiian Tropic babes) "I just wanna fix me a burger." Women-No one could keep track. Who did you decide to take to the Caribbean anyway?(KAK) BMW always knew how to spend more money than he had. BMW's unique outlook on the world was an inspiration to us all.(Extra muscle?) Good luck in Mayport and forgive us all for not knowing who Gene Stallings was. PLE

David Glenn Whitehead
Brookeville, Florida
Naval Flight Officer

"Quick, Help, I can't make a hospital corner!" Remembering this from the first days of plebe summer and glancing over at your rack now--four years later, one has to wonder if you will ever learn to make one. Each time I thought I had you pegged you go turning around and doing something surprising. First I thought that you were balding, then you grew bangs, then you proved to be the charmer of Eastport, then you failed a class, then you made dants list, then I thought you were geeky, then I thought you were cool, then you became a striper, then I thought you were cool again, and then naturaly...one day...you became a bartender. Wow, my roommate a bartender. Nice "Tom Collins" by the way. It's good to know that when we open the HB: Caribbean Annex, we'll be prepared. Good luck in Pensacola---and in the immortal words of Bogart, "This could be the beginning of a beautiful friendship." RCA

Ninth Company

-, U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY, ANNAPOLIS, MD.

Robert Bradley Aarnes
Virginia Beach, Virginia
Supply Corps

Rob said farewell to his life of wine, tan women, and song on the sunny beaches of Virginia for NAPS - a decision he has regretted ever since! He excelled in football and English; ducking the shotgun, he escaped unscathed other than his horny beast tattoo. Although injuries prevented Rob from reaching his full potential, he never missed a movement order or lost on the playing field! Regulations could not impede Rob's animal magnetism with the fairer sex, and in its pursuit he was crowned the FOUR YEAR King of Cinderella Libs. Despite his status as royalty, a quick phone call could not prevent his initiation into the Round Table of the Black N (BOY, getting to #1 on the Advent Calendar was fun!). MIDN KenDoll was the paragon of Naval professionalism - "Singularly Impressive!" We love ya, Face: Promise us you'll stay out of trouble - No more Restraining Orders or Handcuffs! BFM JHP RJK

Heidi Marie Althoff
Bailey, Colorado
Supply Corps

Heidi came to us from a far away country known as Korea before she found a new home in the States.For those that know her she is as quiet as a churchmouse, but give her reason to throw shaving cream, birthday cake, or water and you've signed your death warrant.Heidi is rumored to be a math major but she's really majoring in civilian life.Her adventures most often occur outside of these halls.On her first hiking trip the great navigator decided on Mt. Everest and too little water.She survived the altitude only to travel up and down the east coast from Disney Land to Killington Vt. with the trusted Ladyhawk.Heidi has even settled down to hours of Star Trek videos. You'll now forever be spacemouse Gleep on a converted snowboard-sled rocketing through outer space.Best of luck in all you do.You are a true friend and sister-I'll miss you. MG

James Edward Brown
Las Vegas, Nevada
Nuclear Power - Surface Warfare

JB - a.k.a. resident clown. Moved from 5-0 to 5-3 due to the completion of his QUEST TO FIND A GOOD WOMAN. He took all kinds: the Nevadan peace-nik, the preacher's daughter, Woop, Zoomie, and Merchant Marine, but finally the Navy girl next door won his heart... but what has she won? A one-beer buzzin', baker-hat wearin', gravity-boot stealin', plate bangin', helium-bomb makin', front shaft livin', America first, grenade throwin', Coke-bottle wearin', papoose beatin', goofy, "tuck-me-in" askin', ancient truck drivin' Beer-Belly-Brown who likes to blow up stuff in his spare time! He slides Icy-Hot in his skivies, needs a monthly beating, and laughs so loud - you can hear him in the next county! Don't ask what he wants beside his TRIANGULAR Christmas tree! At least we can say he followed his heart... as Plato says, "Who knows more about passion than a madman?" BOSTON 89 - I don't know why?!!! JBR

Carlton Thomas Elliott
Chicago, Illinois
Navy Pilot

Carlton, a.k.a. Ben(I'll let him explain it), began his Naval career at NAPS. At the Academy, he made friends quickly, especially with the opposite sex (Sray-dog). You were always the politician. Watch out Chicago. Ben never experienced Plebe yr-"Shove-off Elliott" & "Reg PE gear, what's that?!" Don't forget Easter & the porcelain throne-Remember to brush. Youngster yr we became room-mates. Why? Who knows?! From sailing, golf, aikido, to Co. V-ball, Ben's done them all...but don't ask him to run the 1.5 mile. During 2/C yr, the professional and whipped Ben emerged. Next came the rings-"how much was yours?" & "That's a reg?!" As 1/C we became the "twins" & "trouble." Ben was the master of staying calm-Does anything phase you? Remember the Eigen-500, Pizza Express, root beer, lemonade, Forrestal lectures, 1/C Perdew-NOT Hal, late night phone calls, and biology discussions. Good Luck in P-cola. JAM

Joshua Gary English
Lakeland, Florida
Navy Pilot

Destined for greatness from the start, MIDN English patterned his career after Mahan by entering the Academy as a youngster. Never doing more than necessary, SNM is a model of efficiency. A laidback and carefree outlook on life made the everyday drudgery seem tolerable. His specific accomplishments include:-Successfully taming the Gloveris Giganticus enough to share barley extract with it. (Although the encounter left him clinically dead, the duty section was able to resurrect SNM) -Throwing a service selection party where nobody seems to remember exactly what happened that evening. Having proved himself through four rigorous years, SNM is recommended for the fastest planes the government can afford to lose. Someday, the Flyin' Hawaiian may even grace you with his presence. May God favor you with steady hand and strong heart. RSM

Melissa Joan Gerace
Northfield, New Jersey
Navy Pilot

Missy began plebe year in 28th CO with dreams of Pensacola and someday NASA. If you knew her well, every week was an Army week. This Princess Machiavelli's table of priorities included EAT,SLEEP,CREW, and one other one we will leave to the imagination. Missy is a self-proclaimed aero survivor, and that she did with great heart and soul (thanks to the Great Spirit). She likes us to think she's tough as nails, but really she has a heart of gold. Did you know she sleeps with a teddybear named PeanutButter? I will miss our late night talks which began with "So, what kind of dog do YOU want?" I won't miss bluegrass. Remember, no rugrats. Don't forget our branding routine. I'll bring the camera, maybe even with film and batteries. May all your dreams come true including that very mature cowboy. You have been an inspiration and I will miss you dearly. HMA

Lynn Andrew Gish
Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania
Nuclear Power-Submarines

The infamous Mr. Gish, of Academy lore, descended from the nearby chocolate factories of Hershey. Andy had a head start on the rest of us, earning his promotion to Ensign as a youngster. In Florida, Synjin was not enough to bring victory to "Jose and the Keggers" on the court, but his synchronized beach ballet was most enjoyable to the screaming sorority. Andy's 2/c year relationship of convenience (for us all!) ended when the fear of commitment overcame the need for an apartment in town. The Gishmeister's impeccable academic record proved enough to defeat tough competition and receive an internship to England. The London fog shrouded Andy's vision to where he could not distinguish mothers from daughters. Seeking companionship 1/c year, he renewed his love for the king of cactus juice and also rescued a lost smurf. Farewell to a dedicated member of the clan, and best of luck in the Silent Service. JMS RJK BFM

David Burton Glover
Charleston, South Carolina
Nuclear Power-Submarines

The Gloveris Giganticus is an interesting variation on the human species. Leading a passionate and driven existence, it thrives on Buffalo wings, barley extract, and intense PT sessions. This creature is extremely elusive, and its speed makes capture difficult. Nonetheless, small obstacles placed in its way will cause it to slow down and fall over itself. Grace on land is not a strong point, but the creature moves with haunting ease in water. Although very much wild at the moment, there is some promise in domestication of this genus. Its hallmarks include an unflagging loyalty to its clan, and a propensity to dominate in any environment. An interesting and exciting 4 years have been spent studying the creature, and as the beast slips below the sea to continue its life I wish it fair winds. In the words of the Irish Blessing...May God hold you in the palm of his hand. RSM

John Dietrich Haase
Virginia Beach, Virginia
Navy Pilot

JH voyaged from VA beaches to the tundra w/a basketball and H.S. 2.4.After a haircut(yes MSgt),hoops(2 much..),& academic indoc,his voyage changed course to the banks of the Severn.There he road NAPS through the summer w/"Blatant disregard for plebe etiqutte!","Isn't this way more than 90 push-ups?"Haasman found a distaste for plebe year..he joined arms w/ upperclass preferring a self,self,self approach to plebedom.How was that reunion anyway?3/c year..this place isn't bad?;JV to starting?;"Oh,these are my classmates"& then came RJ to straighten things up(yes, email)2/c year...Fubar & a project squad;couldn't happen to a nicer guy; then the pee-wee squabbles.1/c year...a blur.Through it all you, the kid with the 2.4, never received lower than a B, w/ supts list, CAPT, and pilot>YOU HAVE EM ALL FOOLED.Your future is bright as can be..as long as you stay HHOH. RI :)

Glenn Russell Harshman
Lauderdale, Mississippi
Surface Warfare

Glenn arrived in Yankeeland whistlin' Dixie, thinking he was a Chief instead of a 3rd-class twidget. His demeanor won him friends and fame quickly at USNA. A humanitarian at heart, The Michelin-Man always preached the People Factor. No one could argue with the "Bubbaville" creed: 1) Minimum effort for maximum grade, 2) Sleep 12 hrs. a day and you'll be out in 2 yrs., and 3) Death before Conformity! SwoDaddy always fought authority, and authority always won- so it thinks! In his mind, G.R. knows the South will rise again, and the Administration will crumble. USNA stands, Bubba- but no one could cleanse your brain- especially with the door locked! Now that we know the real Glenn, we regretfully wish that you had been less humble and more outspoken- you had so many great ideas that went unheard. We'll really miss you, Glenbo- follow your dreams, and don't come back 'til you are THE DANT! JHP RJK BFM RBA

Ronald James Karun Jr.

Peru, Illinois

Surface Warfare

Ronnie came from Illinois with a corn stalk behind his ear and Ditka in his pocket. He came to USNA to wrestle, with no regard to gender. RJ knew exactly how little he needed to study to pass... usually (how many AX boards, Ron?). Fighting the blue magnet would not have been easy, had he tried. An aspiring garbageman, Ron handles trash better than anyone. Age, beauty, intelligence...no problem for our illustrious recording artist. He had plenty of practice on his lines after a year's worth of Leisure Suit failures. Second class year, Doughboy continued cutting weight on his way to Florida (a case was at stake!). Please remember (we will!) your Spring Break friends (Sierra Charlie!) and enemies (Mad Dog)! Firstie year, Julio hated drill more than anyone; you could always find him in the rear...or on libs. Ron, you'll be the best MWR rep ever. Fair winds, our friend. GRH JHP LAG RBA CCS BFM

Kevin John Klein

Portland, Maine

Navy Pilot

KJK came to us via NAPS and some prior time on P-3's. He's accumulated a variety of nicknames over the past four years, including "Bela", "Boats", and "Slick" just to name a few. He lived with the man from Montana during his Plebe year until he met a kid from St. Louis. Kev spent some of his time Youngster year on the ledge, with his new roommate trying to cover for him. Kev's also had some famous quotes throughout these four years, like "I didn't have that many! I feel fine!" and "I'm forecasting 3-4 in. by 0200." And even though he's bad with numbers, we have managed to have a lot of fun: African dance during study hour, Lilly's, USMC B-day at Matt's, Tailgaters, A/N games, and the hardware store in Annapolis. It was a 7-year-long journey for Kevin and he's finally reached his goal: Navy Pilot. So, Brownshoe, it's been a great four years, and I wish you the best in all you do! JMM

William Shawn Kohmuench

Stockton, New Jersey

Marine Corps

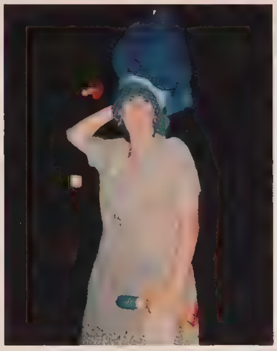
"OK,OK this guy walks into a bar", broccolli in the nose, academic rockdom, and tactlessness abound is Willie K at first impression. But it's apparent that Billstein Frankenmeunch was **graced** with honesty, loyalty, and an intense sense of duty. As 3-time adjutant his vociferous performance shined none brighter than reveille 1/C year. Poli Sci by default, Darth K became a romantic addition to the Drill Team. Holemunch's day was spent with his favorite drill team member, playing video games, racking, drilling his piece, or racking. Remember flying brautwurst, whip cream on your pumpkin pie, naugahyde chairs, poison ivy, Airborne in Highspeed's truck, and more free periods in a day than I had in a week. Slick Willy will undoubtably keeping the romantic fires ablazin on the grinder at The Big School while taking charge of the "big machine, a tangerine..." Semper Fi, Farewell, Good Luck, and God Bless. JBW

Matthew Alyn LaBonte

Raleigh, North Carolina

Nuclear Power- Submarines

A transplanted Yankee- Carolina Blue, through and through. Matt maintained loyalty to the Tar Heels with no apparent affiliation with UNC other than geographical proximity. He is a member of the Gungy 5- recon aficionados and dog lovers who spent time on restriction as a plebe when restriction was only an upper class privilege. MAL was a Marine Corps Marathon veteran who's quest for Sup's List was foiled by the mile and a half. 2/c year saw Skid's biking pursuits stymied by the bumper of a Plymouth. Matt's female enterprises included late night physics EI and 10 hour round trips back home for private dance lessons from a professional instructor. Matt went through 5 roommates- How much Prince is a person supposed to take? After he set his sights on Naval Air, his sights let him down- NPQ, only to become $3000 richer. Good Luck in Orlando and NCSU. May the depths treat you well. WSK LAG



Margery Ann Leggett

Sterling Heights, Michigan

Marine Corps

Marge, Margie, Large Marge, Bo (Leggett), Colorada, or Rosa? This LCpl came to USNA a motivated, yet ratey pleber. Poor JWeaps! I bet he still doesn't know the 7th general order. Margie turned into Colorada 2/C summer. That artist, Large Marge, always found our prey. As soon as she ditched Ski, the arties were ready and armed! So that's why they call it the All Hands club. From the halls of Parris Island to the shores of Mayport, Rosa searched for her blond -honorable- cowboy. Where, oh where are you tonite? Randy's California Inn, of course! Somehow this former slam dancer was captivated by good ole' Dixie. Together, Shelly and Wooga answered Romeo's question..."Where'm I gonna live in Quan-ti-co?" Always remembering her roots, Lt Wildberry heads back to Quantico to pound some ground. May God always bless you, mi mejor amiga. LPV

Bradley Frazer Maas

Orinda, California

Naval Flight Officer

Following his Hollywood acting career on "Three's Company," Mad Dog came to USNA to be a Navy FlyBoy. Maasman's 1700 shadow rivaled that of Grizzly Adams- 7 shaves a day! Too bad we never got to hear 2/c Manatee scream NO MAAS in the ring. What we did hear was, "WE NEED MORE BUFFETT" - Frazer's solution to world hunger. Only BFM could conquer SPAIN with $30, sleep in the BUCK for good luck, out-slamdance 250-pounders, mohawk himself, learn Japanese in 1 night, and wear turtlenecks in the summer! A true party animal, BIG BAD instigated the numerous galas which decimated our sobriety- especially his own- Come on Brad, you own 2 too many bars in D.C.! Remarkable coordination won Brad the Heisman from a tall blonde alpha code- stick to the slopes MAAS. Bradley, we'll never forget the laughter you gave us, and your huge heart- The essence of MAAS will endure in our souls forever! We "B" rackin', mon! RBA JAP CCS

John Maurice McKeon Jr.

St. Charles, Missouri

Naval Flight Officer

Well senior chief, you came to USNA with few signs of looking aged. Plebe summer finished the job and thus the name "Greybeard." You were Vanilla Ice of 6-4/5-4. The Airforce tailgater began our trend of sin. From ..Watha's head bouncing off the car door to your head bouncing off the toilet in Philly. I still haven't figured out this patting fettish or your burning desire to own a horse. You always were trying to protect me("He's on the ledge"). Many a study hour was spent goofing off. It is a wonder that we made it. If anyone had been in our room on any of those wierd nights, we would have been committed for sure. Through all my lusts and my one love, you were there. You didn't listen, but you were there. I wish you and jules the best(P.S. Tell her that I'm not mad at her anymore). When in doubt, just kick the box. I could not have asked for a better roomate. Thanks. RACK HARD! RACK FAST! RACK OFTEN! KJK

Aaron John Miles

Barksdale, Texas

Marine Corps

Aaron, Smiley, BC, Homey, 24-7, arrived at USNA with a free & easy state of mind that he kept and expanded upon during his four year visit. The Smileman came from the hills of Texas where things are simple and clear. One of the special few who could study three hours a week and get over a 3.0 every %*&$# semester. A great philosophy: sleep till you're hungry, eat till your sleepy; sleep on it; give me all your money. AJ conquered marine engineering while at the same time becoming a very keen economist -- the Wall Street Journal, Business Day, King Hall, and the rack. What else is there? What happened to the LOTUS? What's playin at Jumpers? And how was that trip to Hawaii?? A man who truly knows exactly what he wants out of life, and the least amount of effort to achieve it. Good luck as one of the top 6%. Stick to the basics! JGE RJK JHP

Richard Stivers Montgomery

Ewa Beach, Hawaii

Naval Flight Officer

The Flyin' Hawaiian graced us with his bronzed presence on I-Day, having never experienced the hot humidity of an Annapolis summer. In the winter, snow was a marvel, although we were never able to convince him to give up surfing for snowboarding. Yes, his surfboard did travel with him spring break to the flat, calm waters of the Florida Gulf Coast. Remember cleaning up, slurping jello, and volleyball at 0200? Rich did have an uncanny ability with meeting nannies from most of the Scandinavian countries. He never ceased to impress us all when it came to getting the job done. Tasks like climbing Mount Fuji, planning company dining-ins, and handling requisition lists were but walks in the park. Someday he will be punching out of the backseat of Mad Dog's aircraft. Rich has been a tolerant roommate; no one else could have put up with violent mood swings and a nebulous aura. DBG

Richard Thomas Overkamp Jr.

Humble, Texas

Nuclear Power - Submarines

Rick came to us from the land of Lone Star Beer, cactus and steer. Five years of high school prepared the aero engineer very well for his academic achievements. During Plebe summer, Ricky perfected his Gene Kelly imitation, and stiffed his steady so he wouldn't be distracted- what a lover!- thus beginning a 4 yr stint of celibacy. The Ricker never got frustrated, whether it be golf or skiing, especially after buying his own quality gear. Ring Dance found Slick Rick in true romantic form- thanks for the flower stem, Rick-stealth points, though. If you sleep 12 hrs a day, you spend only 2 yrs here- Overrack spent one. Overdrive dedicated himself to the study of the immortalized cactus extract- "I pronounce this fit for human consumption." Remember the infamous "Top 10 Reasons...", Jose rules volleyball, Rodeo in the snow, the late night prattle to land us both at NHCCC. Best of luck to you, roomie. JAP LAG JMS BFM

James Harold Pershing

Bloomington, Indiana

Navy Pilot

Jimbo never had a problem with homesickness; mom's care packages and IU's constant press attention allowed him to stay home while he attended USNA. He constantly feigned his academic failures, then acted surprised at his perfect grades (Skin of your teeth, eh, Jim?) Everything is better in Indiana, to hear His Hoosierness tell it. We thought he'd be a member of the 2% club, but second class year brought new flames from up and down the east coast. Jim liked stripers: he and the BC were real close. Thoughtful humanitarian that he was, SCUD saved a damsel from the grips of Jose at the U-turn. He traveled to Miramar, and what do you know!?, he brought home a lost puppy. He loved that puppy. Maybe he'll keep her. Jim knows all about people. His truck is named Jimmy also. It's all part of his master plan to convert all Christians to Hoosiers. We'll miss ya', Jimbo. Fly Navy! GRH RJK RBA CCS BFM

James Andrew Pritchard

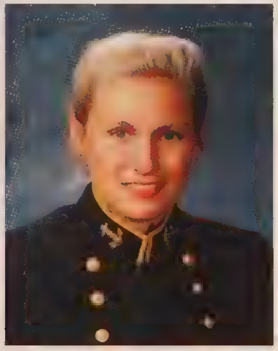
Houston, Texas

Marine Corps

Jim hails from the Lone Star State (I don't see no horns, boy!). Plebe Summer was cake, due to favorable treatment he received from his long-lost bro and his dependence upon Indiana care pkgs. His Leatherneck training began with padlocks around the neck and skipping hand-in-hand with his classmates. J.P.'s devotion to crew really showed at the G-Man. Because Pritch vigorously stroked the boat, he is living proof of the P.E. equation. The Wild Man braved the bridges of Nassau, survived Mojo, and chased kangaroos down under on 3/c cruise. Jim and Brad's GQ pictures were a big hit nationally. He showed that 150 was his limit at the Buffett show, celebrating in colorful Caribbean fashion. Jim constantly PT'ed, even on his b-day, clothes or no clothes, but with lubes and boots. Jim wrapped up his Academy career running the Captain's E-course. Ever figure out how much this place costs? BFM RTO CCS JHP

Erich Paul Roetz
West Palm Beach, Florida
Navy Pilot

Crash came to us via NAPS after a short stint as a knuckle-dragger down in Orlando, cursed with a first name nobody can spell correctly. Plebe year Erich was lucky to be back from liberty with thirty seconds to spare. "Hey Erich, what's a trig identity?". Once he had his "aviation revelation" there was (almost) no turning back. Erich what are you doing this weekend? Oh yeh, sailing. He finally found Ms. Right, and stopped looking for Ms. Right-now. Youngster Year our new roommate broadened our musical horizons. Second class year he returned to Newport for NAPS Detail. Here's a little math: no weekend list=4000. Summer '92: shattered knee going to party. You want to see the picture? Firstie Year Crash was skipper of, what else, Flirt. Who needs two stripes anyway? Us Floridians need to stick together. Give 'em hell in P-cola. I couldn't have asked for a better roommate and friend. - KGT

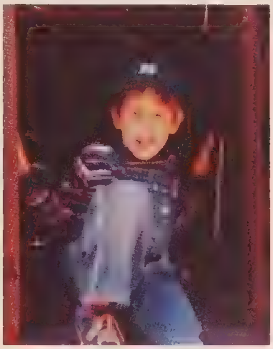


Mary Beth Sines
Woodbridge, Virginia
Surface Warfare

Mary Beth (does anyone know that she hates Mabes?) enjoyed the rich life at Peddie but soon realized that she didn't really want that much liberty. Plebe year passed by in a blaze of tracking sheets but that 2.0 remained elusive. Must've been all those times out on the ledge. The swimmer with the perpetual tan, MB was always open to suggestions. Must have been my bad influence! 4&3/c:Harbor Inn-I guess 5's not too early to start! Serenading at the Fishmarket. 2/c:Swan dive in the mud. We're we even on a sub? Duty? We'll just go to my sponsors(Funny how we ended up at Comfort Inn). 1/c:Is 15 hrs too long to sleep? Nah! Drivin' on the curb. Zambuka-Start the night off right! Army/Navy game 92'- Can you help me fix my coat? Gee, I didn't know you liked Lax so much. Mary Beth, you've been my friend and sanity amidst the chaos that is USNA. WE DID IT!! (and on time too!) -KLS

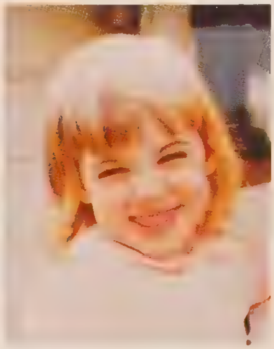
Chad Christopher Snyder
York, Pennsylvania
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Although Chad came from the flatlands of Pennsylvania, his heart and mind always longed for the biggest mountains. Slyder's sincerity is surpassed only by his articulation, a Synder family trait. Although there are not enough fish in the sea to fill 5 minutes, Chad gave us a good laugh trying. Chad also impressed us with his bravery, especially in the face of mortal danger - the ferocious Bancroft ceiling mouse. Chuckie Cheese, always the willing diplomat, never let age interfere with his relations. Chuck displayed great speed in his drinking, midnight proclamations, and his 1-man war against germs. The sub will be no problem for Chuck, should he make it out the bathroom door. You've been a great pal, Chad; make sure you put in for that LSO job aboard your 1st sub. JMS LAG RBA RJK BFM JHP GRH



Karen Lynn Sray
Bridgeton, New Jersey
General Unrestricted Line

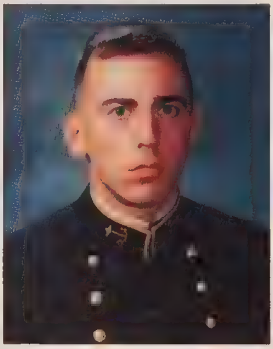
My Jersey roommate who doesn't live near any exit. We finally made it! Service selection day the pickins were slim but you finally got it, GURL, I'm so happy for you. You've been the best roomie-couldn't have done it w/out you. All the memories I'll never forget: My roomie, the walking dictionary, Oh no, red hair and bad hair cuts, moms carepkgs-bananana moon pies, stealth escape at night with Mr. "Bobby Mcgee", HarborInn-no explanations needed, the all purpose ledge as our backporch, brass monkey partying days, the m.c. marathon- I was so proud of you, I wish I was there to see, spur of the moment trip to comfort inn, 2/c summer-sun & fun, 4 weeks of rack on Austin, CB concert, Weasy, and bad relationships - we all make mistakes but we have learned! Hope everything works out for you in Japan, I'll miss you, promise to stay in touch! Love, MB.



John Mitchell Stubblefield

Chattanooga, Tennessee
Intelligence

John arrived at USNA from the backwoods of Tennessee, pledging allegiance to Elvis and Robert E. Lee. Because of his colorful perspective on life, he spent a brief vacation in the Tango country club. Returning from Tango with a new name, Mitch began his illustrious academic career. Stub waged a 4-year crusade for country music, winning several converts along the way - don't forget those late night dance lessons! From proclaiming his love on the beaches of Florida to conquering the slopes of Vermont, Mitch was always with us on spring break. His outstanding grades allowed him to travel to England, and part of him will always remain in Plymouth. Ever since plebe summer, Mitch knew exactly what he'd select - Marines? CEC? Intel? Thanks for being a great friend and our conscience for 4 years. Good luck, and may intelligence take you wherever you desire. LAG RJK BFM



Kevin Gerhard Tehan

Stafford, Virginia
Marine Corps

Kevin came to Canoe U. from Marineville, VA after spending his senior year in Germany (What do you mean you never had Trig?). Plebe Summer with GS Plebe year with that darned door that would "jam". What part of Florida are you from? Youngster summer was a cruise off nowhere and medals for the valiant effort. Then came stereos (I'm sure that the CD will not wear out!) and a three man room. Plebe Detail. 2/c year and a GPA (no more math). "Hey, guys. Is my finger supposed to do this?" Three surgeries and no airborne, again. Why do people with casts always get bumped into? Firstie year brought the acceptance of invitations three years old and another room downstairs (are you in 8th or 9th?). THE Vollyball Game. After all we have been through, it has always been the Marine Corps. I hope they get our names right at graduation. I can't wait to see a mameluke in my arch! -EPR

Jeromy Boone Williams

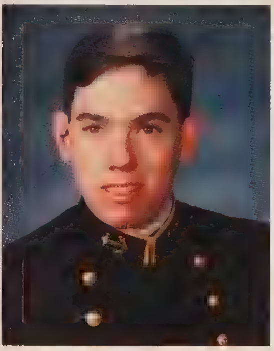
Indian Springs, Nevada
Special Warfare

Nevada's Teen of the Year came to USNA via Air Force Prep and Brown U. Plebe summer shrank his body builder figure when he lost 40 pounds through his sweat glands. "Wipe down, Williams!" At the end of third class year he followed his roommate's lead and found female companionship within the halls of Bancroft. Not just any girl would do, though. AC and Germ had ten stripes between them. Jer's mission at USNA was to elude company drill-scams ranged from wrestling manager\mat washer to parade usher. During his stay, he prepared himself for the future and exhausted the summer warfare schools- Scuba, Bulldog, Airborne, and Minibuds. He was also a sky diver and an Aikido Master to boot. And through his short stint with Seal Team II, he had what it takes to win in battle. If hard workers are deserving of rewards, then JBW deserves the world. Take care, roommate. God bless. WSK

Tenth Company

Laura Ann Bajor
Short Hills, New Jersey
Navy Pilot

"The Baj" or "L.A. Woman", AKA Laura Ann Bajor, born under the the Beer Constellation, forever under its rule; those glo-in-the-dark stars spelling b-e-e-r; My Chinese food partner-in-crime at NAPS, where we bonded serving infinite restriction tours; recons, ie securing a SWOS duty van when its keys were left in the ignition (as good as an invitation!); Irish pubs and pitchers of Guinness, singing "Well, there are green alligators..."; that SERE summer where the survival instructors taught you every tactic needed except how to make beer from an MRE; Fitzgerald's criminal pair; "Unfrozen Caveman Lawyer" nite!!; For playing your own regiment in Powderpuff; a future rendezvous w/Chippendale's; to memories unprintable til we get enough yrs & rank between us & this reg-infested place...; to Prof Flinn Forever; Baj, all the luck as you fly under your Sign! Love ya, Baj, will miss you lots!! "A-K"



Edward William Balet
Schenectady, New York
Marine Corps

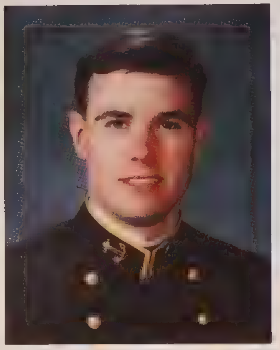
"The sun rises in the East and sets in the West, but Balet can't drill." With a very motivated nasal hoo-yah throughout Plebe year, "The Great White Adjutant" crusaded for the proper pronunciation of his name. From the dart games to the springs under The Head of the Bed of Ed, to the Cheese bEd Roll, he overcame the challenge of living in the Youngster barn. Through countless hours in focused library time, Ed pursued the coveted mechanical engineering degree, a family tradition. "Fast Eddie's" off-time was spent with all his new found friends at Middleton's Tavern (Andrea and Shannon/Sharon) or with Q and the gang of New Yorkers. EW (pronounced ewww) finished the Academy with his unique characteristics intact and won his Long Island Ice Teas. And remember Ed, in order to save the lives of your men, take your allergy medicine before going on patrol. // JBY, CMT, ESW, DET

William Irvin Brown Jr.
Chester, New Hampshire
Marine Corps

Mt. Washington was COLD! So was West Virginia, the Shenandoahs, and Franconia Notch. The oatmeal that "sticks to your ribs", and everything else! The shredded tent and cold feet are things I'll never forget. Cannon Mt. = "redneck on ice". Long live Lynchburg lemonade! Survived four years of Marine Corps Marathons, pre-SCUBA, a summer at the Airborne "circus", your feet during Bulldog, Spring Break in the Florida swamps, and my perpetual question "How do you spell...?". The Four P's and "No, Nay, Never". Cleaning spaghetti from your sleeping bag at Penn State. 3/C summer: SERE. 2/C summer: Airborne and playing cards. 1/C summer: Bulldog and Arty FMF. Life's a rodeo: don't let go! ELH

Kristin Michelle Burbage
Atlanta, Georgia
Civil Engineer Corps

Girlfriend-I met you in line on I-day - you had come here ready to swim your way to graduation & then be a fly girl in P-cola. Wow-how things changed. Now you're on your way to becoming a SEABEE, & rowed your way thru boat school. You left your mark-"The Burbage Years". We sure kicked some butt, pair partner. Nat. Champs under Latham, our "weird" coach (baggy knees) and the gold with Marty & our fav 92 girls! You always talked to me and kept me going-thank you! Best of crew: roadtrips (Joel), the Charles (just one beer), Dad's tailgators, teamtables (thank God!), D1W1's, end of season partying (Thanks Tierneys). Road trips: Va Beach-Rumplemintz & the ambulance, Easter at Lilly's, Duke's Angels. O.C. - Hammertime & your purple hair. New Year's: NYC! & Atlanta at the tran. bar. Philly-bound trips! We set the trend at Griffin's; Sam will be ever grateful. Miss you, crewba! Remember MAP, 95 is a POS, and C&W dancing! SAD



William C. Burriss

Bristol, Tennessee

United States Army

BEAT ARMY! Didn't they teach us that the first day, Benedict Arnold. He liked plebe summer so much that he went through it three times. He was such a good roomate that he even took care of their laundry for them(ask JW1). 3/c cruise in P.I. "You must be European." CTW would have hooked you up with a bodacious beauty of his hoglog harem. Once with CTW was enough. Then you tried for the hostesses at Griffon's West. Keep trooping! There is always King College. The Beamer will do the trick one of these times. Although you did come through golden for ring dance, and you've got someone waiting in the wings albeit five years down the line. "I think its getting dark in here, turn on the lite." Following in his dad's footsteps, he chose engineering. What luck, Killer K. and 3rd degree burns. Sometimes, we think he would have rather followed even more closely...Go Tech, Ramblin' Wreck forever.

Alberta Camacho Carpenter

Laramie, Wyoming

General Unrestricted Line

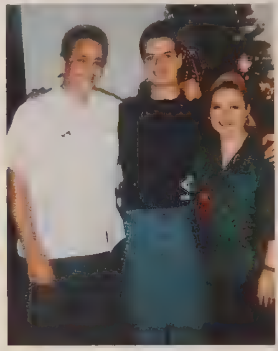
Although Birdie said she was from Laramie Wyoming, we know she really came here in a jinni lamp from a paradise island far away. Tweety became famous during plebe summer when she sang the psycho yell for 1/c Mitch-yell. 180 degree turns youngster summer: "Excuse me, but how many flowers are on your dress?" Dance floor at Miramar still worn out from wild and crazy dances with - no, it can't be -it's 1/c Burns! No parties . . then BirdDog was out at the beach tanning, listening to new tunes, and reading her millionth book. Special times during 3/c year with champagne and brie at Easter, trips to aunt j's, and museums in DC. "Yes Ms. Wagnerd, we're on leave and can wear civies in the mall." 2/c year made Birdie a caring big sis, an exploring scuba diver, and a super power-lifter. From two-steppin' boots to barefoot beach dreams, this woman is genuinely unique and will have a great time anywhere. Smiles G^2

Felipe Roberto Charon Guzman

San Juan, Puerto Rico

Navy Pilot

This Spanish speaking, choir singing, guitar playing, head banging, Puerto Rican part-time preacher and loan officer had a full year at NAPS to attempt his mastery of the English language. He has not yet overcome such Spanish 'accidents' as, "When you compare my AK-47 to a M-16, it just doesn't compare." Always good-natured even during the plebe days of the 'loser squad,' Tito was quick to help anyone in need, be it financial or 'studying' with the Muffin. Although an accomplished rifle twirler, he avoided drill season by working (more off than on) in the rifle range. Luckily through his days of violent drinking episodes, he has not yet had to see the Brigade DAPA. Who would have guessed that he would study just enough ocean engineering to get the second to the last pilot billet and become a Naval officer. Best of luck and a hearty 'Ay Caramba' for you and your helo, Helo, HELO! //JBY, ESW, DET

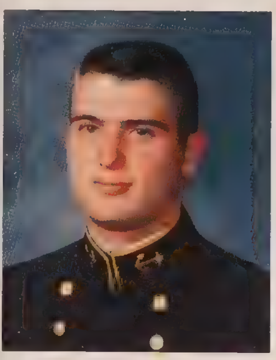


Thomas Scotchmer Ellison II

Salisbury, Maryland

Surface Warfare

Scott came to 10th Company in his junior year, we are not quite sure were he was the first two years. He was seen driving a firsty's jeep through gate one with Zing, on his way to soccer practice. But that is all over now. He had a great relationship with a guy named Joe, and a girl named Cindy (nice picture). The weekend from hell, we are still not sure whose was worse. Scott assumed the billet of company female liaison officer early in his career. His senior year started with march on exemption, we are still not sure if he saw a single down of Navy football. He changed workouts as often as most us change underwear (what is a Zen workout?). The many parties at the House Of Cool along with the trio of Jennies took up much of his final year. Oh, and if you have any questions about winning friends and influencing people just ask Scott.



Kevin Michael Farrington
Timonium, Maryland
Marine Corps

Kevin,a Timonium LAX wonder, came to join the USNA pack after an all boys experience at Loyola Don's.Kevin,protected under Duthie's wing,soon received the title of Da Onion by Sir Dona. Da Onion crossed the path of the Zinger and was enlightened in the ways of LaStat.Fate would have its way and Onion joined up with JR1 during 2/c year.Now the lyrical terrorist has made a name for himself and makes the ladies cry.Onion's only true love left him with only ring dance memories.Several successful road trips have dried the tears-chocolate treat at VT.On the field Onion is far from permeable! Tying school records,more saves will win NCAAs.Nightly dressed as Cornelius,"Planet of the Apes", solo dancing, and loose lips that have almost sank the "boys".Its been a wonderful two years in the 5262 hooch! Wishing you all the best and days when only beach balls come your way! Your faithful side kick, JR1.

Casey Charles Garwood
Toledo, Ohio
Surface Warfare

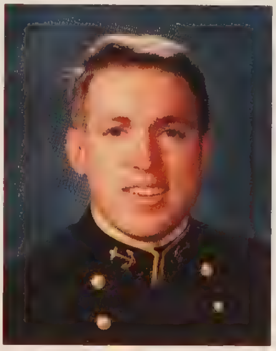
Mr. M, are you studying rates in the head? Ehhh, Yes, Sir. Ha.Reveille, reveille. Get dressed and go to formation. Wait, it's only 0230! Four years by the bay and four years with the same roommate. Mr. Excitement, also known as Pontiac, came here and all the upper class thought he used to do drugs. There were bad times:(chow call choke points; but plenty more good times:) The Villiage People live on, not to mention a two hour car ride to Georgetown & paying for the drinks on your 21st birthday. CCG was (and always will be) a die hard squash player (and a Manilow fan) and team captain. After putting in as much time as he did into squash, he had no choice but to be one of the best. Defiantly one of the most easy going and relaxed Mids around. Every man has a price, CCG's was a pizza or ice cream as long as you were buying. By the way, you can leave two days early oops, Black N. JLM

Grace Sungyun Gee
Cerritos, California
Marine Corps

Gee whiz! Our own little Communist! The homemade cookies on YP's were...WOW, delicious. Baking feasts and being 2nd mom to little Nico. Forever my guardian angel and keeping the bad grip away when I was too far gone to know the difference and putting me to bed and zero o'clock in the morning. Little gracious had a slight problem dressing and would go through her entire wardrobe before she was satisfied. Oh look, little goldfish swimming in the sink! Long lost amores (KP and Mr. Whammo); love those cannonball runs! Shh, let's drill. And then she joined the Force and spent her long weekends and holidays in New Jersey. Grace became an honorary member of the big 9. She finally got the princess rack bombarding poor Lori with clocks, bears and pillows despite my attempt to sing her to sleep. In the end, Grace saw the light and in a flash of brilliance chose Marines! Good luck and God bless. BC LP- Love, WSK

John A. Hellmann
Mountain View, California
Navy Pilot

Johnny "Sequoia" Hellmann, Helldog, Jukebox Hellmann, Him John Big Tree, still the same person to you and to me. We've been through four years, the fun and the fear, he's from granola California, where the Giants play near. Through all of this time and after many strange looks, one thing we cannot do is seperate John from his books. Crew was some fun but caused him much strife, John awoke one morning to say "God, I need a life!" He went to the library in order to sleep, but more time was spent reading than counting the sheep. He never spent a cent without a good reason, but ice cream for him was always in season. An attraction is he, come one and come all, and hear of the ghost in Michelson Hall. There are many stories and other friends he must thank, for the laughs and the good times-and that night in the tank. There is only one task left before we say goodbye, to tell Johnny be good and learn how to fly.



Eric Leon Hernandez

Venice, Florida

Marine Corps

After a year at Newport, Bo found himself hardcharging through the halls of Bancroft taking the place by storm, well, except the academic part. Plebe year boxing treated him well giving him a title, Brigade Boxing Champion! The coon huntin' Florida woodsman wasn't treated so well by the Great North Woods. Mt. Washington tested his mettle but he came back for more. Franconia Notch, West Virginia, and the Shenandoahs were soon to follow and brought more of the same adventure. "Hey that fuel canister is on fire!" and "If it ain't rainin'..." and "Are we there yet Papa Smurf?" He liked the white stuff so much he tried skiing and did pretty well. Not bad for a flatlander. Seemed like there was always an indoc; Pre-Airborne, Pre-Sere, Pre-Scuba, Bulldog. Never met someone who asked so many questions, "Ya think she likes me?" or "Ya wanna buy a guitar?" Don't let the sound of your own wheels drive you crazy. WIB

William Richard Kane

Cullman, Alabama

Naval Flight Officer

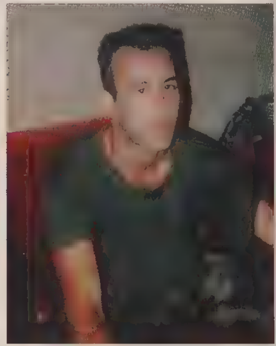
Billy Kane, the personification of blue collar and a true son of Ireland came to USNA a friendly, open minded, dedicated, eager, THIN young lad. 4 years by the bay have turned him into a social menace. The Bill Kane tour of Belligerance: Georgetown, Villanova, Avalon, York, Philadelphia, Boston (Sue's house)... and the tour rolls on. Plebe year ended with a bang and a very "bodacious" young lady. 3/c year, Billy bought a ticket to smoke hall because he was "thirsty." (thanks Bob) The move to 10th company gave Bill the chance to get closer to his classmates(Restriction Squad Atten-hut) The CMEO lamp is now lit. Bill's social life culminated at the Ring Dance when he proved that he was too much man for any one woman including the "Belle of the South." As time at the Academy grew, so did Bill (Are my uniforms shrinking?) He also visited the two HOLY LANDS (Rome and South Bend) Roll Cardinal.

Jeffrey E. Kristick

York, Pennsylvania

Civil Engineer Corps

Volleyball brought Jeff "Chick" Kristick to us from a small Amish Village in southern Pennsylvania. The Elders were disappointed in his choice of college. Most of his plebe and youngster year was taken up by volleyball. WRK wants to know when taps goes. Jeff holds the record for most unsuccessful blind dates and bridges burned. However, he had a lot more luck here in the hall where he was named honorary manager of every female sports team. A spat of bad luck came with 1/c year when Jeff's midnight tour of Annapolis was broken up by the City Police, the Jimmylegs, an O-5 and the 17th Company Honor Rep. I don't think streaking should be considered indecent exposure, besides there were probably a bunch of Elvis impersonators running around naked that night. (I still can't believe his parents bought that story about why he missed Christmas Break). CEC Rules C-Ya in Guam.



Andrew Todd Lehmann

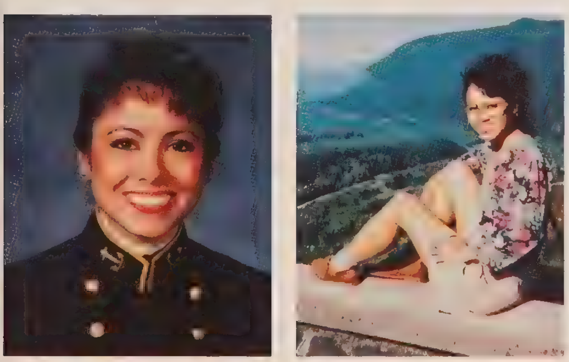
Akron, Ohio

Marine Corps

Andy/Todd(which is it?) stomped his way through plebe year doing his best imitation of Henny Penny and Humpty Dumpty, but 30 days of life in Smoke Hall to start 3/c year with WRK and JAH change a man. "Two beers at thirty thousand will kill you!!!" Tasting freedom again was memorable at Georgetown. We were lucky to make it there alive. "Where's a bathroom?" The price of a dozen roses cost him some pride. We told you not to do it. It was a good thing he validated so many classes. It freed up his time tremendously and enabled him to master the skills needed to conquer the world on his computer. 2/c year brought a new romance for Tweeky, T _ incident w/the geeker squad, and a year of "putting the message in a box." After running around hotels in scivvies, 1/c year quieted down. Finally, proving WRK very wrong, he selected Marines and all of us(except maybe JW1 and WRK) wish him good luck.JAH

Joseph Leo Moreno
Huntington, New York
Marine Corps

Well, 4 years has certainly been interesting. We got 2 roommates kicked out and close to getting one more. From the Pre-Herndon party, I heard it was a good time, to the 6 of us at Georgetown in a piece of junk car that we almost died from smoke inhalation and from hitting pedestrians. There are a few things that I learned from you, "they taste better than they look," never flinch when somebody throws something at you, and no matter what! All enlisted guys are thieves. When you are down at Quantico, maybe you can try and grow a desert Chia-Pet, or you could put on a light show for all the gunge pups on Friday night. If anyone ever throws a grenade into your little foxhole, you should be prepared to toss it out. Stay away from uecke things, don't steal any psycho girl's purse, and you have always been that good looking. -C.C.G.

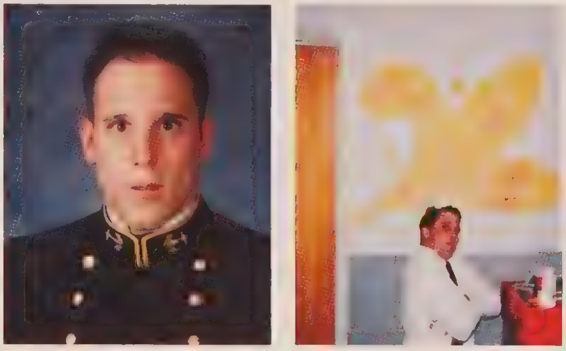


Lori Lyn Perkins
Portland, Oregon
Supply Corps

Hey man! Portland decided to send their Rose Princess to Crabtown in the summer of '89- Go Army, Beat Navy Sir!?-oops! Hey Meyer, never forget Wanda-mizing with me, Magna, Rose, Locks, May, and "O"! Vball was a blast-bus rides (I *miss* him!), keeping the bench (and water bottles-eek!) warm, dancing on the court, and hey!-do any spread eagles on the court lately?! Wipe down you disorganized aero engi-Nerd--he'll give us an A anyway; LT Webb and "rendezvous after lunch"! Hey, how'd HE know we were up here? - wait! Don't leave me! Walt Disney World was awesome too, eh Porkins? Oh, I still have a Xmas present for you! You're an awesome friend Perkies; here's to 6 more months together-look out Athens!-ACC

Gregory Scott Rivera
Miami Springs, Florida
Supply Corps

It's tough to be Riv, baby. Riv has been mounting his glorious football comeback since day 1 of plebe year, hampered by recurring injuries and the burden of coaching responsibilities. (player, coach, manager ,WHAT?) If only coach had listened to you more. Thank god Dirty Steve talked you into staying after your roommate Zing-ed you. Riv's USNA career can be chronicled through his legions of Psychotic-emotionally distraught women, both in and out of the hall. Plebe year:Denying classmates his affections. Youngster year:a multi-striped glazed donut. 2/c year:a townie, a firstie, and a young boy. 1/c year:P-head Hey, Riv, maybe Lou Holtz has a daughter, too. But none have been as timeless and untouchable as Lenor, his home town sweetie. Academics and PE were a constant annoyance, but Riv managed to ignore both. "Hey, Riv, your phone's ringing again." Damn, It's tough to be Riv.



Jonathan Russell
Okemos, Michigan
Naval Flight Officer

JR showed up at USNA after a year at NAPS, only to become 1/c Lewis' project during Plebe Summer.Confident thruout,JR still contends "he was in control the entire time."JR spent his 4/c and 3/c years with Bo and Chick as the three man clan.JR shed his MI love at the end of his 3/c year in favor of his bubbly love from TSU.JR's life changed forever as he found himself rooming with that wayward lyrical fool, da onion in 5262.Like most of JR's women.TSU was shown the door before long as JR charged into 1/c summer with "Mad Max" and "The Boss"for 4 weeks of Hooter heaven.Later he turned his attention to the int'l scene and met an Estonian goddess.JR has survived 1/c year and picked NFO-God help the Pensacola women! JR, you had my back thru it all-thanks for being my ace.Good luck with everything,don't forget the 'hood,call me if you get your Caribbean bar-I'll be your Sam Malone. Peace, ONION

Karl Ulrich Schultz
Johnstown, New York
Navy Pilot

This soft-spoken, shy, modest boy from Johnstown, N.Y. ended many of his days returning to his room after running/swimming/lifting, totally exhausted. The many warfare communities are still relishing in the thought of having Karl join their ranks. But unfortunately Karl can only be spread so thin, so Navy Air was the choice for Karl "the Bull" Schultz. After winning the Georgetown Heisman Award in 1992 Karl decided to stay a little closer to home, deck 5-2. There he passed for a total of 5000 (almost 6000) yards in a second M.V.P season. By the way ladies has he ever told you about his satellite, winning the Marine Corps marathon, the perils of Aussie style repelling, his time in the Corps, and C.M.T and magic Slinky. If you don't believe us just ask him. P.S. At the time this was written, Karl is still debating who will inherit his female midshipman rolodex.

Thomas Wade Singleton
Newport, Arkansas
Surface Warfare

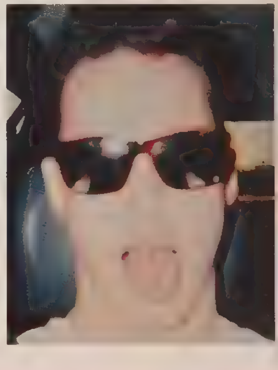
It is hard to write a one paragraph mini-biography about Tom, He is such a curious and complex Arkansan, but definitely one of the top ten people to come from Arkansas. He even edges out our favorite commander-in-chief. Tom must have had an exciting childhood, because his sense of humor is unconventional, even warped by USNA standards. Upon arrival at Canoe U., Tom had a more challenging plebe year than some, but survived it without any permanent side-effects. Ed became the central focus of attention in the barn during a very chaotic but fun youngster year. 1-90 violations were commonplace as Choker White pressed Great White into submission. Over the last four years, Tom has developed into a very unique personality. Nobody's going to steal your milk for a long time to come. Whatever you do, success is sure to follow you. See you in the fleet and don't strangle anybody./ESW

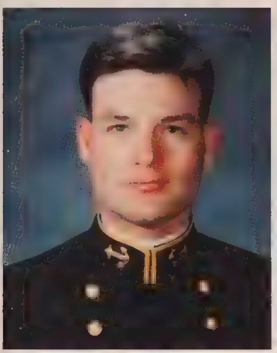
James Robert Sprungle III
Annapolis, Maryland
Surface Warfare

I'm fully prepared not to meet anyone at Spring Break. This is definitely not the attitude Jim took very often. Fond memories extend back from plebe year: "GR, can you cover my chowcall, I'm on movement order." I'm sure the B-ball team didn't appreciate him as much as the girls did!! to youngster year, "JRS, the ball's in your court!"(JF) She provided a good laugh for all three of us. Can't forget CH and SG (actually Hood in general); WCB plays a mean game of footsie. To TWS, they are worth the money. It's better to have loved....Are we so sure, maybe WCB was right? Jim, I told you again, don't go after EAG! You were definitely a great hunting partner. Jim "The most feared debutante coordinator, the best tour guide for the cherry blossoms, and friends with America's most wanted" Sprungle. I hope you find that classy girl you're always searching for. He did it all for you, Mom and Dad."the monger" CTW

David Edward Tandy
Virden, Illinois
Marine Corps Pilot

Dave arrived at the Academy with his aviator attitude already intact. This would-be fighter jock got his first kill youngster year, but got shot down by a PCU ship later. Dave rebounded over the phone, only to be counseled for ropeless rapelling by (blue smiley) LT M. "I will not drink or listen to your music." BZ for sharing your dinner with the female BC in Key West. Next spring break, Dave tried to redeem himself by watching 69 episodes of Gilligan's Island. By firstie year Dave poured his money into his "sports" car and bikes, and has been financially strapped since, with barely enough money to keep his legs shaved. He never got is chance to star gaze with the hot babes, though. All talk and no show, he finally got his leather flight jacket to bulk him up a bit. Good luck learning to talk with your hands, and hit on the babes, not babies. // FRC, ESW, JBY, EWB





Christian M. Tulodieski
Solana Beach, California
Surface Warfare

While we all knew that CMT was unique from the minute we met him, CMT's full personality came out only in pieces over our four glorious years here at the boat school. Who can forget his famous ten minute chow calls that lasted past the five minute or toothbrush boxing of plebe year. With the stress of plebe year fading into anecdotal memory, the ever honorable CMT's true colors began to show as he began his career as the premier cover artist for the Log and a struggling NARC. While his Log covers are some of the best Canoe U. has ever seen CMT's grades were just good enough to get his coveted SWO billet. In addition to claiming the FFG-33 firstie year CMT also claimed distinction as Salty Sam's 1/c Poet as his emphasis in life shifted to the ladies and an empty bank account. Oh well it's only money, besides when all is said and done all of 93 has Chris to thank for our excellent crest. EWB

John Ryan Wallace
Tuscon, Arizona
Marine Corps

Shiny Happy Wallace (Mr. Happy) was voted Mr.Congeniality four consecutive years. His love for his squad leader was matched only by his classmate loyalty. "Bulletin boards are a waste of MY time." JW1 has always loved his roommates (MPZ CMT TWS) but you can't blame them for always being wrong. In the years to follow John's social prowess blossomed beyond all expectations...NOT. "Nice car. I bet it helps with the women...NOT." John "the hall Rat" Wallace spent many a weekend avoiding the outside world by hiding behind his academics. 2/c year John's social life hit its pinnacle with the re-unification of Germany. Nothin' like having your Dad get you a ring dance date. "So why did you room with the boys that night?" 1/c year John's attitude helped him to win friends and excel at Bulldog. "So, John, when's the wedding?" "The car still isn't working is it?" Smile God loves you.

Clifford Todd Wiese
Idaho Falls, Idaho
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Fond memories go back to plebe year. "I care about a lot of things, sir...!" Herndon party at JR's, what a night. CH and SG(and all the other girls that we knew at Hood); "CH, you gave us a really nice view Homecoming night; Thanks, I just had it stuffed!" EB: Can I have a ride? The debate club president argued his way into a couple of dates on the weekends. DEH, need I say more. "It's better to have loved and lost..." A new date at each JRS party, "Boy, that Todd sure likes to have fun!" Baby Got Back! Quick, we need a weekend! Trying to get WCB to go out was like pulling teeth. The owner of 100% pure American muscle. Drive fast, speed turns me on!! Rooming with ESW was like rooming with the NRA. Still gotta make it down to Oceana. Are they really worth it, YES! Go to the guy on the right. Atlantic City-never again! Watch out ladies, he will have a fat wallet with Nuke pay. Fair winds and following seas JRS

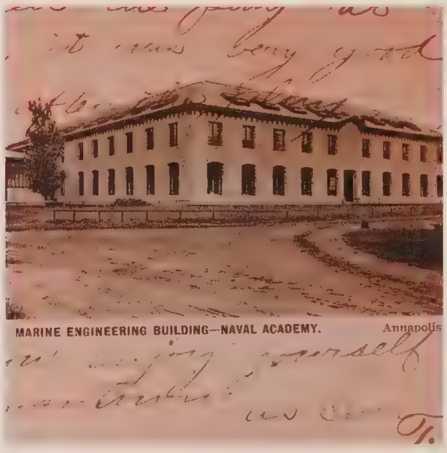
Ernie S. Williams
Sterlington, Louisiana
Surface Warfare

One of these days he hopes to have enough money to buy the place, but while he's saving his pennies, Ernie will aspire to be the president of the USNA explosive ordinance disposal team. Canoe jousting was his varsity sport at Sterlington High. I'd just like to mention a few of the interesting traditions that Battle E helped to start at the Academy: Attention on ED, the Jelly Role Cheese (This athletic event required the use of a mattress), the Nazi Dart Board, and target practice for the three Hecklers (Ohmsy, Schrecky, and Hunty). We still have to play computer monopoly, and I always get to be 4/C Grey (This gives special advantages that are illegal in the real world). Go ahead! Steal my milk! If we remember nothing else from our four years by the Bay, I'm sure we'll keep plebe year and the two ladies we loved to hate."Why do I always get the loser squad?" Bye, and keep waving to the astronauts!

Jeff Yates
Mission Viejo, California
Surface Warfare

Hailing from Cali, Jeff came to USNA expecting to service select a sail board. After stealthing his way through plebe year, Jefe was thrown into the barn with Battle E, Fast Eddie, and Choker White. Between three of them, they managed to make life interesting for the fourth(Fast Eddie). Graduation Science was forced on Rawhide as living in Circuit City kind of detracted from study hour. Jeff was probably the only 2/C ever denied a career starter loan, but the '76 mini-bus/bar is rather nice. Cat probably would have especially liked the window curtains in the back, but of course, Jeff had to get up early the next day. Always striving to max his hair length, the 93 class comedian chose himself as colorman after inspecting our platoon in under 93 seconds. Try not to accidently sink your gator and don't block the LCACs when you wind surf out of the docking well. DET/ESW

Eleventh Company



Phillip Michael Adriano
Strongsville, Ohio
Medical Corps

Mike (or is it Phil?) came to good ole USNA from the ville somewhere by Cleveland. He brought his wry humor, bows, arrows, and blowdarts with him. Mike doesn't play fair, does he Dave? During Plebe Summer he amazed us all at how well he could take a tackle and never ceased to surprise us. Rooming with Victor Hugo plebe year must have made him crazy. Chemistry?! Hey guys, guess what molecule this is. Long labs and comfy shoes. Occasionally, not often. Why do they put Vitamin D in milk, Mike? The guru of useless knowledge. I could always count on you to hook me up. The third time wasn't a charm, but number two turned out fine in the end. The hurdler with the glass knee. I'll stop at the next rest area, we'll get aspirin there. As if. I caused the most pain of any mid there. Paging Dr. Adriano..The Clash, again?! I'll have them warm up the drill for you. Take care Doc. TTS

Kevin Patrick Byre
St. Louis, Missouri
Surface Warfare

RACK-BYRNE This midwestern/Floridian soccer recruit showed off his face-planting skills to us early in Plebe Summer. A fore-shadow of things to come as Rack didn't quite aspire to his brother's BC status. In fact, May 26th would have been doubtful had KB not had every single hook professor at USNA. Claiming to possess God-like skills in volleyball and basketball, KB's only real talent outside of sleep was his mastery of sarcasm. A stormy Plebe Year "You been racking?!" with BKM included a square root QPR and Benz's in Tampa "Should we go back?" Youngter year w/ Fantastic Four shortly before meeting HER. A tiny brunette quieted his smart mouth and we never saw much of Rack again. A little short on music "This U2 or Pink Floyd?" and excitement "The Austrian Alps?! Heck, I'll be in Baltimore" KB will have no problem as a SWO. Wooden ships; Iron men! Go minesweeping. SEL

Terrence Lloyd Dudley
Palo Alto, California
Navy Pilot

DUDE, My roommate for 3 long years, I'll miss you buddy. LEST WE FORGET...You know what your problem is? I'll tell you what your problem is. Evening, evening. George the squirrel. Best buddies ball. Not the Emerson! Sure, we can study in the room together. (Tschaaa, Right, As if) We kill we. You are such a geek-Why don't you come to the library with me?. We doin' the Loop? LCDR Cupcake was such a bone! (NOT!) The branding of your chest (Sure your innocent). Crows Nest vs. THEM. Chumley Hour. Goat Court Batman. Our lighted 3. 93 days-I'll do it if you do it. Never leave a Dudley in charge (Rule #4 of the rules of life). Youngster Cruise, San Francisco, Santa Cruz. Marla, Marsha, Cindy, and Joyce-It's all the same. Comic boards. Always remember Cosmo, our worker "friends", friends all around the Brigade, friends in OCF, and Jesus Christ. BKM

Robert Vincent Joseph Egan
Northport, New York
Surface Warfare

I hope you didn't cut yourself shaving plebe summer... a buck o five... rumbles... Daemon and Mike... jelly beans of death ... the CDO... flaming toilet paper... the plebes below... strenuous track (JV volleyball)practices... mono...Daytona spring break.. 8th floor balcony... surprise visitors (first in her hotel and then in ours)... sunrise on the beach. ..trip to Jamaica (at G-town)... Captain America..fantastic four... smoke hall...trip to Indiana, St. Louis, and New York (canceled by the 'Dant) Euchre all night with the Iowans...Snickers in the wardroom (don't leave any crumbs)... cards (once again canceled by the 'Dant) Civilian for a day (BM3 Bob) ... sooner or later you'll go general... no vegetarians.. .Sherri and then Kerry (and Shannon)... Who's that second class that keeps visiting...Geneseo...bridge with the Johnnies... Buzz..."Never leave a Dudley in charge." WAK & JEEIII

James Erskine Erwin III
Tunica, Mississippi
Marine Corps

Southern born and Southern bred. Tunica? High school stud - college belly.. Grandpa, Old Man, Erskine, Crusty, Baldy, ain't no.. "Wwwwhhhyyyy", "NNoooo","All I see is white.","OK shnookums, I WUV you".. Age waiver's extend to 38? Plebe mixer - see ya J.E. hello J.R... Family.. Hockey try outs... Scott's hickey.Feed That Cat...Seven O'clock wake up calls, from Jay...JJ the Cat...JJ the Monkey-Bear...JJ the chair...JJ the plant... "fixation?"...simple conversion, Mustang- Diamond. ..Hey is that '66 rolling yet or is it still paying her bills...Jay's drive off the ninth, backwards?...recon force alpha swimming & moving the plane... plebe summer with CG... snoring with KG & AW... His love of Jim Morrison as a performer and a poet... Girl scout cookies - MRF ... 65 till the end of STR ..."There is always room for Jell-o and there's always time for rack." WAK & RVJE

Matthew Robert Feeney
Placentia, California
Nuclear Power - Submarines

The infamous Feendog came from the suburbs of Chicago, and Michigan, with a Vice-Pres. nomination from George. Plebe year found you engaging in latenight talks with me & G, digging for gold, pullups with Collins, and a short little fling with a short little mid. Youngster year was spent with Howie and Week One, who became a tad agitated with preaching and Amy Grant. Top Geek's QPR miraculously climbed after changing his major from EE to Comp Sci. Then came the BSU Winter Retreat and Amy; the rest is history. 2/c Year with Oz and Sandy; not the best combination. Firstie Year back with me. I quickly rememebered about your snoring. Batt XO and programming kept you busy, but you still managed to take some VERY long weekends. Engaged, not engaged, engaged? "They just don't think right." Head shaved for 93 days. Fairwell to a great friend and a great Christian. ABH.

Karl Garcia

Layton, Utah
Naval Flight Officer

K-GAR came to BOAT-U with high hopes of becoming a sky warrior. Plebe year in BIG STICKS saw Karl with the knot tied, but his membership in the 5% club didn't last long. With Academics worth more than EHV, and status as both the master tour guide and the rack warmer on the Varsity Weekend Study Hall Team, Karl deserved the coveted N star sweater more than anyone else. During his studies as a dedicated Aero major, K-Gar would take breaks and conduct labs on theories presented in the text. Pretzel barrels, chairs, soda containers filled with mysterious rocks, baby Sparrow missiles, drums and air horns, not to mention those numerous trips to the farm, all seem to follow the Laws of Aerodynamics and Physics. Geek now, or forever be a Geek was the attitude in a room of nocturnal engineers. Best wishes for you and Hollee, and good luck as a brown-shoe! AYW

Chad Roberts Gray

Hemphill, Texas
Navy Pilot

Chad "Haze" Gray came to USNA from the bustling metropolis of Hemphill, Texas. Population: 1993 (or thereabouts). Chad is always reckonin' and fixin' things, and if accents are any indication, he could end up the next Ross Perot! Plebe and youngster year found Haze earning his nickname. By finding himself in the strangest places (YP berthing, hotel rooms, Annapolis Mall etc) he redefined the term "hazing!" For the record, Haze was one of the only men to dis the "Alaskan She-wolf" and avoid the notched hangar. After a brief leave of absence, he came back to the D&B and became one of the most shunned members in sop history! Once he stopped playing that solo over and over and over, he found himself in a striper position as D&B Ops. Chad happily selected Navy Pilot and will begin working his way to a career with Delta. Good luck in P-cola and remember not to wear that flight jacket on liberty! -KS -PY -JK

Aaron Brandt Holland

Portland, Texas
Marine Corps

Not only does Bubba come from Texas, but he IS Southern- be it the US or Germany. This little "Ball of Fire" spent some time in hack youngster year, but has since maximized his free time. Camping with the fellas, diving in Key West, white water rafting, and road trips- skivvie man was always ready for a good time, especially when it involved a chance to get others in trouble. Blood brothers, PT, youngster come-arounds in the back shaft, and the swinging pendulum of death. SERE, detail, and OCS- good. Screws, physics, and EE- bad. "If you know so much about girls, then what are you doing at a Gas-N-Sip ..." He's a great shuffle-bowler- he really uses his head! Good thing that he missed the call from the Puddle Pirate Academy! God knows how he made it through USNA, but he squeeked by and reached his dreams. Semper Fi ABH- see you in the Corps. JDW

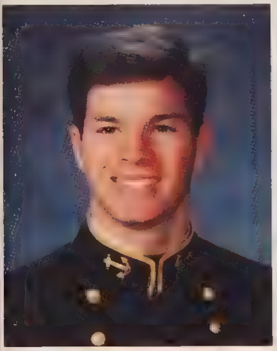
Omar Elias Jana

San Juan, Puerto Rico
Surface Warfare

First of all I want to thank the Lord for helping me through this 4+1(NAPS) ordeal. It wasn't easy, but when things got tough, I had a family in P.R. that was behind me 100%. Thanks for always being there for me: Mami, Papi, Yamile, and Deirdre. OEJ He came from a small distant island seeking statehood. His quest for knowledge began at NAPS where he befriended Turhan. Since O & T have become the Puertorican connection, unbeatable in basketball. Big O has always been everyones little hispanic buddy. He managed to beat the system with maximum rack time and minimum class time. He forever dreamed of playing baseball like his hero Roberto Clemente. In the meantime he minored in the obvious, Spanish while practicing Core Values. Since rooming with Big G he has taken up the minority cause, projects, and grab-n-ho's. To O, good luck in San-Dawg. I understood the Spanish. "Can we all just get along?" "G" JR

William Andrew Kendrick
Columbus, Indiana
Nuclear Power - Submarines

High School teachers prediction might have been true with a systems project..Spanky, Neat boy, Nice hair.." Seriously, I'm Wasted, I'm going to Jack you one"..Spring Break Plebe through firstie year, Daytona to Cancun, The Indiana Boys to Derek, Berry and Camille,(the broken window)..In Daytona saving his roommate's butt, but getting his kicked by a safe.. A kind and considerate boy whom has no beauty and seeks to destroy all other..That unfortunate mishap in Georgetown on the way to Jamaica, we were busted, see you in October, (Ra,Ra,Ra)..A joyful Roommate of two or three 1/2 years, which ever way you look at it..A man whom never loses his temper or acts emotionally..The rules to live by and the giant wiener dog..The bone-us skeleton...What'd Admiral say Lineman...Euchre...A pleasure to wake up at any hour and a guitar playing Stud. A GOOD GUY & A GOOD ROOMMATE. RVJE & JEE III



Walter Paul Kenney III
Wilmington, Massachusetts
Surface Warfare

W.P. Kenney the third? What's in a name? Paully came to us fresh from the cradle. The perpetual mumbler, the letter "R" proved to be his biggest trial in the English language, followed closely by "y'all." Pass the mawgawine. I loved your blotter, by the way, and your washcloth. Changing it for a calendar didn't do much good either, we were always months ahead. I'm still not sure if sailing's a real sport, but you're definitely not hanging those smelly clothes in this room! I'll admit Jabba and I probably corrupted you some, but you needed it, babyface. Once you caught on though, whew boy. What a tumultous summer! Remind me to never buy a hot tub. You gotta admit though, Nebraska is better than Boston, just don't smoke the cigars. Then came fall and the battle axe. Have fun in the sun of Cali. Watch out for sharks and Jose Cuervo. Go SWO! TTS

Scott Edward Lantzy
Rockville, Maryland
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Latch-key, Scooter, High-Velocity - a man with many different nicknames. The one which fit the best is Mr. Stealth. Very few knew him in the company during Plebe Year (including his classmates), he opened up Youngster and Second Class Year. Yet, Firsty Year he again became Mr. Stealth due mostly to his visits to Walmart. Plebe Year, Scott proved he didn't have a rock for a brain, but rocks painfully formed elsewhere. Scott received the name of High-Velocity Edward Youngster Year at Key West. Being left in the room for only minutes, out he went on the beach looking for the famous button. First Class Year, Scott could be found on the golf course or the computer trying to become the next Jack Nicklaus. Lastly, yes you are going bald. The submariners are lucky to have him in their community as long as Scott doesn't ride the sea on the surface. Best of luck. KPB

Matthew Richard Lear
Charlottesville, Virginia
Surface Warfare

This easy going, slow talking Virginia boy came to USNA to swim. He quickly gave that up after discovering battalion team handball. Plebe summer found him racking in the shower and sharing MDT's gift with WAK. He was originally an engineer but Jacque Cousteau and others convinced him to change to oceanography. He brought one other skill to USNA besides swimming - his ability to party (except he usually doesn't make it past 9:00). Although MRL didn't see any football games as a 1/c, he proved his organizational skills - tailgate rep, wardroom rep, party rep. Also that year he traded his bronco for a rice burner so he could afford his weekly voyages to Richmond and Lynn. Haze grey but not underway! Go MCMs. WAK and WSL

Walter Sansbury Lee
Macon Georgia
Marine Corps Pilot

Sandy came to us from Georgia via NAPS. He came here a little chubby, but after SERE, detail, AIRBORNE, and OCS he was one of the toughest PT Nazis around. Plebe summer with Jabba, then SEL. Later MRF and JDW, but the whole time you were stuck with JCO. A 2% girl (fiancee) that promised a case of beer was sometimes all that he talked about- the girl, not the beer! H & L's School for Boys, the Mountain Fat Farm, and immediate criminal justice are some of his visions- If he were king for a day. The Second Class "Gun" loan- "Just five more and I'll have all I'll need...", or so he said. Farming with Full Auto AYW, and weekend training was the core of his professional development. He who dies with the most toys, wins- Walter's way ahead, but JDW made a surge near the end. He's going to wear out those teeth of his someday- does your Dad own a toothbrush company? Semper Fi Sandy. See you when we need air support. JCO and JDW

Howard B. Link
Hauppauge, New York
Naval Flight Officer

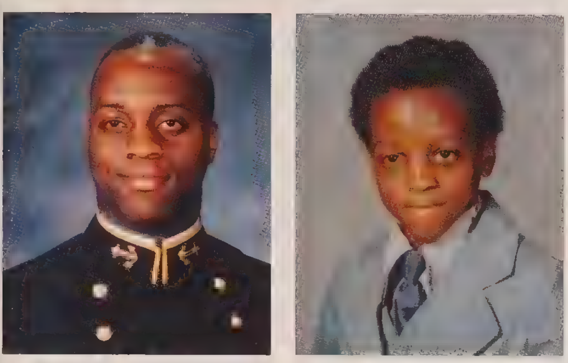
Howie Link came to the Boat school from the mecca of New York, Hauppauge. Where?? I still don't know. Howie spent most of plebe summer with a clock around his neck wearing the title of 'The Missing Link.' After surviving plebe year in BSTS, not a small achievement, Howie became an youngster raring to go. A professional to the last, Howie proved that D&B does have a few real mids in it. Howie turned out to be quite the ladies man, even in Mother B. After falling on his head skating (you never could get the backward thing right), Howie wasn't quit sure who he was- but he remembered his Valentine's Dance date. 2/C year brought a few weeks of unsatness, as Howie learned the engineer's right of passage- the all-nighter. Yes, you are going to graduate an Aero. Firstie cruise brought 'Sausage' to the conclusion that his future was over the sea, not under it. So much for Bottom Gun. Howie, you were a good roommate and friend. You will succeed in the Navy and life. TSW

Bradley Kenneth McMillin
Grosse Pointe, Michigan
Supply Corps

A salute to my roommate of three LONG years - the roommate Dave never had: Chief!, Mac, BK, the lil' red-headed kid. "Galoop, galoop, I'm a fish, Sir!", or were you Peter Cottontail? G-town. Best Buddies Ball. Florida phone calls-Thanks! Spring Break, 14 hr. watch, Bancroft racquetball, Evening, Evening. Cruise '90-San Fran, Santa Cruz. "Yoo-hoo!". Check your oil, mister?. A typical social life: BKM LLKK, Muff, Macaira, Muz, Crew, Call Hillary!..I did not know that!..Brad, Dave, Rob, Smirnoff, Beam.. How 'bout doing The Loop?. George the squirrel. Brad, NOT the Emerson!!. Can I tell you what your problem is? You're such a GEEK!. We kill we. shut UP! Tropical Night's forever. Visits to Ken. Navy Crew-IRA '92, it's not fun anymore. The comic board. Brad's fetish with the naked form. God Save the Crow's Nest! Maybe your right, Brad. Best of luck, buddy & God Bless. TLD

John Charles Osborne Jr.
Seguin, Texas
Marine Corps

Camelhead hailed from all over due to Colonel SR's job, but he only called Texas home. The pictures of cows and John Deere tractors were proof enough. He came shy and reserved but has since busted out - beginning with the adventures of the fantastic four in Georgetown. We don't mean to brag about him, but he is a natural at Karate - just ask him. With first class year JCO forgot what homework was, then he found Heather. That was the last we saw of him. Thursdays at Harry's - weekends at Gallaudet. The summers were great - SERE, detail, AIRBORNE, and OCS. God, guns, and guts made this country. Let's keep all three! Semper Fi JO. WSL and JDW



Gerald Jayson Raines
Detroit, Michigan
Surface Warfare

First, thanks to the Lord for the impossible; the parents, family, and friends for the undying support during the five year crisis. This story's about a young black kid straight outta Detroit. Begins with NAPS & Quigs (best roommate), never forget Fatbaby & BigDog. Enter Fat Pete and trouble. Finish NAPS. WHY? Begin USNA. To the crew: Otis, Kwame, Mark, Gruff, Chex, Other: Big O. To the Bros. that didn't see it through: Fat-Pete, Co-hop, Cleve. To the forefathers: Mac, J.W., Dean, Master, Fleet, Rap, Sugar, J.D. for the lessons in HU101, FLOW203,303. To the young-bucks: CH, MB, SK, CH, DO, MJ, LG. Remember: no flow-no honeys, grips-too much flow, bat cave, 3/c summer, french riviera, Club Ricketts, Table 58, Va-Beach, Hotlanta (mecca), Ritz, Tacoma, TJs, Chapter, unrecorded hits, The BOOTS, flowin', shackin' up, Cube,. Forget: cups of dis, Jacks, Rabbits, The Man. Thanx USNA for lessons of life. G

David Michael Sanfield
Lansdale, Pennsylvania
Navy Pilot

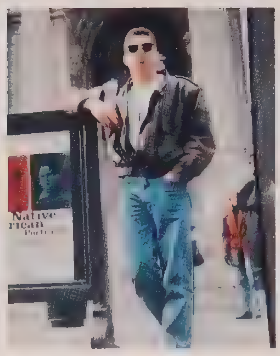
Excuse me Dave, would you mind filling in this seat over here? Everybody always knew where they stood with Dave. Brad, the missing roommate. Plugged. Playing cowboys and indians and keeping track of your finances. Mike sure doesn't play fair, does he? Parker's inverse hook law. Way to flip that trike. "I am amazing!" You and Doug held the fort for us at Air Force; hey, you didn't know. This is not a supply depot! Going to see Ken with Dice; how did she get black teeth? You snaked my girls but you missed my party! But what you can do in a year: DTTS, Rutgers, Fighting to save the bear. Oh excuse me, my corn chips. That was the best wipeout Killington ever had. (Great form!, Tscha) M & R were fun, weren't they? I like services more than you, what's with that? Take Tye, and take P-Cola by storm, buddy! Want some chicken? If not... There, I said it! As if I wouldn't... BKM

Kevin James Schmidt
Elk Point, South Dakota
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Schmitty, Kujo, Stormin Norman, Did we ever call you by your first name? came to us from the frozen tundra of South Dakota and developed a fondness for "lengthy come arounds." One thing Skip, Jabba, and I do owe you, we can all hold our dessert plates. Va Beach and one crazy girl. Definitely the ladies man with a beer in his hand. "I wanna graduate, get married, and have nine kids. Wanna go out sometime?" But you always came through in the nick of time. Five days was cutting it close though. The true woodsman, you demonstrated at Camp David the proper way to support a tree. Hey! Watch out for that moose. Have no fear, Kevin's car can outrun it. Or at least you'll try, lead foot. Surprised I survived those drives No wonder you can't play basketball. By the way, nice do, must've been free, unlike your ring. No matter, EE paid off, you got $3000...Peace brother TTS

Mark William Sedwick
Cincinnati, Ohio
Marine Corps

Thirty-six companies, and we got him! The Space Ape. High roommate attrition. Youngster year and the YP simulators. Those stories; we heard them all three times- today alone. His parents wouldn't even claim him for Parent's Weekend. Where are your real parents? What about all those pictures of cute girl friends from high school, what's going on now - talk about a dry spell. Rock is the only guy I know who'd pick up his Ring Dance date in a jeep- with the top down and no gas! Renowned for crashing parties and weddings of people that he doesn't even know. Combat Pistol- he needs a belt fed .45. Sleeping backwards on the rack in the fetal position, reading comics, and idolizing the Taz. Semper Fi slightly forgetful one. JDW, JCO, WSL, WPK, SEL and the rest.



Tyrel Troy Simpson
Ithaca, Nebraska
Navy Pilot

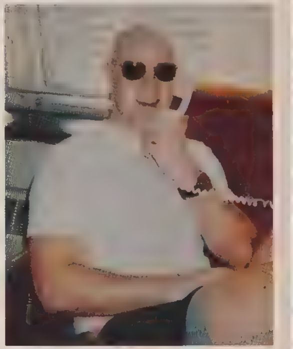
Tyrel, the only one of us to show up with the hair, Farmer Boy. You've got a bad attitude. Did you find that cat in your closet? Smoking in the ceiling. Kick it yet, you tobacco junkie? Women. Love 'm, leave 'm. How many hearts broken? Plebe year taught you that lesson. Will Jabba's wife ever like you? Youngster Cruise Car Wash, was it you or the car. Almost a stepfather, made a godfather. You always sleep with your feet that way? Legendary Quantico o-course with the smokes. Second class year you found the beauty of Ohio - The Flats, the Ville, Jen. Yet, you stayed true to form. Firstie Summer spawned the Tye-watch. Like a fish, man. 21st B-day with the senior citizens of Norfolk. Nice goggles, Tye! Harry Brown's every Thurs. Firstie year you showed us that Go SWO! was a clever ruse. Zoom-Zoom-Zoom! Remember though, I'm the Doc with your up-chit! GBU...PMA

Douglas Lee Swisher
Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

Doug, The Great Procrastinator, or at least that's how he'll be known to his professors. From being the EN100 god, he has proceeded to barely passing in most Thermo, Fluids, CAD, or Design labs at the set date, but it can be safe to say that his response to friends has never delayed a second. Prior to his hopes of brigade boxing finals being shattered, his boxing partner did the same to his nose, but if a broken nose didn't kill him, you would have thought that rash would have. "Why am I here" was the question of second class year as the threat of professional officership approached. As the end of the year approached, something was missing from his life, though ..... a date for the all important Ring Dance, but the day brought just that, and we'll have to see just how "committing" that date was. With almost four years gone, Doug has affected many here by the Bay, especially his 2/c year roomate..... WPKIII

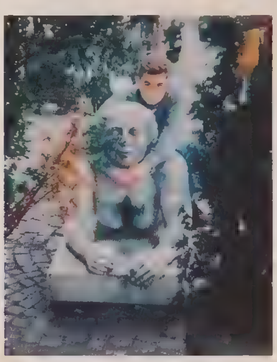
Monte Dean Ten Kley
Bellingham, Washington
Marine Corps Pilot

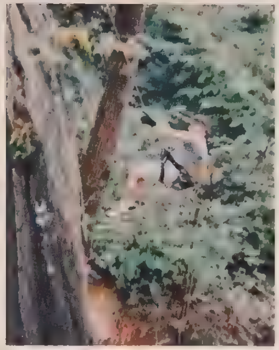
The giant prior grunt from the Pacific NW w/ the gameshow host name MT is already making a run for president of the US. Although no politician's blood runs in his veins the makings are there: charismatic,knows everyone,talks to anyone(who'll listen) and even dabbles into corruption(when persuaded). MT's USNA days have been characterized by late nights,thanx to Mech E,wild wknds,thanx to cheap beer,and all of us hearing how horny he is thanx to a 3500 mi relationship. His fidelity caused him to OWN every building on the yard. Knock.Knock.Woops.I'll come back. 7X today, really? MT crewed,laxed,CSTSed,boxed and now duckpin bowls competitively. Firstie yr. brought the stripes we knew he'd get, the engagement we'd hope he'd do, and the auto-mechanic out(brakejob,oil change,tune-up call MT). Does anybody doubt he's the next Commandant of USMC, if he does we're in good hands. Your dirtbag buddy and friend forever. JJS



Jeffrey James Truitt
Marion, Illinois
Nuclear Power - Submarines

JJ came to USNA from the sets of nightcourt. Fatal rack ops as plebe. Bound for the stars. Non-agile. Set liberty records while arguing. Smoking jackets, Mafia let-downs. The Nazi always seemed to lead BULL into trouble (and ruin all potential hookups); tried to napalm MT, KIA one stuffed bear (Alex). Smoke at Hopkins. The Dahlgren days. Fully developed racking skills. Power left foot. The missile's in bound Mr. Truitt, make a decision! Then came HQ. RW, NG, and JS, all in fun guys. We didn't mean it. PT for 3-1. Hood, Salisbury, Geneseo, even St John's..still no luck. Irish embassy and fax machines. Tequila pops, Nigerian salesman. Full tanks of gas, we showed him! A-6 Adventures, cruise in Norway, bottoms, bottles, and of course... the princess. Vampires, Visa Bills, and Sideburns. Spring breaks in Europe. Subs for the bonus. The 52th President JJT. Good Luck roommate-FSV





Fredrick Salvatore Vincenzo
Carrollton, Georgia
Special Warfare

Fred, now "call me Skip?" What's with that? You don't need it, he's got it; this man is an original. 1st year, barn warfare, alphabet drills, bags of sand and lispy second class. Winner of the Plebe mixer ("But she was cute!") Rowing crew..about time you got rid of all that fat (178-152). Sub bound...Hawaii! 2nd year, trips to Penn, fixing the bug, multiple meetings. Aerospace major OOPS 3%! OceanO will be fine, thanks. 3rd year, salami parties, scrounging, camping at David (fixing the bug), my 21st birthday, weekend partners.. sometimes ("GO AWAY!"), PT often now, women scarce. Great deal on jeep..NOT! 4th year, hottubs, home beer, monitoring Norman, Irish night, German tapes, English vacation. Not a girlfriend, just a hooyah. Reveille fry, foot odor, jeep no good (see a trend yet?) And the billet: leadership or paperwork? The teams couldn't get a more determined man. Best luck always. JJT

Austin Yu Chung Wang
Fairfax, Virginia
Marine Corps

Austin is the "GUNGE PUP!" As a stocky sandblower you'd expect nothing less. He has put himself through extensive training the last four years in order to prepare himself for the Corps. He earned the nickname "Spiderman" for his rappelling stunts. Does anyone know how the footprints got on the spiral staircase walls? Firearms training is a passion. He is a member of the Varsity Pistol Team being an All American the last two years. He competes in High Power Rifle and shoots combat pistol for fun at Fort Meade. Another passion is 4x4's, he enjoys the monthly centerfolds of Four Wheelin` magazine and is often found tinkering on his true love, his Jeep CJ-7. Sounds like a typical marine "Jar Head," right? -NOT- He's also a EE major with a minor in Chinese! Chinese class holds more than academics- Austin was sometimes found holding the tutor! KG

Todd Sinclair Weeks
Belleville, Illinois
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Todd will always be a man that everyone will know, but few will understand. A member of the original barn, he managed to survive with style and outperform the best. With A's on the PCR and in PE, Supe's Stars, and Naval Station runs, Todd seemed to be living up to the standards that go with the title "Air Force Brat." For a while many of us were afraid that his aurora of professionalism would consume him: he seemed distant. His encounter with the Dark Side and the repercussions that followed proves to us all that even the most locked-on have a human side. He took a lot of stuff for his dabblings with evil but he took it well. When the spotlight of infamy was finally off of Todd, he seemed to fit in better with the company on the whole. He kept the same high standards, but was able to laugh at them as well. I've missed not living with Todd this last year. He is a good friend who will always succeed...one way or another. Go Navy Nukes...HBL

Jay D. Wylie
Salem, Oregon
Marine Corps

He came to us, seemingly very conservative, with a steady girl back home (now fiancee). But when we got him behind closed doors, we met a different JDW. Wow!"Why, yes I am weird. But why the heck not" SKB probably contributed to that. Trips to Victoria Secrets; look where that landed him. Is there something you're not telling us? Youngster year marathon rack sessions with good grades.Second class games with FSV.What was with that? Catching dogfish at Assateague. Unconventional warfare books-concocting the fatal mixture that landed JJT and ABH in hack for ten weeks. Hey, what the heck does the "D" stand for anyway? Scrounging in the basement. Who's duty are you going to take this weekend? First class year moving in with JCO and WSL- nothing in common but guns, fishing, camping, Marine Corps, and destructive devices. White water rafting, SERE, detail, OCS. SEMPER FI, MAC! JCO&WSL

Twelfth Company

Douglas C. Baker
Highlands Ranch, Colorado
Navy Pilot

"Conan" comes to us from Colorado, Vermont, no, wait, Colorado. Well, Ski-country. After delusions of Navy baseball, he found his calling quarterbacking the company football team four years, coming oh so close to winning brigades 2/C year. Initially a hard charger, Doug began to unwind after rooming with Jamie for two years, a feat few could survive. After frequent trips to Hammerjack's and listening to "the Underground," he became known far and wide for powerful stereos, and all anyone had to do to find him was to listen. An aero major, Doug was fortunate not to have to study much (except EE), and he spent his free nights shuttling back and forth to a certain girls' school in Baltimore. These excursions led to unprecedented speeds on I-97, and no doubt contributed to his desire to become a pilot. Well, Conan, thanks for a great last year - good luck, bud. MLW

Jeffery Scott Boros
Carthage, North Carolina
Naval Flight Officer

Scott (or Jeff depending on who you ask) was a quiet guy when he first arrived here from Goldsboro, Durham, Chapel Hill or wherever he came from. He made it through the summer with little difficulty except for an occasional threat to be punched in the nose, but with the encouragement from his girlfriend he pulled through. After four years of this encouragement, Scott finally decided to marry her. I guess she did something right. After three and a half years of mulling over which area of the Marines to go into Scott finally decided two weeks before service selection to go Navy Air. I guess four years of sweating was enough and it time to chill with the aviators. I think it has something to do with the guarantee of eight hours of sleep a night. Good luck in the friendly skies. Remember, May the BEST MAN always win! CMD.

Bernard Anthony Correia III
Dallas, Texas
Supply Corps

The Tonemeister started his naval career as a Youngster, he even got a stripe, and decided look at things inside of Mother B, with particularly intimate knowledge of Smoke Hall. Two years on the varsity wrestling squad left Tony with less rack, and no formations. But as second class year rolled around, Tony got his priorities in order: money, rack, and money. With wild entrepreneurial ventures, he made thousands and spent thousands, but all in the stock market. Though never the Grand Poobah, Tony was always in the running until Heather rolled around. While she almost made an honest man of him, absence made the heart go wander. Before long, he was back on the prowl! First class year led to wild times with old friends at Hopkins and great times with Academy friends. It's been a great four years. Stay away from girls with fiances. Make your millions, but don't forget our cut. WJH, HH, FPS, KWM.

Christopher Matthew Dague
Muncie, Indiana
Surface Warfare

"Go Navy Fight." Grandpa came to us from sunny Muncie Ind. after a few years of college, Nuke school, and lots of beer. Not to let his age get the way, Chris soon lowered himself to our maturity level and became one of the guys. He had a real easy plebe summer right up until the time the upperclass discovered that he didn't know anything. At least he knew the enlisted ranks in the Navy. Somewhere in there he lost his hog jowls and learned how to jump up and down while yelling at the top of his lungs. "Keep him away from that microphone." The "Damned XO" was a wild man, but later in life he settled down. I guess he found the right woman, or maybe he just ran out of money. Mr. No Depth Perception couldn't make it to the cockpit, but he'll make a fine SWO Daddy. Remember us little guys when your rich and famous, especially when we have so much dirt on you. Good Luck with your career.

Richard Stuart Davis
York, Pennsylvania
Nuclear Power - Surface

It was a short drive from York, PA to Annapolis for Rick in 'our Navy car.' Plebe year Rick never left his wingman, except for an occasional streak through the Hall. Armed with his trusty H.S. yearbook, Rick was always sure he wouldn't be alone for long. With time came more lost phone numbers (not neceassarily a bad thing.) Rick also showed a true sense of duty as company commander, golf team captain and with statements like, "You should be with your husband now." I guess it's back to the yearbook! Here's to choosing the best of both worlds, Nuke SWO and San Diego. Good Luck Rick! RJO, ATT

Kelly Ann Fagan
Hull, Massachusettes
Marine Corps

Kelly did not want to leave tropical Adak, Alaska, and give up the free whale and caribou meat. However, she came to Annapolis to win the "Best Grunt and Shortest Hair" competition. What other midshipman started as a plebe crew captain, became the world champion of powerlifting in Africa and Spain, clobbered fieldballers twice her size, coached an equally peewee sized tee-ball team, and finally donned a six inch skirt for Navy cheerleading? During plebe year, Maggie's merrymaking left her taking a cold, clothed shower. Nobody can tie 19th Co. schizos and torpedo-hugging Zoomies like Kel did. She took a semester off to entertain the WOOPs and returned to tack on her 4 and 5 stripes. Her '71 bug broke down every day, but luckily the Jeep was in town to save her. This goldwinged future grunt will return to the pits of Quantico in her '93 lean green Marine machine to test her gungy guts. Good Luck! SMF&KYR.

Susanne Marie Franklin
Monterey, California
Intelligence

"Hot tamale" came from sunny Monterey, California and it wasn't long before we discovered that much lies behind the blond, blue-eyed knockout. Although this Navy brat sputters over English, she has many other useful tongues. With a warface known throughout the Brigade, plebe year sent tremors from home and SC man, but after a HOT youngster summer her journey to the darkside was complete. Starting out in volleyball she soon progressed to the softball stud where she found true abuse from red, meg, and the irish pub while discovering Annapolis entirely all on that 21st night. Next came upgrades for Monchichi, beach house bashes, and velcro-chokers. Love those men in white? This fierce company XO never kicked Mrs. K or stopped carding fatso. All the best to you and Scott. May you be "happily ever after." KAF, KYR, JLA, MPG

Michael Patrick Gallagher
San Jose, California
Navy Pilot

When Mike came here with his Surfville, USA, attitude, he had to quickly adjust. His first priority was getting into a varsity water sport. Achieving 1st boat his Firstie year, he had no problem with his spring breaks at San Bancroft. As one of the "Hoibster Cloister" in sunny Camp Sosquito, he "held everyone responsible!" OK, GROVER! He should have used this motto youngster year while doing time for Fattie's crime. Mike's lifetime goal of becoming a mason required on the job training..."Hey guys, cement mixers work well with orange juice. By the way, stay clear of the futon!" When Mike needed more CALGON, he said "You scratch my back, I'll rub yours." Ancient Chinese secret, huh? Wabbit twacks... SNIFF.. SNIFF.. SNIFF... Twain twacks... SNIFF... SNIFF... SNIFF.. Navel lint?!? SLP&SMF. RJP&RST.

William Jesse Hanger
Jeffersonville, Indiana
Surface Warfare

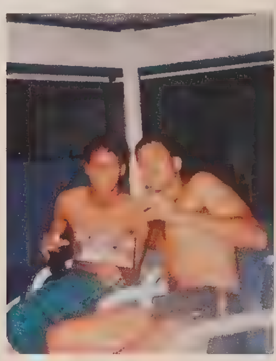
The Apeman came to camp USNA from his waterfront home in Indiana. His evolution included varsity offshore (bagit) sailing, where his weak stomach forced him to move on to the rigors of assistant manager of 150's, under JJC. During this time he earned and spent the thousands he made with BAC. He has been smitten with love by many. The lineup includes Mary Taylor, Carol and the latest and greatest Amber. They have cost him dearly. Always in love, he has never been without a girlfriend. Often full of wonderless facts (?), Jesse frequently spews knowledge from his backend. No mid has spent less time at the Academy, except that five striper last year. Never on base it's hard to believe Apeman is in the Navy, as a Batt Striper he never bothered to return for taps. Now to the future. Unable to dodge SWO, he will find home in the minesweeping community in Texas. We wish you well. Good Luck Amber. Your Friends BAC, FPS and HH (Kind of).

Heath Lamar Hanshaw
Cabot, Arkansas
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Hailing from the same state as Clark S. (who was run out) and Bill Clinton, Heath is our favorite Arkansan. Blending in with other Nuke wanna-be's was easy for Heath. Plebe year went by...youngster year went by... suddenly Heath was a second class and he came into his own. Can you say first time? Who knows? All that is sure is the battle damage sustained. Emergency Surface! With a little help from us (yeah, right), he was back on his feet. Too smart for most mids, he hangs with AA, BAC, WJH, FPS. Cellular phones, cars, and Sunday night pizza are trademarks of this mid. The over-political selection board made a mistake when they didn't choose Heath as a Rhodes Scholar. Luckily, the Navy isn't as stupid (yeah, right) and he will follow the "neat blue glow" at grad school. With his expertise, platoon drill competition will never be the same. Hopefully the submarine community will not have a similar experience. A true friend, the Navy will do you right. BAC, WJH, FPS.

Allen Lee Hobbs
Brownsville, Texas
Surface Warfare

Allen came to USNA from the southern most tip of Texas. He brought with him a very special determination complemented by a unique sense of humor. Grades were excellent early and then a late recovery from unsatness made his Systems Engineering degree a worthy accomplishment. Allen continuously juggled his share of girls from various high schools, colleges and wings. He may be the only firstie to have owned four automobiles within one year. He proved to be among the best in the brigade in racquetball and contributed greatly to the intramural program during his four years. His free time, besides racking, was often centered around his involvement in church activities. Though he had many flirtations with trouble, Allen always avoided getting caught. From our trips to South Padre, Disneyland, N. California, camping in W. Virginia and our four years together as roommates, thanks for the fun and friendship. Best wishes and God bless!! SHK



Mikel Ridout Huber

Davidsonville, Maryland
Marine Corps Pilot

Scooter loves biscuits. He came to us from the far-off land of Davidsonville. Thank God that AF and AJ don't have sisters. Although Scoots spent most of Spring Break out in the sun, he didn't get red until the last day. Bart quickly became the stud of 12th company as he wowed women with his Nintendo playing ability. Although M.R. had many friends his closest was his horny friend Bill, the Goat. Back-ally Toga-boy. Mike looks alot like the D.H. that Darth Vader choked. Hey Mike, I hear Intro to Design is a hook class!! Congratulations to the only 12th Co. Boxer not to get K.O.'d--Co-Captian. Mr Bungle rules. After 4 years, Bart has finally become 1/10th as cool as A.F. Turn out the lights. That's the name of that tune. A brand new hopper. In the words of T.M. "He did the best with what he had" Good luck in flight school. Devil Dog. AFP, AJO-not

Matthew James Kolich

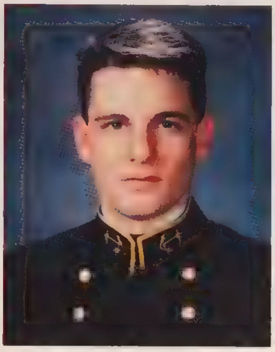
Springfield, Virginia
Marine Corps

Well, the mighty mite marine 1st entered my life at NAPS. Many a wonderful night we spent with Ellen at ALLIE'S. I-day minus 1 was certainly fun(I should have been arrested!!). Plebe year and dinner with 2nd Lt(which one did I like?) Herndon marked an early beginning of our driving privileges. Then that summer YP686 changed your life. You strolled into Bleachers and met your princess. The dream date was truly solidified because Dee was really digging MY porkchops!! 3-c year you went undercover at U of M. Your cover was blown at Marine Corps B-day when you broke the latrine. But that must have been an omen because the weekend was extraordinary(for me anyway!) Thanks for loaning me Dee over 1-c sum. CREDO. Friends before chicks. U helped me thru the worst days of my life. For that I am eternally grateful. You will shine as an U.S.M.C officer. THANKS. You're a champ! SEMPER FI. KJK.JMM.

Scott Hudson Kraft

San Mateo, California
Special Operations

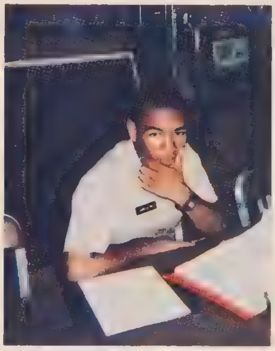
Scott comes our way from the famous Bay Area. From his daring swims in cold Lake Tahoe to camping in West Virginia, Scott proved to be a true outdoorsman. He showed his dedication to personal excellence by maintaining outstanding grades as an ocean engineer and by participating on the Naval Academy boxing team. Scott was active in Officers' Christian Fellowship, was the second class 2nd Battalion commander, and participated in Plebe Detail over the summer of 1992. He kept his roommate in line more than once, and proved to be an outstanding leader and Christian example. Scott was a true friend during our "Four Years Together by the Bay." ALH



Devin Todd LaSalle

Detroit, Michigan
Surface Warfare

To my friends at Navy: as I prepare to exit stage right, I offer this bit of insight. From Carnegie: "When dealing with people, let us remember we are not dealing with creatures of logic. We are dealing with creatures of emotion, creatures bristling with prejudices and motivated by pride and vanity." There is no substitute for a man who seeks first to understand and then to be understood. From Carlyle: "A great man shows his greatness by the way he treats little men." Endeavor to treat all with respect, and you cannot fail. DTL



Kurt William Muller
Chesapeake Beach, Maryland
Naval Flight Officer

The Old Man began his naval career drunk and in civies at Maggies - one week after plebe summer. After getting Sparks and Burns off his six he began youngster year in line for a future striper position. Then came BAC. Skipping drill and class became the standard for him. He soon was asking "What is a Forrestal Lecture?" and "What is a hospital corner?" (Ok maybe HE wasn't that bad). Once a proud promiscuous man, KWM fell to Amy F. The drinking slowed and the dept grew. A muddy '68 "Beast" and his Harley "Hog" helped to secure his Marlboro Man image. Bad knees were helped by special aerobic instruction, without the power bars and workouts KWM would have never been able to maitain focus on that NFO billet. Good luck down at P-Cola with the "Red" lady. You've been a great roommate. Sorry about destroying your performance grade. BAC.

Roger James Ouimet
Westerly, Rhode Island
Surface Warfare

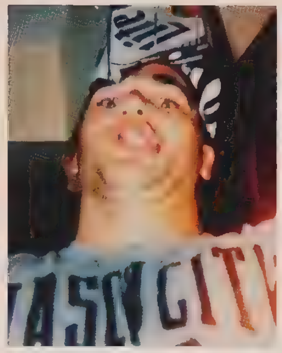
Rog came from Rhode Island, bringing us his own unique perspective on life. Roger immediately took an interest in a wide variety of sports activities. He quickly conquered challenges on the basketball court to the squash courts, even gymnastics couln't slow him down. Youngster year Rog heard his true calling from beyond the limits of the seawall. On the Severn, Rog sweated his way to success with Navy Crew. In his free time, at the wheel of big, blue 'Buck', Rog never had to worry about a cold V-8 start. With his sights on a career in medicine, Rog will first make a stop in SWO heaven, Norfolk, VA. Don't forget to write, but please don't forget the stamps.
God Bless! RSD, ATT

Alfred John Owings, II
Richmond, Virginia
Navy Pilot

Fred's first college choice was Notre Dame, until he saw "TOP GUN". Fred decided to abandon his post as El Generalisimo (con whistle), and venture north to the land of the yankee-drug-dealer under his new name, MAV. MAV's Academy hobbies include modeling boxers in the rain for friends and family, teaching tv news anchorwomen how to improve reception of far-east radio stations, hiding his shoes from law enforcement officials, touring women's dorms at R.M.U., and parking in the midstore parking lot (just ask the J.L.). Why ask why--FRED DRY (so Fred fly). Born again, our hero, became a VARSITY GOD (put a motor on it), leaving us mere mortals behind. Where's that darn Napster?? Fred enjoys redneck music, cowboy boots, monster truck shows, 0800 reports, and a nice cold bottle of Sharps. Good Luck to Fred as he jets to the Rhineland and Flight School. AFP,JCR,MRH

Andrew Fredrick Palm
Finksburg, Maryland
Navy Pilot

Andy took the round-about route to the Academy - TSU, boot camp, nuc school, NAPS, etc. Andy was hooked from the get-go. Out of company housing Plebe Summer gave new insights into rashes, grease undies, pyros, and empty canteens. With a choice between the high road (B.C.) and the low road, he chose the latter. Justice prevailed when he took the hit for dumping H2O on the CDO. Herndon proved to be the happiest day of his life, when he met the woman of his dreams (He had already met the man of his dreams over Spring Break - A.J.). "When you're here, I love the ocean; but when you're there, I hate the ocean." (Whatever, Andy) Racquet in hand, Andy was 12th CO racquetball god. Four years of studying every waking moment and never getting the hook profs has proved to be the norm for Andy. Good luck with K.K. and flight school. AJO, MRH, JCR



Steven Lloyd Palmer
Mason City, Iowa
Late Graduation

Hailing from the corn fields of the Midwest, "Slim" is larger than life (and then some!). His search for excellence has led him to excell in all areas. On the field, his dedication to Navy Football has earned him not one but two N-stars, and loyalty to his teammates off the field earned him yet another. "Joe Cool" also kept his roommate company over spring break, and on many a trip to Smoke Hall. A true academian - with only sweat, eight hour classes, and an occasional load from McDonnalds to look forward to, Steve gave up his summer to learn. His diligence was rewarded with postgraduate opportunities. With glorious football days over, Steve's aspirations turned to becomming a mountain bike cop. Through intense training and strict fiber/protein diet of barley and pintos, his riot contol & crowd dispersal skills have become legendary. MPG & SMF

Colin Craig Phipps
Manassas, Virginia
Surface Warfare

This long-winded, Thomas Jefferson Tech High School brat was braced by a shock when he became a first class and finally came across a class he hadn't already aced in high school. In his three and a half years he taught Navy's best how to really wrestle (Nick M.) Rooming with BAC as a youngster proved too much, and CC moved in with HH. Roommates for the next two and a half years with the addition of WJH, helped Mr. Speedy (especially on the mile and a half) gain moral ascendancy in their countless arguments (Read it in the POD), numerous fights, and strong friendship. As the Game Master with his No Work On My Computer, he trapped BAC, WJH, and HH into hours of fun while the youngsters and plebes made off with his firstie parking privileges. Lately, Craig has set his eyes on foreign shores and we will miss him for a while as he goes off to that far off region where they speak NickoLee. WJH, HLH, BAC.

Karin Y. Rao
Freehold, New Jersey
General Unrestricted Line

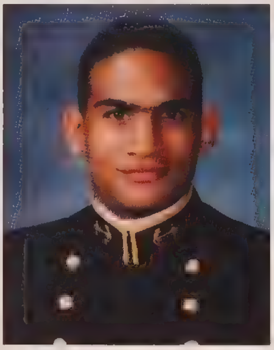
This New Jersey progressive chick entered Mother B with a fresh and alternative attitude towards...well... everything. Her good fortune began early when she was the only plebe lucky enough to have a Commissioning Week house. She couldn't drink one, but only wear one during second class year. But by her Firstie year, she was running the best little Italian coffeehouse in Annapolis. She was a menace on the tennis court for three years and then sought to murder the mids with her "killer abs" aerobic workouts. As if that were not enough to push her to the limit, she decided to jump out of planes. When that got boring, she jumped out of planes and free fell for up to two minutes. Isabelle did some strange shrub stunts on 3-2; hope she stays green in Japan. May the Kami Seya adventure challenges you to your best, and may you find long BLONDE hairs entangled in YOUR skivvies. SMF&KAF.

John Charles Rudella
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Special Warfare

Ruprect came to us from the beer-swilling, sausage eating capital of the nation. This self proclaimed Tom Cruise/Kevin Costner look-alike always reminded his best friends more of Rick Moranis and Ruprect, the Monkey Boy. Gozer, is that a beaver pelt stapled to your back? Although Ruprect lacks any understanding of the opposite sex, he did snatch a date to the Ring Dance. He had a great time, even though he hasn't been able to get a date since then, he is still known as the Master-5K-Shuffler. Go Lambda Lambda Lambda!!! The happiest day of John's Academy life was when M.H. got two new dogs. Has your Mom waxed the kitchen floor lately or did you slip in a vat of mayonnaise. The 4-1 Striper Fantasy---way cool!!!! John never met a hot braccioli he didn't like. Good Luck with your tight community, we love you. AFP,MRH,AJO

Aaron Thomas Tellier
Macedon, New York
Surface Warfare

Aaron came to USNA from the one stop sign town of Macedon, NY and even after a whole semester of march-overs he still wasn't exactly sure where the stadium was. From the mall to the Hall via New Carrolton? But after a plebe year of never ending come-arounds, Aaron went forth to see the world, green marker in hand. His voice (can men really sing that high?) led him to high schools all over the country. And A.T.'s had his fair share of dates, except for those nine months. By the way Aaron, are you still engaged? Happy Birthday JKR (is that April or March?)! Doc was sure fire NFO until he saw the light at the eleventh hour and went San Diego SWO. If your career here at USNA is any indication, you'll go far in the fleet. Best of luck! the Afflictions RSD, RJO, ALH



Troy Jonathan Turner
Cleveland, Ohio
Marine Corps

T-roy came to USNA after his initial plt co tour of the barking dawgs at NAPS. Plebe year, Troy began his ascention to greatness by getting fried on his very first liberty weekend, only to be pardoned by his good buddy George. As a youngster, he went through many turbulent times (Comp Sci, Goatees, AcBd, Broken Noses). Now as a second class, he brought home a new "friend" for Xmas dinner. But then the new year brought along a new woman; too bad so sad. Just as in the ring, going all the way DOWN to the bell helped him win back the love of a woman that made him retire his sword of MacDaddyDom. Now he can be found driving the BMD Express for the BYG clique. His love for the C knew no bounds; especially when donning the title of Mr. Sushi Man. We'll never understand his high connections (Frank, Colin, Tony, Tom, John, George). From 5 stripes to 5000, he is still the man that we all wish we could be. Asalam alakim, and Hoo-Yah! -Pri.Deuce.Tre

Matthew Lynn Wagle
Valencia, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

Matt, otherwise known as the "Big Strappin' Buck" made quite an impression on his classmates in the old corps PLAYBOY company. By far the biggest obstacle to overcome was living with Schnider first semester plebe year. Matt's greatest asset to the company was his use of visual aids to help fellow plebes at come-arounds across the hall. Herman sends his thanks, I'm sure. After surviving the AX board, he had 2 new roommates. How about those 0200 room inspections. There were many a study period spent harassing the Z-man and the mid-eastern contingent. First dates were numerous and young, seconds were few. Youngster cruise killed all thought of SWO, go CORPS. NOT!! WAGS wasn't doing too well for grades and was a card carrying member of the 1000 club most of his time at USNA. The last 2 years he wasn't sure if he was coming or going, to D.C. But, we love him anyway. Watch doing 95 on 95, convict. MJK. DCB.

Thirteenth Company

Hernan Orlando Altamar-Estrada
Gaithersburg, Maryland
Medical Corps

"I want to see smiles!" Hospital point with the dates? Destruction by baby oil! Pistachios and Mt.Dew thrown blatantly on the floor. Just keep turning up the music while we "lye" asleep. Finals again, study much? You guys get Herd! Lifelong squeeze..just a quickie away! Dr. H-man,Ultra Spk, he gives pride, success, dedication new definitions! "Sure, I'll stick you with my needle!" Loser! Hey H, try water skiing with a swimsuit! Stop snoring Beck! Dead squirrel! Doctor, surgeon, wings equals Navy for life! Perhaps the most ideal mid in the world-U know who! 4.0-the only way to go for him! "Hey roomie, I'm 21, Why don't you catch my upchuck in the blue cleaning bucket while I sit here on my rack with a cheezy grin!" I have one thing to say, that's B.S.! From day one to graduation, for now until he plays his roomie on the pro golf tour, brothers for life! K.A.T.N.F.P.-- CTB

David Herrington Ashby
Churchville, Virginia
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Action Ashby, Spock, Super Dave- All separate, but equal aspects that combine to form a mold that will never be reproduced. Action Ashby- The Athlete, the severn bench dodger, the born again Marine Platoon Commander, ever repelled by the blue Magnet. Spock- blessed with analytical skills beyond human comprehension, the stock market guru, the man who can mind-meld with the most complex computer, able to teach from large volumes of engineering text without ever reading a page, the man who logged more time reading the acknowledgements in "Dragon Books" than actually studying Systems Engineering. SuperDave-The sole midn holding the rank of Midn Admiral in the rumor control chain of command & the man who spent more hours designing/editing/playing computer games than the entire Microsoft Corporation. A farmboy experiencing his first metropolis/ four lane highway on I-day. We'll miss you buddy. N EJT REM RLM LGD

Anthony Power Baker
Annapolis, Maryland
Special Warfare

APB hasn't slowed down since he joined us from 4.3 miles over the bridge. Only the 26.2's hindered him. He's become the jack of all trades- Tennis, Lax, Cycling, Triathlon Pres.-Why don't you pick up a sport and stick with it? But if you didn't hit the new ones, you'd be on Worden with a M-1 wouldn't ya'? Mr Decisiveness--NOT! Make a decision, guy! If he'd had it his way, he'd be the world's 1st Marine pilot seal engineer. With crunches in bed, his trusty pulse monitor, and "love your body, love your body..," APB would never make his own All-Star team - How many miles for that Dessert? Wake up Skippy with Lax stick and speakers - Bake talk?? will we ever understand?--Lookin' & Feelin'.Imagine? NAPS stickers and ID=plebe escort, breaking down with case and state police, onto the yard. I want a girl with a day-timer and HP! Now off to Coronado-Not a problem, Friends Always- SS & HOA

Christopher Thomas Beck
Palatine, Illinois
Navy Pilot

"We have formation in ten minutes." "Where the hell is this Casani guy?" "What in the hell is 'Whiteworks Echo' anyway?" South Dakota, Iowa, Illinois...where he is from is not as important as how he came to us...with fire in his eyes and with attitude. Boris. LSD Child. Asesino. Nothing could stop him. Concussion, burners, groin pull, torn ligaments here, torn ligaments there. It may have put him down, but definitely not out. Chevrolet Player of the Game...Nuff said. Eh, Bebeeeh! Love that dip. Breakfast of champions. Boy, can he snore. "Shut up!" Ups and downs in love, but always the ladies. And no more Light Saber. PB & J and oatmeal. Put on some weight, wouldya? Ring Dance... you, me...wasted! Gouge=CTB. Drive A, Drive B. Sun and fun in St. Thomas. OOC, Baby. Coach then Pilot, if he ever gets down to P-cola. "Why are you such a husseeeh?" Forever brothers. -- HOA

Aaron Dewayne Benway
Demopolis, Alabama
Nuclear Power - Surface

Red hair all ablaze, Aaron came to us with lofty dreams: a challenging education, a fast-paced and exciting career of naval service, and the opportunity to make lots of MONEY. Although EE nearly extinguished his burning ambitions, nothing could diminish his incessant hunger. If he wasn't studying, he was eating: no amount of food could assuage his seven stomachs. Late at night, if you listened carefully to his unremitting nocturnal babblings, you could hear the mystical chant,"FEED ME, FEED ME." Once in a while he would break free in a flash of brilliance and either redecorate DLS's car or run a marathon with a defective knee. Also, he was always there for you if you got in a financial bind...to buy off your stereo equipment. I hope some day you can afford a full scale Ferrari. And if you keep your eyes open, I'm sure you'll find that elusive free lunch. Take it easy, buddy, and good luck!! SM

Joy Marguerite Bloom
Birmingham, Alabama
Naval Flight Officer

Joy came to us from Birm'ham, AL. Complete with Southern Accent and a drugstore. We soon lost her to the OTHER SIDE...temporary insanity will be a sufficient excuse...for both. Who can forget all these great times? Stribling Run, taking a little Drive, Hardees at 0300, T'giving in B'ham, New Year's in Seattle, D.C.with the "Dudes." Too bad you are leaving your big sis behind...you two are quite a pair and always made things twice as fun. Well Jopoyop! You sure made Plebe Summer interesting: "Oh my darlin'...Bloommonster...Miss Alabama" But here we are! Atlantic City (7-7s)...NYC (Such a Beautiful Noise)... roses or carnations? Men are scum...(on second thought, maybe not)... way-to-go-NFO! Joy is always with a smile on her face and spreading cheer throughout Bancroft. You'll do well in whatever you do. Good Luck! Love, ASL, HD, & HB(your sis).

Julie L. Brown
San Diego, California
Marine Corps

Hailing from sunny San Diego via a short two-year 'pit' stop, living the army life at NMMI, she arrived in Annapolis to become USNA's resident "Downtown Julie Brown" and later, the Beast's Belle. Starting in 20, finishing in 13, with soccer, crew, glee club, lacrosse, and earning jump wings in between, she squeezed in an oceanography degree in her spare time. Army wasn't good enough, Navy wasn't hard enough, so she is off to the Marine Corps. Take care and good luck, Jules. MAM Thanks for all the support Mom and Pop. You are the best. I Love You. JLB

Jerry Michael Bryl
Brooklyn Park, Maryland
Nuclear Power - Submarines

A gritty individual: physically tough, morally impenetrable, slightly reserved, confident in his abilities, while maintaining a stoical level of compassion: a pillar of righteousness. But his true essence transcends all these fine qualities: silliness. Yes, Jer is an obnoxious nut. If you watch this guy carefully, in between the long hours of study and the unwavering dedication to duty, you can see him break through his rigid shell: smoking a fat stogy under dim lights with The Doors, surfing Cooper Rd, designing fish-heads, and getting stupid like no other person can. His expectations may be tough on you at times, but his wacky antics and obnoxious outbursts ease the pain. It was YOU who were the bright spot of Sunshine Platoon. Just think, you could have seen the WHO instead of coming here. Was is worth it? I think so. Best of luck to you and Missy. It's OK for guys to hug. **N.** SM

Heather Lynn Davies

Baldwinsville, New York
General Unrestricted Line

Our 'Bruce Lee' plebe summer buddy has come a long way. In those first few confusing days of plebe summer you inquire, "Who is Lieutenant Jay Gee????" You then became the only plebe in the entire Brigade with an inspection-ready confidential locker during uniform races????? The rest of us were throwing all our balled-up uniforms in there!! You always manage to juggle everything at once and come out on top. How can an aero-major, Navy diver, Battalion Commander afford to spend quite so much time two-stepping????? Shouldn't you be working or something? The little bundle of energy holds a place in all our hearts as we have seen you grow from our plebe summer platoon-mate to a great friend. You are so warm-hearted towards everyone. It's great that you can bring sunshine into so many people's lives...MIT

Larry Gene Denton

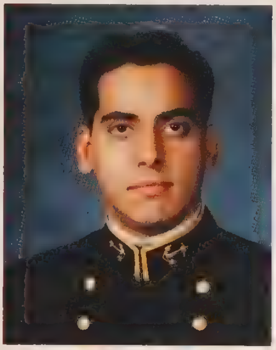
Severn, Maryland
Surface Warfare

How to describe large "D" in a few lines: A genuine wild man, large "D" entered Bancroft hall a shy, skinny trackster. After Herndon, Larry quit track to take up rack instead. Youngster year began and ended with visits from the Form-2 fairy: an O5 hit him on the chapel steps, and an O3 hit him in his own room. Second-class year revealed Larry as the surprise flamer of '93. Firstie year turned Larry into a social monster, tearing up all the bars between Annapolis and Baltimore. His large tips endeared him to the waitresses at Griffin's. Famous Large quotes: "It's your turn, I bought last time.", "You're not going to believe this!", "Action, can you help me print this out?", "Never again!" Great memories: acting as the company social director, teaching bathroom etiquette in SC, frequenting Ward Hall, getting ready for formation seven hours early, polar-bearing in the Severn. **N.** DHA CAK EJT DLS

Turhan Ismael Hidalgo

Ponce, Puerto Rico
Surface Warfare

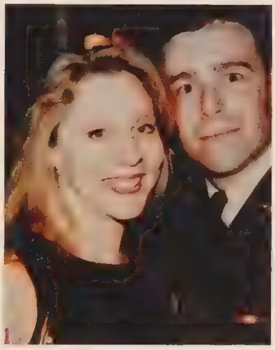
Turhan is the only man ever to attend the U.S. Naval Academy in order to become a professional singer. On his way from Ponce to Broadway, he was shanghaied by two petty officers. After learning a little bit of English, he soon learned that he wasn't at Juliard but was attending NAPS. Turhan often wanted to quit singing as he toyed with thoughts of being a pilot, lawyer, and even someday governor of Puerto Rico. Fortunately, he had the mental courage to press on (keeping in tradition with TQL and core values). He sang all of his chow calls as a plebe. He continued singing throughout his four years on the Severn with the Protestant Choir, Glee Club, and Barbershop Quartet. We will always cherish the countless hours he sang for us from the shower. Even though we still have no idea what he was singing, it always sounded pretty good. Best of luck in San Diego and wherever else your dreams may take you. SPT

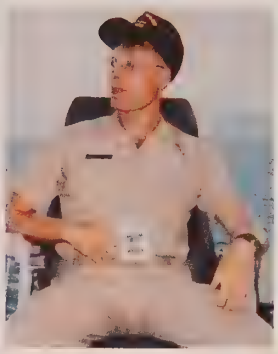


Bryan Eric Hurd

Wilmington, Delaware
Surface Warfare

The four years I have spent here seemed like eight. Since 03 July 1989, I have learned a great deal about life in general, other people, and myself. The lessons I will take with me cannot be taught in any classroom. I am thankful for the love and support of my family and the help of my friends and classmates here at USNA, these things I shall never forget. The last "real" plebe year, large D's keggers, winning the BLACK N, restriction sailing ops, nights drinking in town and the mornings after, all have taught me that true friendship is priceless (except the bar tabs). And thank you, Sharra, for helping make my first class year the best of all, I love you. Good luck to MPK, REM, ORV, SPT, Team 5000 and all my classmates! **N.**





Michael Patrick Keith
Burke, Virginia
Medical Corps

MPK: Scholar. Sweat. Cynic. Supergenius. Critic. Comedian. Danger-Seeker. NASCAR Hopeful. N Photographer.Medicine Man.But above all, Friend. An Army Brat his first 18 years, MP picked Navy.Doc proved to his friends that evolution is for real. He came to us more uptight than the Syracuse Sweat. But after having that gaunt, blonde tumor permanently removed and then narrowly dodging the 5000 caliber bullet that claimed most of his pals, MP found a new lust for life. Gone was the stressed-out-go-away-gotta-Ace a-test-or-I'll-never-win-a-Nobel-Prize professional student. A world class Froot Loop was born! His zany sense of humor and new-found sense of adventure made him a must for any road trip. Too skinny to make it as A Lumberjack, MP turned to USUHS and Navy Medicine If I ever end up on the Emergency Room table, I hope you're the one holding the scalpel.-JMB&JPS

Caleb Alan Kerr
Little Rock, Arkansas
Nuclear Power - Submarines

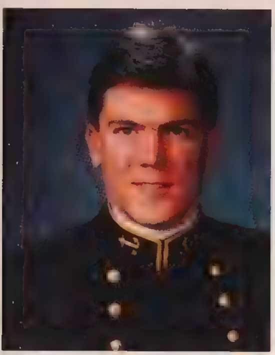
Caleb K arrived from Little Rock, Arkansas on 03 July 1989 with more hair than all of the "macho hairy chested men" combined. Caleb has made us proud from day 1. He came to the Academy knowing all the Laws of the Navy, a trait which later endeared him to his plebes. His choice of mechanical engineering as a major has cost him many hours of sleep, but it made him a better man. An outstanding athlete and true ladies man, Caleb began plebe year playing varsity baseball but soon got tired of Coach Duff. He took up another sport at the end of youngster year: the Smoke Hall Shuffle. We will never forget the toe cheese, the amazing washcloth, the trips to New York, and the 2-2 room wars. Best of luck in Orlando and in the fleet. N. LGD, DHA, EJT, DLS.

Andrea Sheffield Larson
Mukilteo, Washington
General Unrestricted Line

"Andi" came to us from Mukilteo-her first stop west of her state she decided to make USNA, where during plebe summer she became "MR. LLAARRSSOON, the 4'8" smurf." But she's not short, just undertall! And who could forget that short haircut on that little girl? Watch out Brawdy, the munchkins are coming! As the years progressed Andrea's hair grew back and we all grew closer...she even tried an "Alabama Accent"...don't forget the Stribling Run and those talks which always seemed to take place when we had the most work! Andrea is a great big sister even though she's smaller than me. Many times we went for long drives (NJ) and even longer talks; spending our youngsters at Q.W.P. Her tinsel smile always lifted me up. Being Nov. babies and turning 21 together has always kept the good times rolling. I'll miss you next year. G.L. and thanks for being such a great friend --Love TAC'94, HD, & JB.

Scott Harold Ledig
Reading, Pennsylvania
Naval Flight Officer

Ever the PC champion, "Chesty" is the prodigy of Reading, PA. However, he was downtrodden when he found out his IQ was too high- NPQing him for USMC. Or perhaps it was his numerous run-ins with E9's and O3's that turned him off? Awaiting his striper board outside the BattO, an E9 curtly informed him, "You'd better get a haircut if you want to stay here." Poor Chesty. Woud'st thine love for Sergeants Major e'er be quenched? Indeed, when a former CO heard he went Navy he asked dejectedly, "But..What about Ledig??" The list reads ad infinitum. Other non-USMC misadventures include the "out of body experience" on his infamous 21st, "Marquee Madness 91", and Nightly Attitude Adjustments. My rival cynic, Scott's unending question was, "How many days?" USMC's loss is Navy's gain. Semper fly. EJW



Daniel William Loughman

Elmhurst, Illinois

Surface Warfare

Loofy, Logs, Loughness. He came to us from the movie set of "Leave It To Beaver" Elmhurst, Ill. Plebe year he was invisible with football as his excuse. T.C. and grilled cheese. 1st semester sat 2nd not. "Letters" in football along with Lumpy and Fogs. Summer school and still got leave. Youngster year unsat (wrong major). "Letterman's" section at stadium -"off tackle, option, off tackle, punt". Second semester "Going someplace new and different" with Cheesehead. Story hour at Rumors. G.Van-"You've got a big ..." Broken toe, faulty locker. Time to go General. Misses out on Grp. 5 (His idea too). Finds new niche in sports: Rugby. Wins star no sweater. "I'm sat!!" Sports coupe. 21 at 3rd Edition "BIG ____" Buys Thunderchicken. Firstie year. Loses to goal post. Clemson- "Lose the shorts Loof." Tailgating at Jeep. Football game?? Goin' to Norflk. Haze Gray and underway(a couple years). MCPR-GJW.

Robert Lorimer McWilliam

Garden City, New York

Surface Warfare

Imagine this: a black Firebird roars past at 120, Ray-Bans glint in the sun. Blazing a trail through Key West, Cozumel and the Caribbean, this wild spirit leaves only broken hearts in his wake, stopping only briefly to enamor all with his mammoth pecs and dazzling smile as our hero sets new standards for manliness. An intellectual inspiration, elucidating the metaphysical concerns of the human condition. A bastion of moral fortitude, guiding the forlorn through our tumultuous existence. Now imagine Rob: at least the Firebird is real. Rob might not be able to balance the national budget (or his own checkbook), but he is the Best Friend you could have; waddling down the hall, his stocky frame approaches and gives you a smile and a bear hug...around the knees. Keep your hands off my hubcaps and keep smiling--it becomes you, Sugarbaby. And honey, please wipe your face. I wish you the best. SM

Robert Elwood Metz

West Palm Beach, Florida

Surface Warfare

Droopy, Mutzy, Flash, Molasses Man, Blur, Tiller, Omega Man, Red Man, High Speed-Low Drag, Killer, Mad Dog, Mach Mutz, Quickdraw, Doppler Shift, Perpetual Motion, Savage, Vinnie the Hit Man, Speed, Fungus, Ma Na Ma Na, Dark Man, Mop O Rop O Nop: What more can be said? Don't be fooled by the Rolex, the Mont Blanc, the Bose, the emerald ring, the West Palm Beach Polo Club, the plastic hair, the fast cars, the fast women, and the wild parties: this dude is for real. The host of the King Hall Lecture Series on History, the man who tamed Christine, the man in the flannel shirt, the man who can walk through trees, the man under the desk, the master of mirror domination, the man who devours HOT wings in a single lick, the man who can have you erased with one call, the man who lead us into the land of Bahamas, THE MAN. Remember: twelve under the right, sixteen under the left, four under the right. Hurry up, Rob. N. SM

Shimon Mor

North Miami Beach, Florida

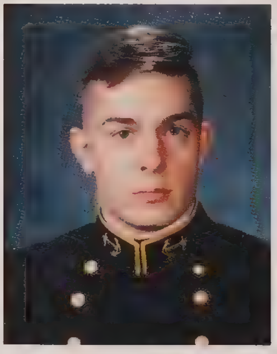
Naval Flight Officer

We are not exactly sure where Short Round came from. Claiming New York as his residence during plebe year gave us the impression that this little dude was no one to mess with. Boy, were we wrong! Having been prior enlisted for not even a whole year, he brought us a wealth of knowledge and experience, at least according to him. Always helpful and ready to give his opinion, even when not requested, who could forget his tenure as Metzy's roommate and the new found religion of Shimonism (Hedonist!). Although he demonstrated a quick tongue and attitude we realized what a loveable little guy he is. Faster than anyone his height and weight, able to survive plebe year and second class summer with Team 5000, more powerful than any Yardlong at Tiber Creek, Shamu truly is a Super Mo. Good Luck in flight school little Buddy! P.S. You'll still never get me to admit you're taller..N...R McW

Sean Timothy Phinney

San Mateo, California
Navy Pilot

Phin-Dog came to USNA with all the attributes to be a top midshipman-a taste for fine women and excess booze. A spaghetti arm at 2 led him from the diamond to the pitch for 4 years of rugby. Return from game: "I stomped this guy's head and clocked him in the nose. Oh yeah, we won too." Plebe year- Sponsor Bro's, BIG cups, and days at John's (#1). 3/C year- enter Ms. Maryland and he lost consciousness. Where's Phin- Main O? 2/C year he awoke. Lazy afternoons with COPE and the remote control showed him he didn't need to study to get the grades. 1/C summer- He'd learned alot? "Let's skip the $10 flight to Europe and take the 3 grand tour of DE, SC, FL(0 for Orlando) and CA." He did learn to love country music, bass fishing, and wild boar rides. 1/C year- "I don't remember anything!" That's what you said last weekend. Find us a home in P-Cola and I'll meet you there. PALS. NMG



Frederick William Piquette

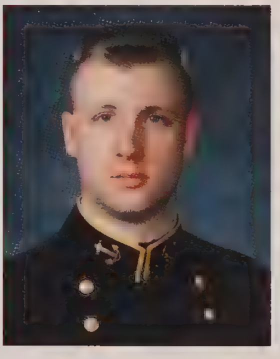
Springfield, Oregon
Surface Warfare

When Fred came to the Academy, he could swim mighty rivers, run through stifling deserts, ride up treacherous mountains, but couldn't stand up to a bumblebee or egg products. Fred started plebe summer with a bang, with heat exhaustion, allergic reactions, and nasty falls all within a few short weeks. Receiving a black "N" youngster year and a star firstie year, he has always been one to live on the edge. Always pushing himself, Fred completed his stay at USNA with a 26.2 mile tour of D.C. and a 50 mile trot along the Appalachian trail. Better you than me! Nevertheless, we have come to love Fred's quick witted humor and cynicism. Whatever the occasion, Fred has always been able to brighten our days with a smile and an encouraging word . . . NOT! DHA,CAK,LGD,DLS **N**.

William Paul Rayfield

Chesterfield, South Carolina
Marine Corps

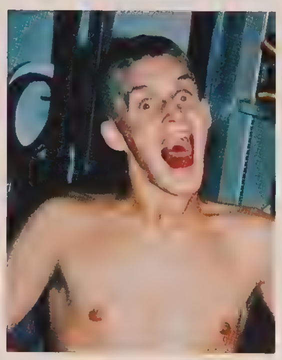
The Cassanova of Chesterfield County and his 2 chins rolled up to Annapolis from the backwoods of SC with dreams of joining the Silent Service. Ten months and -30 pounds later, our once quiet, chubby little bubblehead leapt forth from the shadows and took the USNA Marine Corps contingent by storm. The Corps does not yet know how lucky it is. Rayf's integrity and sense of duty are larger than life, yet somehow he's the most common-sensical, real-life leader type guy we know. It "hurt his heart" to see his pals live the good life on the parade deck while he was confined to the reviewing stand. Despite the demands of part-time studentage (majoring in History and minoring in Grunt), Paul always found time for Happy Hours and Randy's. Never met a person who didn't like Rayf.... Then he moved out of company and we never heard from him again. The end. **N** - JMB, JPS & MPK



John Paul Schultz

Laramie, Wyoming
Navy Pilot

John, whose positive attitude never did die, had a rough plebe year followed by an even tougher youngster year. Never a big hit with the upperclass, John was always sure to find new ways of getting in trouble. The perfection of EPOPS and continual all calls finally straightened John out. Youngster year brought a varsity letter of sorts and a new nickname, JP-5, both in honor of his disastrous 5000 series run-in with a certain USMC O-3, who helped JP-5 get assigned to a tour of duty as a POW-USNA during NASP '91. If only GW could have seen you 2/C year when you proved your mettle by winning the 'Eternal Flame'. Firstie year a more mature and carefree JP discovered the value of 1/C libs and Randy's. Thanks for all the memories (Copper Mt., stick-shift, baseball, etc.) and remember-you don't have to have fun to drink! Receding hairline? Coconut head? Best of luck at Pensacola...friends forever..**N**..MPK



Douglas Leo Self

Wichita Falls, Texas
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Doug has been providing us with many good memories since plebe summer. His stories have made it easier to laugh at ourselves and at the academy. The cover story ("This doesn't look like my room"), nametag story ("Sir, Mr. Frankhauser's got my last nametag ..."), plebe summer parents' weekend, ADB's technicolor addition to the Integra, plebe taps every night for four years. Doug's love of country music and the Dallas Cowboys have made him obnoxious at times, but have also made our four years by the bay together an unforgettable experience. Doug received one of his most valued possessions at the end of youngster year, which he has worn with pride ever since. Doug's time in Smoke Hall taught him a good deal about military life, and he has learned his lessons well. Best of luck in the future, and I hope your Texaco mug is never empty. N DHA EJT LGD CAK.

Strider Sulley

Portsmouth, New Hampshire
United States Army

Could've been the answer to Navy's basketball woes; we'll never know! Plebe year: an uncommon "wild man" ended his Army week early...Then there was that three-star General's daughter...and the youngster mobile lottery winner, what a car that turned out to be! All that hard work paid off: earned himself a semester at West Point, where he not only got to hang out with his high school buddies, but found his ROSE and even a new service selection! Came back locked-on with his stellar leathers and brassoed nameplate. Over-night Racquetball king--"I love to dive...beat that stiff 15-1,15-1." Always did love to run (3 miles a year)...Biggest skate 3-striper, no duty ALL 1/c year. If you ever needed the latest "Entertainment for Men," this was the man to see. "Keep hittin' the weights and someday you'll do a real pull-up!"-H The Navy's gonna miss you. Go Navy...Beat Army! -APB and HOA

Shane Patrick Tallant

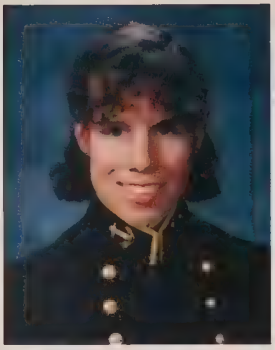
Tucker, Georgia
Navy Pilot

Following the footsteps of his "younger, better looking brother," Skippy came to Canoe U to become a Navy Fighter Pilot. To achieve that goal he selected the easiest major at the academy-Aerospace-and studied just enough to get his billet. After trying out (unsuccessfully) for the Navy diving team during plebe year, Skippy realized that his calling was not in the water but in the rack. Good bye to old Georgia Tech sweetheart, hello new love. Skip was never without a girl (civilian or LT.) and he was never around on Weekends. Driving his red toy convertible, Shane treated his car better than he treated women. Claiming the title of "Medical Chit Master" and still trying to sprint one loop of the track. No more Spanish music, lets hear some Irish tunes instead. I am not making fun of them I just like to sing along. White men can't dance, sing, run, etc., but I can play great Horse. Buena suerte en P-cola! TIH.

Ernest Joseph Triche IV

Miami, Florida
Surface Warfare

Jody came to us from the streets of Miami in the summer of '89. He started off plebe summer as the shy, quiet "Ernest". As we came to know him, he admitted that his friends call him Jody. Jody almost survived his four years without wearing stars, but ruined this record second semester firstie year, when he wore those stars along with his three stripes for being company commander. That's all right Jody, we still love you. Jody will be remembered for his impressive nose, his slightly less impressive physique, and his off-the-wall humor. I've seen the ups and downs for the past three years, and I hope the ups outweigh the downs in the years to come. Best wishes, DHA DLS LGD CAK.



Meghan Isingard Tuttle
Annapolis, Maryland
Aviation Maintenance Duty

Megs, our local yocal, came to us a couple of years ahead of the game after her liberal outburst at NMH...thus her affectionate nickname of Grandma Tuttle. A natural leader from the start and our first company commander during plebe year, she always kept us smiling with her unique giggles, encouraging words, and positive outlook...not to mention her trademark phrase - "Like, totally cool, Dude!". Youngster summer brought the Gunge Pup from Hell.. "You're going to SERE school?!!" There wouldn't happen to be a Smooch Bandit there in the mountains of Colorado, would there? First class summer...Looks like she found him...and now she's getting M...?...not Meghan Tuttle! But, alas, it was true. A great coxswain, leader, and friend (with a knack for going into finals unsat and coming out on Dant's list when it's all said and done), the Navy is getting a jewel of a gal...and so is Tom!...HLD

Oliver Randolph Vietor
Southport, Connecicut
Surface Warfare

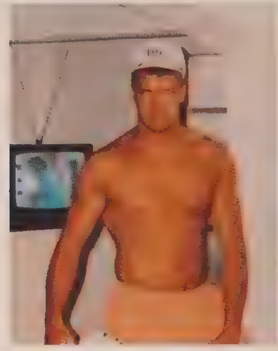
To JPH
Oh my soul, your voyages have been my native land.

Edward Joseph Wills
El Cajon, California
Nuclear Power -- Submarines

I never believed I would meet someone to rival my "positive" attitude on USNA politics, but lo and behold the Golden State yielded a competitor for the PC award I so desired. I began to realize that his attitude would only get better with such influences as GW's quote "Now?!!!! Moi, MF...NOW?!!!!" and the subsequent summer spent with NASP '91. 2/C year had such memories as finding the "missing link" in the Bel Air Taco Bell parking lot and engaging in a platonic relationship with a born-again- -and-again Christian in DC. Our final year (oh no, don't tell me we can't stay and further improve ourselves) brought such nights as service selection and the Teaser's experience. Subs is blessed to have you, I'll miss the cynicism- keep your attitude adjusted. N SHL

Greg Wilson
Owasso, Michigan
Surface Warfare

Fresh year, scrauny Greg arrives under the watchful eye of big bro, the senior. Rumbles in 20, Greg meets the Admiral. Soph year, puts on pounds. Can't play his guitar so just jam and annoy 4th wing. Meets Mr "beeee good", Jerry's kids at The Sign. 10 am story hour, don't be late. Balloon launcher into T-court. Army-Navy, vodka, who won? Who Cares? Buy the Sports Coupe, Key in social development. Group 5! Jun year, doin the rugby thang-MCPR! Worst pain there is. Move into the THUNDERDOME (lucky you had restriction) Fri nights at Ha Penny, check in @ 12, c' ya! Sat nights in DC. Travels to Easterns and gets no sweater. Spring Break in St Tom. 21st "Sorry, can't let you in til 12" Sell the coupe for profit. MYOB, Circle G, cool haircut! Sen year, Marchovers-Tailgaters-Armadillos. Sleeping w/JB. Camelot. Buying the RING. Yarch or Haze Grey? Amer Glad/Beach VB? Remember, a not so wise man once said "Ah, ---- it!" -LOOF



Fourteenth Company

Superintendant's and Professor's Hous

Garrett Christopher Artz
Hegins, Pennsylvania
Navy Pilot

Garrett came with the intent to fly and he saw his dream fulfilled. The Academy was a sort of awakening for this Pennsylvania boy; women, beer... Wrestling, then Judo, wrestling again, and finally Judo and a brown belt...Call him Chris Pierce Jr.; always wanted to fly and be chill - well at least you're flying...You're a genuine man o' dee woods; a cool mountain bike rounded it all off...Parking cars illegally got us both 10 days, now we're really salty...Master of the bumps and non-existant XO...Thank your Mom for all the great food...Pudge all the way...Never too serious with girls, but always some play...Plebe year honor dining in, snowshoes, the Mello Yello car, Weng really had it in for us...Hopefully Oktoberfest in Germany this fall...Keep smiling...getting used to the Underground...You can be my chauffeur any day. Good luck always, check your six. MDM, STB.

Robert Donald Brodie VI
Freemont, California
Surface Warfare

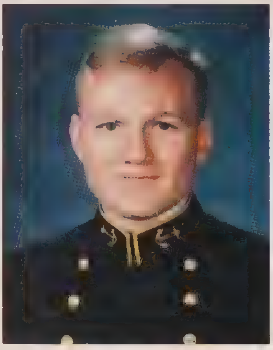
Stuff four years into fourteen lines? Not likely! Bodie Polt: checked off all boxes and earned all necessary "quals". Rackin, hackin, liftin, starvin (hey Bob! Want some of this...Oh, sorry, I forgot...), raising the bs flag, Arkanoid and Scorched Earth: the daily routine...Pledge? Edge dress? Thirty minute call...GO!! We survived them all and a few dirt bag roomies. BK, you and I the only ones to give Sugar the Swirley, with bruises to prove it. "Wait a minute Mr. Postman!" and "She's only seventeen!": songs never to forget...for both of us! From the high jump to the bat cave, we played it smart, and had a blast. Listening to The Small Hours, talkin guns, pounding the pint (oooh, nasty!), and then breathin on the Plebers...remember?! Take care of yourself, GUNZ and don't forget to watch for the mail bouy!! Forever 2B/M --BLL

Stefan Brunnschweiler
Lugano, Switzerland
Marine Corps

Swiss Miss was forced to use his U.S. citizenship and join the U.S. Military when he found out the only military Switzerland had was to guard the Pope. He must have fallen on his head before he entered the Naval Academy because he only wanted to go Marines. Stefan arrived on I-Day with everything polished but his nose. He erected a hootch in his room plebe year so he could catch some quality zz's. Swiss Miss spent second semester plebe year scouting for a good wife for Sneaky. He had trouble adjusting to the relaxation of youngster year and spent much of his time running thousands of miles in preparation for the gungpup marathon. Second Class year he was in heaven(Bulldog). He wanted to go there for his R&R after graduation but the travel agent had never heard of a resort town called Quantico. You'll just have to wait till TBS gungpup! Keep up the enthusiasm! You are going to do great things! GCA

John Joseph Gordon
Mason City, Iowa
Navy Pilot

John came to us with his heart set on a career in the submarine force. In furtherance of that goal, he worked exclusively on his 'physical' abilities. John worked when everyone else slept, but he knew when to stop for a break. Around 0330 was always a good time for some relaxing guitar music. A powerhouse in fieldball, disc football, and other company sports, he always had a good attitude. John and I have been climbing partners for seven years. In a world of uncertainties he faces life with a robust sense of humor and an insatiable desire for good adventure. I salute you, friend. John "Buck" Tan,.



Kevin Charles Harris
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Marine Corps

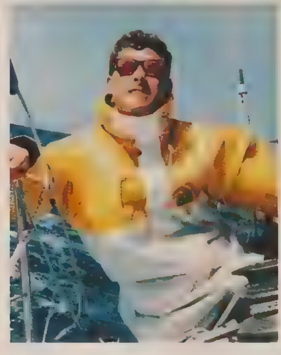
Harry came to USNA shooting single leg takedowns on the mat and wearing a ball and chain off of it. After 2 months in Hotel Hell and a P.L.E.B.E. wrestling smoker championship belt, we began our 4 year adventure as roommates. Youngster year saw the end of his collegiate wrestling career and the beginning of his reign as "Doctor Pain." Memories with KC include: 2-0 crew, the slinger, Saranac, catching a vicious right hook, "What are you happy about tonite?", plebe year with Artzy, 2% club, intro to angles (720) in the Alfa, Nags Head-Harry unleashed, Buck's wingman, girlfriend who followed from PA to MD and back to PA, 9th wing, first in co. to pop the ?, "Is she your sister?", gungiest room in the brigade. What a long, strange trip it's been, and, although we wouldn't do it again, at least we've enjoyed the ride. Always remember: "It just doesn't matter when you're the baddest bear in the woods!"

William Henry Jewett
Palm Beach, Florida
Surface Warfare

Bill comes from sunny Palm Beach Florida via NAPS. His love for pain and his incredible motivation made him the ultimate war machine as a plebe, going on "Missions from God." Bill's determination led him to be a Brigade boxing champion in the most courageous fight ever. Only two things ever got in his way, school and rules. This man has nine lives. He is graduating with more demerits than anyone. The fact is, if it weren't for a special girlfriend with a high ranking daddy, he wouldn't be graduating. Bill never fit the role of a model mid, but he is a born leader, has limitless courage, and is a fiercely loyal friend. Some say he struggles to keep his head above water, but for the way he lives life, he really walks on it. Its been a long four years Bro, but you made it great, I love you like a Brother, don't forget, "mi casa, su casa", always. DCP

Richard McCullough Kelly
Nashville, Tennessee
Navy Pilot

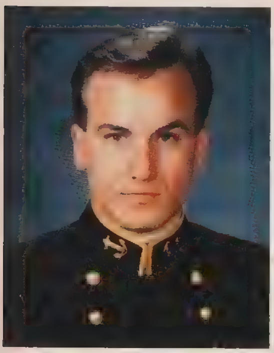
Tex came to USNA via the Country and Gospel Capital of the world, Nashville, TN. He was always motivated for study hour, although he called it story hour. Always quick to get upset about our constant flow of visitors, Tex would never pass on a chance to retell one of his best 10 stories. Many a moon lite night was spent talking about outside relationships and the facts of life. Tex's history goes like this: Spock, Troll, Santini, Milkman, swordbearer, 3 unsat mids, apartment getaway, rockyroad float, fire/security photo, 3 girls to BVI, mud-marine in summer whites, *SAILING* Magazine, Kalme, beginning guitar, Reza, Dad's B-Day, Rolling Rock, beginning guitar, oysters, *MORNING LIGHT*, supt's list, beginning guitar, white oxfords, naval pilot. It's been a great 4 yrs and we made it all the way together, Congrats. P.S. If we ever get in a situation like the movie *ALIVE*, we each get one of your calves. TBS GCA



Steven Morris King

San Bernardino, California
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Steve, your room was always so neat plebe year. How did you do it? That brilliance set a precedent for the remaining three years. Now, when people ask me about model midshipmen, your name pops into my mind. I mean, weren't you on plebe detail? Regulations, for me? The G-Man, ya', he went to a couple of ring dances. Just how many Hood formals did you crash? Remember? Macho Comacho? That was a real night to forget. Steve, don't ever let anyone tell you that you're not good with money. After all, like you said, you can't be good with it unless you have some. Well, we've had a lot of good times together. Your roommate was the picture of purity when he arrived, wasn't he? I think I remember some foreshadowing of how he would change. OH WELL, maybe you're a prophet! Thanks for all the great times we've had. SKATES



Brent L. Larson

Newport Beach, California
Marine Corps

Late nights, late lights Got your sticker minus three stripes Depth perception at Harry's: "let's get Nugget to ask." Oh well, your impatient roomie completed the task. Quals, quals, quals galore Chiquita, dole, and many more In the last plebe year we did partake With 30 minute all calls after spring break Lee, Jim, and Ken gave it their all But in the end we did not fall We jumped the wall when it had to be done Because being weekend inelligible just wasn't fun Now four years by the bay comes to an end Good thing I had you as a roommate and a friend. --RDB

John Robert Leskovich

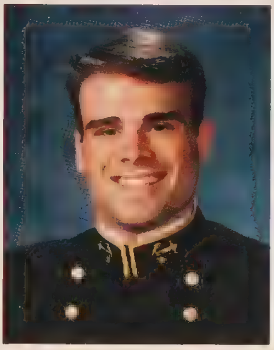
Lexington, Ohio
Surface Warfare

Its been a long 4 years but it is finally over.I cme here as a recruited fball player who wanted to ply college football & grad. from th USNA.I did both.After my 4/cyr,we got a new coach & I lft th vars.to ply 150lbs fball.I liked every ply from my game winning kickoff ret.that earned me the gmeball to an undefeat seas my 1/cyr.3/cyr,I moved n with Ot & chged maj.frm Aero to Econ.Ot & I stayed 2gether 4 3yrs & became grt friends. 3/cyr was filled wth satness and unsatness, auth WE and UA WE. 2/c year my roomy and I bought a cellular phone and I met Jen the b_ _ _ _.2nd semester my grades suffered because of her and I earned the nickname shackles.1/c year I met Holly my future wife, tkover Ot's plat.2nd semester,& bght an engagement ring.I will always remem the debates abt SEC & Big 10 football,late nights studying & on th phone,sprts clear.,AL national champ.,& libs.

Brandon Kennard Lewis

East Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania
Marine Corps

B.K. Beeks. Adm Farragut. We Are Warriors. Wild Thing. "They aren't birth control glasses, they're magnets." The Mcdonnells. Chem lab with Rod and Bruce- Maggie May, you ain't a beauty but hey you're all right. U of Del. shower w/ Bill. Fastest fat man I know. Body building in S.D. You said what to whose wife? 6000 series, 60 days, 1 yr LOL. "At least the Sec Nav kept you." 2-0 crew. In my van, in front of the chapel, while restricted. Big Mike burning white guys. You wouldn't understand, its a rugby thing. "Laur-ie,-a,-en baby I luu.v." Happy New Year, in the hall. Jump on the grenade-St. Thos. Hey what's this stuff on the sink? The problem is I'm interested in her roommate. -Little Chinagirl. West Point Rugby, Bulldog. England VIA C-130. Ouija w/ roomates. 2 time all Military Rugby. Semper Fi. "I'll see you again when the stars fall from the sky, and the moon turns red over One Tree Hill." Peace Bro. TAS



Jon Tileston Marcharg
Sharon, Pennsylvania
Nuclear Power - Submarines

I was born on November 14, 1970, but my life only started after one beautiful night in September, 1989. On this moonlit night, I met the girl of my dreams, Marnelle. Her dark brown hair, dark brown eyes, and shapely body attracted me so. My friends jeered at me for going out with a girl who lost fifty pounds and still weighed more than Buck; being deceptively thin, I shrugged their mockeries I could have never made it through the many times I would meditate and Buck would disturb me, or the time when Bill changed my B to an F on email, or when my numbers and my checklist never matched, or my early wake ups by Buck's off study hours, or when the Marine awoke me from my sleep, or when I became the CO of the USS Enterprise, intergalactic warship without you. I have lost you but I hope to find you. With the help of my good friend Buck, I will never forget or give up hope on you, Marnelle.

Patrick Joseph McGovern II
Richmond Hill, New York
Surface Warfare

YO, Nugget! Can ya believe we've done it? You came here at the last minute, hailing from the Big Apple, but it's been a blast ever since. YEAH, RIGHT. We've spent many times talking about what we'd do to change it all in the past three years, even though the lights always went out at 2300. OKokokokok, "laid back" might be too strict a description for you, but it should suit you nicely down in Pearl. Just don't forget to bring your Qtips. Waitwaiwait, you're definitely one of the fastest people I know, judging by the way you tore across that ski slope in VT (probably should've had more clothes on). Who knows, maybe someday you'll finally get your night in the barrel. You're the youngest of our company, and I think personally the most underestimated. You've been a great roommate, buddy, and I'm gonna miss you. Just make sure you let me know when the Yanks are REALLY gonna win it again. KJS

Wayne W. Mihailov
Apache Junction, Arizona
Civil Engineer Corps

Wayne, The Mecca, Miracle-ear, A-man, Meatloaf, man of many names. Who ever let you in here in the first place? You needed a year of prep school just to handle the academics, but you did OK. JV hoops was great until I got cut. Your still quick with a 'bow. You're all the girls' friend. Mister Ma... ma...ma...haylovv, pushups for Karl, come-arounds, extra room formals, we literally did everything together. Won't anyone help me with my boxing test? Can I have just one piece of your six-month old candy? MEGA HEAT for the cold-blooded boy from AZ. You've been on the phone all night. Team of the 90's. Thanks for letting me wake you up. In the fireplace? You're good in a jeep, and no one gets in the way of a big truck, but a little rice-burner...crash. Well,I never killed anyone. I'll keep playing my guitar if you'll keep playing 98 Rock for me. Don't let any of those CEC geeks tell you you're wrong. MDM

Jacob Neafie Mitchell II
Camp Hill, Pennsylvania
Marine Corps

For the Jakester Plebe Summer was no problem... Except for minor inconviences like laughing, extend arms and vomiting (hint #1 Don't drink too much water)...Then on to the whirl wind of Plebe Academic Year.(hint #2 Skiing with your upperclass in Vail helps) Then time starts to fly...Poole's Herndon Party..Youngster Cruise...and back to the wonderland of 2-0! Where Jake discovered OCMD, Davis' Pub, Cheezing Buck, trips with Rachel, academics, the DEAD, cigars rumbles, Ouija, 2-0 crew and Nags Head. Then came summer cruise with Group S(i)x and onto the highlands of 7-4 and new experiences: a return to 150's, missing the printer by inches, the Ring Dance, Firstie Cruise, downtown Annapolis, lost sandals, getting your N star...Suddenly vomiting comes back in Vogue(Hint #3 Don't sleep in it). Then comes the room with the most gunge per mass and more good times. Jake, a good roommate and a helluva buddy. KCH

Michael David Moody
Cheboygan, Michigan
Naval Flight Officer

Smilin' Mike started out as one of Admiral Rickover's boys as an enlisted third class. Superior pride, professionalism and super-stellar grades at Nuke school earned him the choice of Michigan ROTC or CANOE U. His dedication to excellence led him to four years on the bay. Somewhere during the plebe experience he broke away from those superior standards that marked his career. As the years trudged forward and the hair grew longer Mike found more fun, at times trouble, numerous babes, the grades declined, the buddha grew, the body crumbled, earned five speeding tickets, didn't need whatsherface to get him U2 tickets after all, learned to play the blues, made friends with the DoD Police, and eked out the grades to be an NFO. You've always been super-stellar as a person. See ya in the skies buddy! GCA

Curtis Allen Mueller
Atascosa, Texas
Nuclear Power - Surface

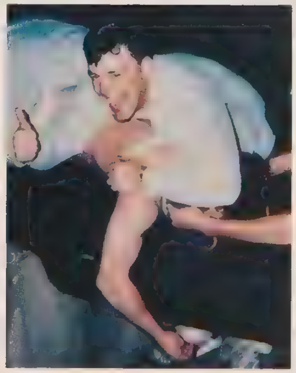
How did Flirty Mule-Deer ever make it through plebe year?The King of Rack suspended his operations only long enough to watch the Green Gunkies conspire against the fur-ball.But Youngster year brought a return to his great blue throne. "Mueller,Mueller.. anyone..anyone? Doesn't he ever study?" "IF IT AIN'T DUE,IT AIN'T DONE!"The only place he didn't fall asleep was Hood. Hood girls are good girls..yeah,sure.Just watch out for the heavy "AAA" fire.If you drink,don't call,phone calls cause restriction, except bridge to bridge.Vodka should be sipped,not bonged.Second Class year saw many trips to Smoke Hall,and a stylish,but not too trendy new sweater.Why do homework when I've got a new computer game and only 22 hours?Curtis never tired of Firstie libs,and Rams Head.I guess to be Co Cdr you need a black N-star and a stack of Form-2's.Good luck studying in Germany,and at NPS.Ooh,good song..turn it up!-JHR

Douglas Phillips
State College, Pennsylvania
Navy Pilot

Doug came to the Academy from State College, P.A. After spending a year at Mercersburg Prep School, he felt he was ready for the big time. With guitar in hand and plenty of Jimmy Buffet discs, Doug was ready. Lax kept him busy for a little while, but the academics soon took their toll. After many unsat weekends and complaints from Leslie, he entered a new field. With a new major he was set to go. During his four years Doug went through cars like candy. His taste changed with the seasons, but I think the jeep is here to stay. If he can keep Leslie happy and not crash in p-cola he should be O.K.

John Vernon Poole
Sterling, Virginia
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Well, John. Three years later and I've learned a lot about you. You were born in Georgia, and came to the Academy from Virginia, but there is a lot of Canadian blood in you, eh. You love Chemistry, with all it's labs (no drill) and lab reports (no sleep). A true love/hate relationship. I also know you sleep in a near-coma. I never thought I would need to assault (wrongfully?) somebody to wake them up! Thank you 'NO MERCY', for all the morning, afternoon, and evening wake up calls. Then there is your love to teach others to fly. Sorry John, I know I should have been there, on your birthday, to keep you out of trouble. Well, it's time to move on to bigger and better...GO NUC!! I can still call you 'roomie', so I guess this isn't a good-bye or even a see-you-later, just the end of the beginning to a wonderful friendship. See you in Orlando. KFP



Karl Frederick Prigge
Minneapolis, Minnesota
Nuclear Power - Submarines

After three years as roommates, it is difficult to quickly sum you up. Needless to say, you are one of the main reasons I made it through this place. When we became roommates youngster year, I thought that I would never have to be designated driver again, but oh my, how the mighty have fallen. You even taught me how to ski, not very well, but I thank you for trying. You have also taught me the important skill of spending money frivolously. I thought that I could blow money pretty well until you showed me the light, but the stereo does sound pretty good. You knew exactly what you wanted to do with your life from day one at the Academy. I of course did not know, but it looks as if we will be together for a little while longer. Whatever happens in Orlando, I wish you luck in every step of your career though I know you won't need it.

John-Paul Harris Rue
St Paul, Minnesota
Medical Corps

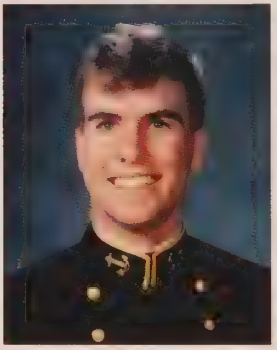
When Medic came to USNA he didn't have one thing going for him. Plebe year he was Company Commander and after first semester he was #1 in the class. It was all downhill from there (including his OOM). I'm not sure how I survived 3 and 1/2 years. The music was too loud (but hey, good song!), I needed to have my olfactory lobes removed but medical said no go, and all those late nights past 2230 used to drive me nuts. I guess TK was a good break, or one of us would probably have been dead. J.P. had a reputation for being a sweat sometimes (read: all the time) and a smack (ditto). With four stripes it only got worse. But second semester saw a totally new person (ok he was still a smack and a sweat, but isn't love grand). Now he's going to be a civilian for awhile and come back as a LT to ruin the careers of perfectly healthy Navy people. I always thought he was destined for great things. Guess I was wrong, huh?

Kurt Joseph Scherer
Atlanta, Georgia
Marine Corps Pilot

R-R-R-RICO SSUAVEE. Also known as the Grinch, Kurt has many remarkable talents. He can get out of a net bag while in the buff, faster then Harry Houdini, leap a tall tennis net, and take off for the 7th Wing backshaft stairs amidst the applause, and camera flashes without breaking a sweat. When seen swaggering down the street, you'll notice his familiar grimace (like the Grinch who stole Christmas). Kurt also has a remarkable talent for charming many a female with simple one liners like, "Hi, my name is Kurt Scherer, I go to the Naval Academy, and you-oh, really?-uh huh-so what do you plan to do-really?-well I'm going to be a Marine Corps F/A-18 Pilot." What a ham. Well, suffice it to say, whenever you see him, give a crisp bark and a slap on the nether regions-Kurt's one for brotherhood, just ask his bald friends and the boys who believe in B+B/M.

Richard Jay Slakes
Henrietta, New York
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Richard Jay Slakes. Just the sight of this man, lying there in his rack, so peaceful, so serene, was enough to cause the deepest sense of motivation and determination to swell within meekest of men. Earning distinction early in his Naval career by being the first plebe to be called a nickname (Skates), Jay virtually dominated every obstacle put in his path, starting with his physical and mental crushing of his nemesis, Lee Grubbs. He went on to earn the title of 'Most Peppy Camper' 2/c year. Those of us knew Jay knew that he could always supply a snide or off-color remark that no one else in the co could have possibly thought of even if they tried. Despite the fact that no two views of the world could be more different, Jay was one of those guys who could offer a bit Skates-wisdom to all of us, even me. Good luck with your career, and your happy (if a tad premature) marriage.

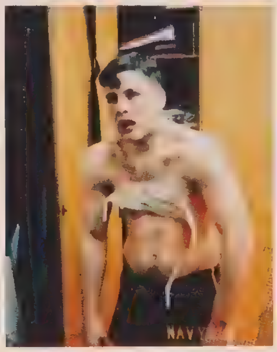


Otis Benton Smith III

Tuscumbia, Alabama

Surface Warfare

What can be said about the best dressed midshipman in 14th company? Big "O" came to Canoe U. from the great state of Alabama screaming "Roll Tide, Roll," and having frequent arguments with JM about the worth of football above the Mason-Dixon line. Two years of football, a brigade championship in basketball, and a season as a disc football referee transformed the Admiral into one of the greatest sports gurus to ever set foot inside Mother B. Always bothered by Medical for supposedly being overweight with ten percent body fat, Bent earned the nickname SWOtis, but often confessed that he liked the pay of the submariner. Four years together, many late night phone calls with psychos, and more unsat weekends than we can count resulted in amazingly zero fights. You truly are a southern gentleman and your advice helped me in marrying HS. Congratulations on San Dog, you've earned it! JRL



Timothy Bernard Sneeringer

McSherrystown, Pennsylvania

Nuclear Power - Submarines

Tim Sneeringer, derived from the latin phrase *Tightus Sphincterus*, came to USNA from IL, no PA, a die hard pilot wanna-be. Plebe year was an awakening for Sneaky (Sneeringer!, take a dump!) After he lost his light saber, and had a little torpedo training, he climbed that 'big lard covered D.' With a little help from Swiss, Sneaky (or Snakey) found a little mouse. No more practicing, Sneaky had a mouse in his pocket for good. For the next 2 yrs the journey went; Kalme, beta, video games, milkmanitis, **Cinnabar**, marathon, photo copy fun, trampoline, ceramic hug, Rocky Road, **Morning Light**, diesel dungeon, spices, and Bermuda. Then a striper was born, and the sweat flowed. The torpedo was revisited, and some chest hair dissapeared. Wait, wasn't ring dance supposed to be in there, oh well, must have missed it. In the end, aviation lost a great man, subs gained a superb officer, and I found a true brother. RMK

Troy Allen Solberg

Madison, Wisconsin

Navy Pilot

"Classmates, parade rest is simply a relaxed state of attention!" My reflections on Yoda/Erg/Solbich/Soul Man. Came ready to work w/ a degree in the darkside from NAPS & never stopped employing it. Chem lab;MW-Are you going to say bye? U of Del;The Scrounge-blind date-Bill's pierced ear. Ricketts. 608 Marti. While I'm in S Hall you tame Goucher, thanks to the mobile love hut. UVA. Room unsat while you're in it? Your 1st/only fry. How did that happen? You can eat all this bread in 24 hrs? No fur coats/Rehobeth. Acad Motel/IRA. Leslie;"I really lu..I lu..Baby I lu!" Pre-Ring Dance adventure/tears everywhere. Shields that erg kicked my butt. 2-0 crew-correcting your game. Look at these abs! She's into me. She's sassy. Girl friend in a coma. Women make you slow. E.Strouds.1&2;Funnel&Friend. Systems vs. Poli Sci. Marriage bet, you lose $50. If nothing else, Go Hard or Go Home, "It's a town full of losers and I'm pulling out of here to win." -BK

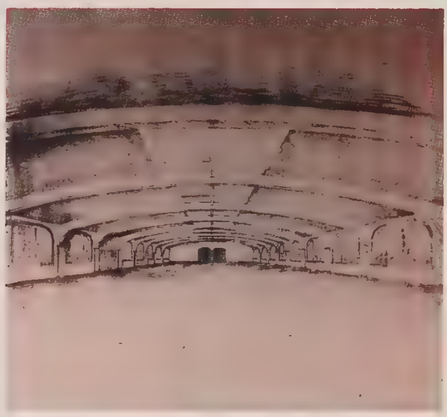
John Toribio Tan

Subic Bay, Phillipines

Marine Corps

Almost unbelievable that a tiny Filipino boy rescued from drifting wreckage in the central pacific could have ever gotten to where John Tan is today. An intellectual, Tan taught himself English at an early age. Graduating as Goretti High School's "Most Serious Student", the time had come for young John to give service to the country that had treated him so richly. A hunter by nature, Buck became point for Seal Team 2. But BM3 Tan knew he was destined to become an officer. At the Academy he would go undercover. His cover: screen. Year one, he mentally manhandled Sugar Graham, and drank his first bottle of Stoley's (and Gibley's and ...). He graduated as the #1 aero major, made history with his home-built modified helo, scored a sexy 1/C Cambell-look-alike girlfriend, became Cabana Boy at PSU, got too much sleep, and ate his share of chips and salsa. Big-Meats Bucky: warrior, gentleman, and lover.

Fifteenth Company



Leopoldo Sardalla Albea
Oxnard, California
Suface Warfare

Leo, L-E-O, Lee-A-Lee, Lapu Lapu, Primo Filipino. Anyway you look at it he is an Asian Islander. A lighter shade of brown...Brown and proud... Do you know about the Filipino Culture? Do you know about your own culture?.... United Colors of Benetton... Rapper extrodinaire, Go leo, Go leo, Where is the human beat box? Whose is the mellow Irish Fellow? If we are going to live together we got to play together.... Why did you get such good grades, maybe because you played too much B-ball, call me crazy....Are sure you are not related to Imelda Marcos, how many pairs of shoes do you have, 25. Another pair of sneakers?...One thing I will never forgive you for is taking my position as honor rep. never...You are an example to all of us, everyone should know their culture like you know yours. You are proud of it. I'm proud of you, Lapu Lapu is proud of you, Pop is proud of you. most important your mom is proud. I know she is. Peace out. fjs

Andrew Alan Aloisio
Williamsville, New York
Naval Flight Officer

Pony, eight-ball, Lo, Bluto. Feed the sea gulls,Duff-Tony, black eye, chem class. Duty? HWK? The Bills (0-3),shaaadaafaaahp. I'm not afraid of you or anybody.Home-JH,SS,CS,CN,SE,TB,KM.Don't like crab's-come on.Wet t-shirt, driving asleep, suprise visits. Ha-Ha one sir, Rip his head off! WHAT! Night out as plebes-scrubbin walls, fry both your roommates, Was it over when the German's bombed Pearl Harbor.OC W/ NC-It happened.Destruct Mode,CS-TV, sink clogger, beer socks, aimless wandering, drinkin 40's,don't tip over the canoe!Jellyfish. Slammin- n-smashin. Weekends at Grandmoms THANKS. LO through good and bad we survived together. 4 yrs as roommates-what will we do next year? I wish you the best of luck to your future(p-cola).May all the good times we've had be belittled by the good times to be had! We'll all miss you little one. You're a character of the game. ICOR-TB,JH. 2.0 15

Christopher Chad Alvarez
Woodinville, Washington
Surface Warfare

Chris came to USNA from the Evergreen State straight from Woodinville High. Never having visited here, he was quite surprised at what he found. He was happy to finish his long plebe year in Hard Core 19...Enough said. Living with B.D. youngster year proved to be quite an earful. And after that, he roomed with a rodent. Spending long hours in the range shooting along with other things was not a problem for this Olympic class shooter. Moving left him still with the rodent and someone to tell him to study. During 2/C year, he found himself with a shadow he has been unable to lose, much to the dismay of Smokin' Joe. After living with Smokin' Joe for 2 years, his grades improved. 2/C year proved to be good to him, as this was when he began dating the girl of his dreams . . . and very serious it is. Late nights with guitars and heavy metal music drove Smokin' crazy. Best of luck! JTM 2.0 15

James Arthur Anderson

Arcata, California
Surface Warfare

It started Plebe yr. The 2 w's.U: "you didn't want her anyway" Me:"Yeah but.."... Should we call the cops? I don't know, can you walk? We can't drive down there ! Gee things sure have changed around here. everything happens for a reason. Bye LP..only girlymen need apply. then monkdom. 500 later at RH= renewed vigor as you and RL claw your way to the future."I don't want to hear it" "Yeah, but it's only fair." Hey, thanks for taking my duty. Where's the heat? You are the only person I know to have ever worn hole in his blue mag. Nocturnal? The more I sleep the sooner it will end. No air yet,but stay determined. Seriously though,best of luck to you in the fleet and with your valued one. You have been a good friend and I wish you the best. DMP

Jaimeson Joseph Arnone

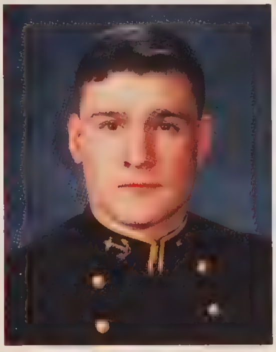
Ligonier, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

Bootleg Account,Stallion Head Log,White Carnation List,Disco Fever, John Travolta->(God),Money Hog(Cellular One),PSU & Youngstown Wkeds,Keyed Explorer,Tribal Band($200),Plaid Shirts,Fridge (Stocked), Mamma & Don Arnone,Heinz Ketchup & Jiff Peanut Butter (never King Hall),Million CD's,Million $ Cleats for Intramural Softball, Coaching, Homecoming(Tracy),Staten Island,NY, PigDog (D.P.),Blown Out Speaker-"He Who Breaks The Law...Goes Back To The House Of Pain!",Sandals,Gloves-Cover-Ring-> POOF: For No Apparent Reason, You Tell Me J..Booms Thru The Wall,Not 1-But 2 Audis, Sideburns, Ram's Head World Beer Club,Hospital Point For You, Rolling Rock, White Russians,Fathead,#86-First Start-Last Start,CD Sale, PileOns (MorePeople), "Things Cost More For A Reason",Mexican Barking Spiders,Heat=0,If Soap Fell-Stay in Rack,Grease,You Know What You Can Do. MVM, 2.0 15

Charles Tillman Berry, Jr.

Carney's Point, New Jersey
Marine Corps Pilot

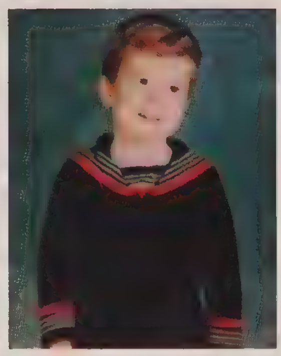
Nice name. Who's going to lead us in "Blue and Gold"? You know. Sorry about almost ruining your chance with TW. Wisely changing sand to crystal. He started with 150's--then came weight. A very promising rugby career was next. Don't jump on pledged floors. That guy just missed death from the water bomb. Rugby gave you a new nose and knee. "Trust me, I know, I wrote a paper on it!" Hackey with a knee brace does not work. "You guys should really go on stage. AHHGG!" $500 for bar school--better spent on a bar stool. Rugby president, Co Cdr--I think you need to wear more hats in one semester. Sweat bands were appropriate. Wore cowboy boots once--Oops--only once (can't dance as well). We still haven't asked for your advice. Southern Jersey is not like that. Yea right! a landfill is a landfill. You were born to be a Marine. Good luck and Semper Fi. CML, DMM 2.0 15



Todd Andrew Butler

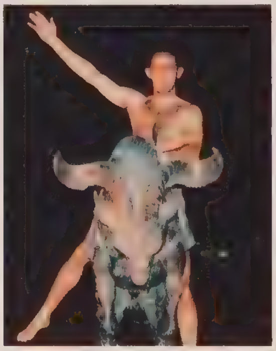
Ellicott City, Maryland
Surface Warfare

Butthead,Butts,Drew. This CO of Navy Baseball travelled all the way from Ellicott City for his 4 years by the bay. It didn't take long for Butts to get in the swing of things. "Hey, I think Autry likes you man!" Needless to say TAB proved quick both on the ball diamond and with the wu-men. As the starting freshman shortstop, Duff knew the deal. As 19/15's premier dark helmut(House-party '90) we knew the deal. School came even easier to Butthead."I'll be an Ocean Eng.!" he said, but sooner or later you'll go General. "That's ok, I'll raise my QPR," he vowed. Hey man, no, I don't think they called your number yet. Ain't but a thing. 4 years as roommates, nuff said. I've spent more time with you and your family than my own. How can I describe our time together, in this little space, so that they can understand? Don't have to. Cause your my bro...and you know the deal. Triple A, 2.0 15.



Scott Nelson Callaham
Houston, Texas
Nuclear Power - Submarines

SNC, the Rodent, Red Rodent, Flying Rodent, Systems Master, and finally, but not least, SUBMARINER. Whether or not Scott realizes it, in his own manner he rivaled JAA in the total number of his uniformed female friends. Don't be deceived; Scott was always for God and country, especially as a paratrooper and through the submarine service. Also, despite all appearances, he was a member of 15(19), not just D&B and the Airborne Training Unit. Don't forget being challenged professionally by MC, socially by DAM, two mini-computers, double world (the box everyone had to look at), zero alcohol, dreams of a Taurus, tremendously huge chocolate-chip cookies, Gina's car, two plebe details, various musical "projects", the alarm that rang forever, fish under your bed, and "Did you hear Mim's getting kicked out?" Watch the reactor glow and Good Luck! GAM, SNC 2.0 15



Brian Michael Dwyer
Burke, Virginia
Marine Corps

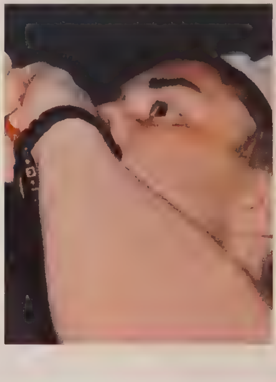
BMD entered the Academy, the fastest little white boy you ever did see. With the passing of "Hubble" and his high school girlfriend, and the introduction of JMS, went all morals but one. ...And even that one is now in question...Goat Court fly-by's..Fifth Deck Loungin'..Adding links to the P-chain..BMD takes Plebe Indoc one step too far..JHF as room entertainment..Not so fast white boy tries new sport..NARC with 0.79, GE brings good things to life..Weekends of goldfish-and-three-point-far-east-adventures at JMU..Darth meets Catwoman at PCB..Hoorahs, Huas, and Hooyahs..Not so big white boy switches to intramurals..Holdin' onto the wardroom couch..Taking Ferg's 'vette for a ride..fingers, pens, and bananas will all go down in the annals of history. Uncle Sam's definitely gaining a Misguided Child. ---JMS, RJF, JHF, CML, KM, 2.0 15

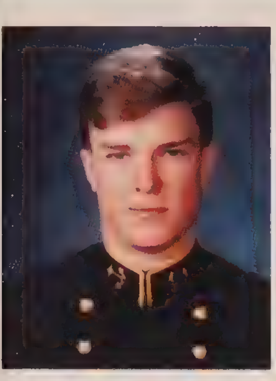
John Harlan Ferguson
Bossier, Louisiana
Surface Warfare

The man with a million nicknames came to us from Louisiana with as much knowledge about the Academy as he had about women and beer. After JMS's corruptive influence, JHF set out Youngster Year on trips to Hood, OC, JMU, and Panama City to put his mark on history. PING. JHF finally found a home in York, PA (AKA Fergland) where he terrorized a certain sorority. P-man topped off Second Class Year with an exciting Ring Dance (HA HA) and a new Eagle Talon. We all know Ferg really drives a 'vette. It will be amazing if JHF remembers Firstie Year since Cinderella libs and civies meant Ferg would blow off his important 3-striper duties (3-Stripes ?!?!) to find the daily specials. No one will forget his famous ma jokes and we wish him and Cindy the best after graduation. -MPS, JMS, BMD, and the rest of 2.0 15

Eric Neil Fontaine
Grand Forks, North Dakota
Surface Warfare

Guns came from the frozen tundra of NODAK. Plebe summer brought a burst lung and a man named Trail. You were a recluse youngster year with the convict until you became a Cisco Kid. Hockey was your world and you got better with age. Second class year brought new roommates and new problems-where are the girls? Metallica and Georgetown produced restriction and depression (0 for us!), and Ropie produced high schoolers. You bought your Supra and entered the world of debt. You got lost in the dark but found the light? Signs, Signs, everywhere Sines!! Yeah Tubra/Wubra! First class year meant you were sat-finally! You still drove us crazy with your seeds, pops, rug, and the fungus cup, but we'll always love your care packages. You made it through fine and vowed never to come back! Somehow we believe it! Fair winds and following seas! The best is yet to come! Bye now Whooare! IHTFP JWM, EJR 2.0 15





Rick John Fratus
Mission Viejo, California
Special Operations

R.J.--such a nice boy...pshaw. QDS's personal tuck. Wild Man gone bad..like milk. Skinny crew days and "once in a lifetime" high and tight. Oh, those muddy Hood nights...thanks MT. Who left this bottle here? His heroes: TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES. Rugby wasn't his sport because it didn't require smooth legs. Cycling brought speed bumps and skid marks. Was your sponsor just your sponsor? What would Barbie think? Little Mermaid? None of them would have let you fake unconsciousness, I don't think. Is the CNO really your uncle? Does he live on Guarana roots, bugs, sprouts, power bars, and soybean chips too? The room always smelled fresh and clean (pretolg). What happened to fly or die? Sorry Mom. Even though you are too innocent, I admire the hell out of you. Good luck and COWABUNGA! May the candle of knowledge never flicker or die. Get Hard! Go Deep! DMM, JWM, JMS 2.0 15

John Joseph Hogan, Jr.
Whitman, Massachusetts
Surface Warfare

Hogie, roommate, brother. Surface Warrior.Nice pink dress, lady killer. Ask not what you can do for your country, but what your country can do for you.Ring dance booz-cruz,hot choc-n-shnaps on roofs,slight hole in your pants.429-AA,TB,CS,SS,CN,SE,KM.Where did those steps come from? Army-Navy,one night at Davis',over the wall your thrown,Rack-ho(25 classes?).New Year's Eve-blur,100 more blurs,Engineer-RIGHT.Cup-of-Joe,0530 runs w/ LO,bucket hats at Ba-Ha.stool smpl. Last of the Mohicans,paper bag swim trunks, honor rep,rack again. Where's my sox hat? torture in the canoe, no one caught a fish in 4 years. Slingshots from the upper deck. To Grandmom and Grandy-THANX. Hogie- Fair winds and following seas. May you always be my roommate-see you in San Diego! Thanks for being who you are(you big teddy bear). The sky is the limit for you my friend. Your best bud and second brother. TB 2.0 15

John David Kennard
Norfolk, Virginia
Surface Warfare

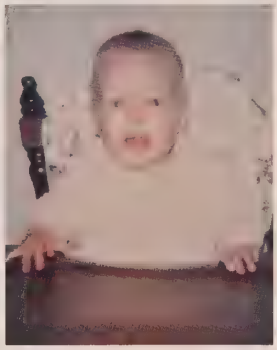
Graced with taste for the finer life, "Sleeps" danced to rasta and Diga beats and consumated the day with Shelly and Keats. Inspiration moved us brightly past D-day to the serenity on the frontier, where nature sung us songs of firstie year; composed of an excess of women and beer. When all the years combine and melt into a dream, you'll be sounding the horn and tapping the tambourine. Composing the sweetest melody of life that could ever be hurled, sending it over the roofs of the world. Despite the system and its mind-numbing grind, we took a path of another kind. Despite the expectations of others, we made it. We have no regrets I say, because we laughed all the way. RAW

Chad Micheal Larges
Frankenmuth, Michigan
Naval Flight Officer

"Sasquatch, Yeti, X-Man, LARGE-___, Frankenstein", many memories follow: 2% Club, guide-on, Furno's roomie, field ball stitches, "ten inches of New Mexico", G'town ten man lift, Dr. Peppers, fourth deck water bombs, aerosol shower torches, USS Carl Vinson, Mo Jo's, Aboriginees, Forklift, "all I remember is the red spot on a white background", Lemondrops w/JHF, rigging the heads during Army week (Carazo), brushing teeth while laying down in shower, Buuuiiick—OOPS—this is not my room, taking the Λ off your beer, French tooth-brush tricks, 21 yr. old body with a 6 year old mind, night-time flying flip-flop assaults on Ferg, polka fest w/ Marv Herzog, our journey to Frankenmuth-WHY?, racking out in complete uniform including reefer and cover, wall ball w/ Chad = broken window, "Don Joy test boy", Rugby- ALL EAST and Beating Army! CTB, DMM, 2.0 15

Joseph Thomas Madrid
St. Louis, Missouri
Navy Pilot

Joe arrived at the Boat School straight from Lindbergh High. When we heard "Death from above, sir," we knew it was him. After two years of incompatible roommates, he finally moved in with a rodent and a pistoleer. During youngster year shooting became his passion. He had lots of fun giving trouble to the "Gundog." Team trips were great for him, and two years as All-American was even better. Al Pacino had a great time at Hanscom with G.K. and J.C. He was sorry to see his time shooting for Navy end. Commissioning week and the ring dance brought more fun with C.A. Though they and their dates missed most of it, it was a time they will never forget. 1/C year brought endless hours of terrible guitar playing and trash metal music from his roommate. Through it all he always remembered the winter of sledding and broken sleds with J.L.,D.M.,& S.S. Stay dry and good luck, Flyboy. CCA. 2.0 15



James Woodrow Mason
Richmond, Virginia
Surface Warfare

Mace came bearing parabola doo, cottage cheese, a football head, an hour glass, and a gunt. Plebe year and swimming brought on Auschwitz and a lightning bolt for Army. Youngster year you put a Kappa Delta in the hospital, Georgia was close but no cigar, you learned to love seafood, and failed your first? class. Savior came from Ropes, Cisco, and Guns. As a second class, you stood restriction for a concert and a golf club. Forrestal lectures, pasta fests, and beer at the Webbs'. You dropped the Little Mermaid for THE bimbo and made three strikes on the PCR. Ring Dance ended an era so you could don the 'ex-V' cap with pride. You finally got the jeep of "justice". Firstie year you got the best part of the room and somehow made Supe's List. Then came college girls, parties, and the ownership of NODAK. You leave a legacy behind you, prepare to be boarded! --ENF, EJR 2.0 15

Charles Sumner Merrill
Solon, Ohio
Navy Pilot

Bouy floated to Canoe U. finely prepped by dear ole' Deerfield. No, this is Annapolis not Caimbridge, but maybe you can still make Wharton. Chip tried to pretend by becoming an Economics major but there was still Boats, EE, and Steam to contend with. The Bimmer was a nice touch, but didn't change anything. Remember Hood College and phone booths, sweaters, and Dempsey dumpsters? How about American and your own private bathroom? Then there were the weekend jaunts to Jersey and summers in Georgetown. Tantrums were all you. There's the ever famous FMMC outburst, and the poster destruction field day. We will always remember your love for the homestead with talk of the "famous" Greenville Inn and such Quotes as "Cleveland is a great town, really." Sure Chip, whatever you say. Good luck in the future and have a great time as a pilot since there is nothing else to do. KM, JWO 2.0 15

David Michael Mikkola
Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Maqrine Corps Pilot

Arrived here from the corn in Iowa. He never had a real mattress before, so he stencilled his. Dreams of 2% club died early. What did you do with that bottle? Cigars and pipes on green beach. Snacks after taps. Sending puke mail. I'll never drink again. Big Black Stuff. Crew and medical almost lost flight career. Older Aussie(much older). Country singing career in PI. Sweden sent him one. Spring break in PC brought romance then turmoil. Rugby career was adventurous and full of fiber. She goes where? Enter a goalie. Strawberries and champagne-worked for you. Country dancing career in Muth. Politics and barbie dolls are in future. Ask me, I remember everything from last night-wrong. Excellent organizational skills (ie.laundry)-wrong again. One more Cheetah face for me. No head shaving for you-her again. Once a Marine always a Marine. Good luck and Semper Fi. RJF, CML, CTB, 2.0 15

David Arthur Miller

Houston, Texas

Navy Pilot

A year's exile at NMMI helped Dave survive plebe year. Found at guide-on first set '89. Got a 3.8 his first semester. Later decided math wasn't hard enough and so decided to double with history. Youngster year found him challenged professionally by PETRINI, socially by SCC, and athletically by golf. Hung in tough through the summer of '91. A little too aggressive for playing squash but just right for coaching it. Knows every road in the Appalachians, especially I-40. Favorite place: Vanderbilt. Likes fish but dislikes scaling them. An entrepreneur of compact kitchen appliances, finally opening a spaghetti joint for the rest of his squad. Seen more often at the grocery store than King Hall. Minimum haircut and maximum rack. Seventy calls a month on the walkie-talkie. Overall a man to be remembered for his perseverance and independence, and a true friend to QDS. God Bless. QDS 2.0 15

Kenneth Milvid

Seattle, Washington

Naval Flight Officer

Vile man came to us via El Paso, New York, Colorado Springs, Phoenix and Seattle. Ken was never one to deny that everyone has his price. Bananas, Farm Animals, and quick-drawing in the shower. Plebe crew gave way to rugby. Ken had ulcers from aeronautical engineering and migranes from a little white Toyota. GE brought good things to life. Boxes of Frito Lay chips. Don't give away your watch to just anyone. Nearly everything causes gas, and too much beer does worse—every time. Either way we've had to evacuate the room too many times. His animal magnetism has attracted psycotic nurses and a powerful Hoover or is it Norelco. Frequent trips to Baltimore, talking in your sleep, and anything for money. Good luck and if two more fall, you're a pilot. CSM, JWO, CML, 2.0 15

Michael Vincent Mineo

Easton, Pennsylvania

Navy Pilot

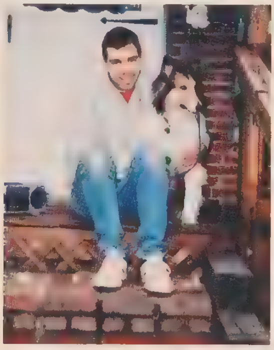
Nuclear Ape to Flying Ape in a day,Room 5149-gouge central,The Guru of Gouge,Blatant abuse o'the system,Woodpecker Cider,Soiled trou, Saturday nights at Fat Jack's- $17 Kamikaze pitchers(what?),Study period=0 when C.B. walks in,YOU eat all my beef jerky and my pasta when I'm not looking!,Bursted blood vessels,Squatting the house, Pigskin & the Troll,My cellular secretary,Why did you fry me- Academic Gestapo Officer?,Service selection party at K.'s, Disco dancing before noon formation,Bud Club card at Griff's, Why Twelvth Company put trash out at 5:00pm?,Penguins skating on deck in the morning, Sorry but Prince went out in '84, Eagles are real LOSERS,Laundry Gremlins, "Why you such a h-----?",Why is "Mineo" mentioned in my mafia book?, Midstore parking lot "Hop Rep",Short lived wrestling career, Maybe you shouldn't have had that last beer on H.Pt.(fried), You & K. will make a great couple-you're lucky to have her/2.0 15

George Arthur Minick

Bethel Park, Pennsylvania

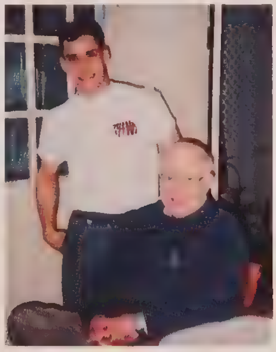
Surface Warfare

George was, is and shall forever be one of the few brain-childs of 15. However, a 3.5 QPR was not heaven sent and Jorge spent all of his first three years studying. Perhaps it was the attempt on his life by an ex-classmate that made G. realize the Hall was no longer a safe harbor. Bancroft was soon replaced by kiddy parks and the local watering holes. Keg stands and night dancing with the BULL(though he left you stumbling there) combined to give you that well rounded look. You went from sleeping in laundry bags to Warrior of the Week in just 4 years! Standing ovations to Midnight Oil...NOT and founder of the famous or infamous "A resounding GEEEEEK!" have given you immortality. Disinterest in a shooting career has made you a very dangerous SWO. And you thought Bloomquist was the last remnants of your EE nightmare. STOP YOUR WHINNING Burkes are the cream of the crop and so are you.JT 2.0 15.



John William Postgate Oliver
Augusta, Georgia
Navy Pilot

Will came to Annapolis withered and disease-ridden. He skated through most of plebe summer via the rack. His shaving habits were only more criticized than his manual of arms. He was designated the personal bodyguard of a particularly helpless roomate. Youngster year brought the arrival of an avacado-green land yacht which made many college pilgrimages over three years. A leading member of the 2% club. Oh well, jet pilots don't get married. The rifle team gave him a good excuse not to drill, but proved to be too boring. Moved on to become a brigade champion weightlifter. Will has learned good cleanliness and organizational abilities of his personal items while at the Academy. 2000 pairs of shoes, and a matching wardrobe. Endless stories, endless rack, and endless golf outings. What can we say, he is destined to become a laid-back Naval Aviator. CSM, KM, LEO, DAM 2.0 15



Douglas Michael Phelan
Lynchburg, Virginia
Navy Flight Officer

Stir, you bug eatin, mouse chewin, motorcycle riding maniac. We've been together since Plebe year, it's hard to believe that either you or I will actually graduate from Canoe U. Plebe year brought us all a might closer, probably with a little help from Jim and his Beamer, and a nice 30 below field at S.J.. You will always be able to motivate your men with your talent for eating little raw delicacies. Youngster and fire-eatin year brought about an acute case of "Old Man" syndrome that was only brought into remission by your talent for "quick work". Firstie year will always be remembered as the year of confinement. But don't fault yourself, it was all the work of your, or should I say my "lucky green shirt". Without it you would probably have been a free man all year, and would have had to take out a loan at FOB.Good luck to you buddy, with the Navy, and CC & Co.. Many memories will be taken to the grave. JAA

Eric John Ropella
Pulaski, Wisconsin
Marine Corps

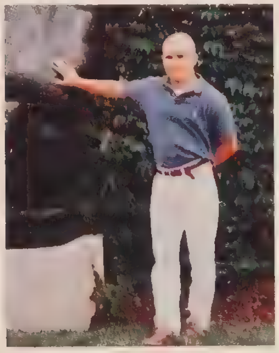
Since plebe summer, everybody knew what Ropie was all about. From shoving off "Staying Alive" style and becoming the "male slut," Ropes made a name for himself. Plebe year brought a boycott (yeah roommate!), and a discovery of certain revealing tapes. Youngster year changed with the arrival of chicks from USC, the bug and vette, and spring break-"sorry you got sick Sopie!" Second class summer brought the dark side and some months with an ape. Second class year brought Guns and a basic barn. Fish died and roommates got fried, but somehow you stayed clean. High school groupies were everywhere and you got us involved-thanks! The moose got captured, so you got a pony. A porsche came and went thanks to yet another snapperhead. You finally met Rae and entered the twilight zone never to emerge again. Semper Fi. Who's your daddy? ENF. JWM 2.0 15

Jeffrey Michael Scott
Tallahassee, Florida
Special Operations

SLOT. Emily-I respect her. Dee Dowis-quarterback on the bank. Sang the Swan song. Worked the speedbag. Posed for January. Babysat Kelly. Damn Seagulls. Pipe-smoking in the rack with your walkman. Puked in your cover. Bob the lava god. 5th Deck Lounge. Alice won't die. The stereo begins. Yessir,we'll turn it down. V-Day Ball w/Schnaz & Frienz. Color-coded list. P-chain got some long links. PCB. Mack-truckin. Owning a La'Franchise. All study no play. Spotting Ferg-ping. Fergabuse. Played darts w/JHF's face. Hole hunting at JMU. Doorknob. 35 Days of Metallica--Happy B-day. Scuba in FL-My ear hurts alittle. Allnite movies in Philly. Chef Slot. I'm really in love this time. Is it worth a case of beer? FYBGFY. Ram's Head. Throw out a kickstand. Soccer coach of the year. Warm cow intestines. Mexican Nuts. It's OK, we're divers. GET HARD. GO DEEP. BMD,JHF,CML,MPS,RJF,LA 2.0 15

Quinn David Skinner
Carlsbad, New Mexico
Surface Warfare

QDS, king of bleach and the chopping helicopter/tank. Later that year QDS turned out a 3.8 and Supe's stars. Never will we forget the 10" LP, RB's high blood pressure, "Why did you say what?" Army Week dip cans, and too much grog. There were other high and lows to be sure. A wrecked sponsor's car, the Baltimore girl, Indianna Skinner and the Window of Doom, the long grind of second class year and many weekends with the Navigators, white-water rafting, ski trips, camping, hiking, keyboard meastro, hold the OJ, "I would never date a MIDN," but later a certain redhead, Bible studies, remember the 7th-wing garbage truck, hair line like dad. The AC Rocks said thanks for the EI. A fine squad-dad & Brigade assistant adjutant. Finally, Mech E. turns bull as commo for DDG-52. Godspeed to one of the best. GAM,JWY 2.0 15



Farrell Joseph Sullivan
Dix Hills, New York
Marine Corps

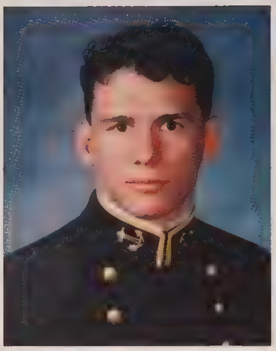
He's as Irish as they come with a name like that, but we still called him Vinny and Guido. He came to us as a skinny wrestler with a fat head but with a great high and tight. You looked sick trying to make weight, but you found another sport and set all kinds of records. LA and FJ-like rice and corned beef. How about those comfy rain gutters. So how did you pay for that window anyway, you don't know your own strength. Running the gauntlet with Star Wars playing full blast. I'll never forget the day you told JT and LA about SM. You couldn't shoot hoops that well, but we played awesome D. USMC or IRA, either way you're a shoe in. You didn't need the parking privilege anyway. Moooore People!!! You're always on the bottom. Semper FI, Mac your the kind of Marine legends are made of. OOOOH Rah! LA 2.0 15

Michael Phillip Summers
Mt. Kisco, New York
Surface Warfare

John David Tolg
Alexandria, Virginia
Surface Warfare

JDT, Tolga, Tolgster, how can we ever forget Whiteworks Tolg, the BBG-61 Iowa of Tolg's Navy, sleeping in the fourth deck rain gutter, "the do," flirting with ocean engineering, how much from the New Orleans bet, the secret poet society, Founder of Secret Santa, "How much is Tolg really worth?," a union with the lands of Key West, a doctor of philosophy or a politician, one stripe or two in 93, and the outpost? Who else danced with the Bull so well? An unfaltering commitment to classmates, but don't try to imitate Bob Dylan or Midnight Oil for them. It was also reported that JDT stretches a penny from USNA to Mars and takes everyone else's beer. JDT belongs in his bright red Porsche 944 turbo. Don't worry JDT, you'll still get elected because deep down you have class. GAM 2.0 15

Sixteenth Company



Robert Aaron Weis
Erie, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

Straight outta Erie, just rollin' along, came Smilin' Rob, humming his own song. (Look at that fro! And no shoes on his feet! Is this guy for real, Can he stand the heat?) Smilin' Rob made us all smile: A mental vacation for a short while. When not out searching for the essence of fun, Smilin' Rob and his rack became one. Time was the medium that regulated life, weekends connected by a brain-sapping grind. Two days a week cut like a knife through the others...just shutting off the mind. One summer he was almost out the door: "Goin' to where the climate suits my clothes, don't want to be treated this way no more." But Smilin' Rob grappled his way through: Took down the Academic Dean for two. Up against the 'Dant lookin' for the win, and on May 26th, he walked away with the pin! Ahhhh, Infinity! Who really cares? It's alright Ma, it's life and life only......JDK

John Wesley Yarger
Brisbin, Pennsylvania
Marine Corps

After a year's leave at NMMI, Yardgouge humped to Canoe U. After a rough first semester he learned to disappear (sailing, CSTS). Youngster year found Y&R in the hole academically but still plowing along. Maybe he would've found CompSci a little easier had he not sold his computer after plebe year. Heard the call of the Corps during this same time. Kept a low profile during Bulldog. Got the bends in Panama City on weekends during Airborne - every weekend. Ac-year weekends found YardAnimal in PA with his nurse. His last Spring Break found him comatose on top of a TV. Unequalled in keeping track of his credit card debts. Hobbies: watching his Japanese stock fund lose money and Brigade boxing - depending on the academic climate. Took the plunge and gave a ring for Valentine's '93. John never lost that smile that kept us from taking life or ourselves too seriously. God Bless.--QDS,BMD 2.0 15

Arlen Edward Aspenson
Los Angeles, California
Surface Warfare

ARAAT!-Snarlin Arlin, of the Sea Cadet special forces, rose from the ashes of the violent concrete jungle, LA. He is a self described Tom Cruise look alike, only shorter. If you have a holiday he has the religion. Plebe summer was quite an experience as we all learned from him the story of Baseball Bats. They're made of wood. As the reigning cripple crown prince the numbers 10:31 and 2:00 have many connotations. Our rack god began his path away from the Submarine community by sleeping through his Calc III final. When Junior pulled him from his slumber his hopes for deep submergence left his dreams forever. Even his own mother is not safe from the entrepreneurial spirit which forced him to turn a profit from his computer sale at her expense. Always willing to lend a hand or a word he will be sailing the seven seas off the coast of Cali. Don't let those seamen tape you to any bulkheads. Good Luck Arleigh. BEAT ARMY!!!!-T, J,BK,Ham,Kimmer

Benjamin John Brown
Elizabethton, Tennessee
Marine Corps

Ben came out of the back woods of east Tennessee to join our class at USNA. Having never seen a ship before, let alone been on one, he had no idea what to expect. He found out the hard way youngster summer. Between the YP and sub cruises, Ben was compelled to go Corps (he already had the haircut anyway). Always known for his friendly disposition and fondness for mids, Ben would never pass up an opportunity to be with his family (the one back home, that is). His only real goal in four years was to return home and become a hermit. You'll get back someday, Ben. We've been through a lot as four year roommates (who else would live with us, or could for that matter?). Remember sweat Plebe year, the nightmare room, the voodoo doll, real rackers club, Morton's parking lot, applications (USC & UT), the year of the Monk(ey), the monk mobile caper, and all the other fun. Take it easy and good luck to you. CAJ

Colvert Pegollo Burgos
San Diego, California
Surface Warfare

Colvert Burgos came to us from CA, but insists that he is a die-hard Filipino. The truth is that he has never been to the Phillipines. The aspiring Mech E. soon discovered that his study habits did not support such a destiny. Though his academic pursuits were not steadfast, his relationship with Rowena, his Filipino princess of San Diego, endured. The highlight of Colvert's professional career came at NL303 Mess Night. The Burgman was so moved by the remembrance for our fallen comrades, that he himself attempted to join their ranks by decorating the floor of King hall on his knees. This event propelled him into the number three position of accumulated demerits in the company. Colvert has proved himself to be a valuable friend to each and every person in the company, and someone who was always willing to help another person in need. For Col, the dedicated SWO, his quest for permanent duty in San Diego is at hand, as he begins his naval career on the Horney. CJH & JAM

Daniel Geoffrey Eckert
Cuba, New York
Surface Warfare

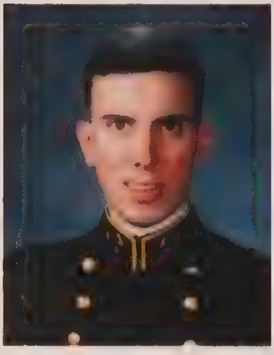
Out of the Cuban tundra came a man who was never too cool to sweat. Plebe summer, they called him "Shakey"--he quivered as his uncle did, agonizing over rates, knowlegde, and life. When ac year started, the budding history major began to clone his patriarchal academia, philosophizing and b-essing his way to the top of the Group III's. Youngster year brought the Big Four, Ninja Turtles, suffering through Yanni, and regaining bouncing baby bachelor status. Second class year started a string of super, shiny stars and solo 1/c weekends. Spending firstie summer in Europe and aboard ship aided service selection decisions: a neat grey boat because it came with a nifty green cap. Firstie year brought stripes and luxurious out-of-company striperdom. Although his liberal, agnostic, and rebellious mind has taken a beating in this conservative sea, Eckmo stands ready for Japan and five years of SWO, then stunt doubling for Mick Jagger. No one cares about Stalin- AK,F

Dennis Ray Hall, Jr.
Durant, Oklahoma
Navy Pilot

Denny joined us at the Severn River Club fresh from HS from way out yonder where the buffalo roam. Four years of "higher learning" and CMEO training never changed this cowboy from anything other than just a "good ol' boy." Plebe Year was a blur with brief memories of rumbles, brick sessions, and "spilled peaches." Youngster Year Denny joined us on the wilder side in the "barn" but never got accustomed to our late night bull sessions and endless procrastination--he just simply wanted to rack. Second Class Year saw the "barn" split and Denny and myself tasked with breaking in the "Zoomer". Firstie Year, Denny, as first semester company commander, led 16 to our first climb from the bottom of color points. Denny will leave with the rest of us and become a bachelor for only a week and a half before he returns home to marry the love of his life--his dearest Bridgette. Denny, Good luck, God bless, and may all your dreams come true. SCRumph

Philip Edward Hansen
Golden, Colorado
Surface Warfare

Out of the Rocky Wilderness, came the Lion, the self proclaimed Beastmaster. During his time at the USNA, he acquired the worldly skills of orange peeling, baseball throwing, and absorbing punches with his face. The crowning achievement of his career was earning the name HAMMER. Then came Youngster year, when the Ham was blinded by the fireworks of love. Hammer was rarely seen after that, as he spent most of his time at his sponsor's house, repairing smog pumps and being a couch potato. After decent grades Plebe year, Mech E spooked him yet flailing grades could not drag him down. He is on his way to becoming an automotive, architectural, or Amway engineer; For the present he will be joining NOSLOT in its ever growing fight against the worlds minefields. We sincerely hope that everything will work out for Hammer and his dream car, dream house, dream woman, dream world, and dream universe. We love you Ham... F & JAM, CPB, JSH, AJK, etc.....



Christopher John Hanson
River Forest, Illinois
Nuclear Power - Submarines

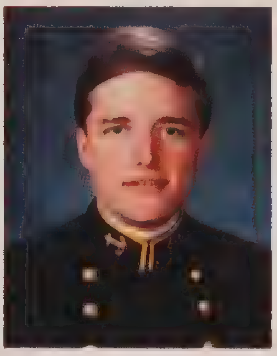
Skinny joined our ranks from River Forest, IL (aka Chicago), where he spent his vacations building weapons of destruction. He distinguished himself academically, though could never prove that anyone can get a 4.0. Hans will most be remembered for his brilliant shower inspecting techniques. This not only made him a martyr, but also the 1st ever MDO. Aside from that, how can one forget the trail he blazed from Harry Browne's to the 16th Co. Wardroom? The wardroom will forever have the scent of second hand Adelscot. The Frog did not spend ALL of his time working, he managed to squeeze in one date in his four years. Regardless of all that, Skinny's hard work and dedication has paid off, leading him to bigger and better bonuses in the nuke world. We know you'll be successful in everything you do, but if nuke school doesn't work out, you can always come back to USNA as a barber. CPB & JAM

Jon Shaw Hetland
St. Paul, Minnesota
Marine Corps

Minnesota sent us a Sheep, and the Iceman Cometh. We always knew when the rookie of the year was in season by the divine reek and rank equipment pile in the hall for all to relish. Butch brought us magnificent prowess in art as well as the nicest derrier a man could boast. As a youngster, the "puck head" studied hard to become a throbbing Mech E. But as a 2/C, true colors flew during the NL303 Hurl Night, as the morning dawned more than a battered brain and body in his rack. Destiny??-how could anyone marry a drifting darling found afloat on the immaculate Severn but Schlick? Lisa is a true babe (and we love Popi too). The devoted, inseperable "H's" would single handedly take over as party reps (beer gymnastics). A Checker Pig and a burgundy bavarian bomber provide cool locomotion. Everyone's favorite Co-Captain showed us how to cut class and be the center of attention-- who needs a spleen or two lungs anyway? GOOD LUCK IN THE CORPS!! Ham & F

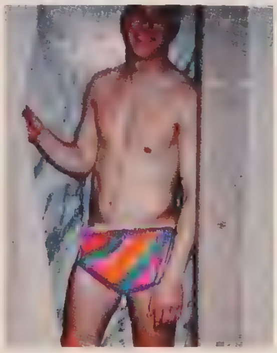
Charles Adler Johnson
Riverside, California
Surface Warfare

Charley: noun (chuk) 1: IHTFP 2: Non-surfing Californian who cannot understand why anyone would live outside southern California 3: Consumer of alcoholic beverages (holds them down except in country bars) 4: Clarence 5: Only known being capable of finding the negative in everything, no matter how remote or disguised the problem may be 6: World's happiest frigate driver 7: toilet paper distributor 8: One of the few men in this world who is both an officer and a gentleman. After four years of wanting to go home, may you some day get there, and may it be everything you dreamed of while at USNA. BJB



Andrew James Kimsey
Kalamazoo, Michigan
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Kimmer is a native Michigander coming to the Naval Academy from the beautiful city of Kalamazoo. Having roomed with Kimmer for three years, I can attest that he has been in training for the "corps" for more than three years. During the most beautiful sunny days at Annapolis, Andy would close the blinds in his room, turn on the overheads and stare at his computer screen playing games incessantly for hours. Despite his success at computer games, Kimmer would "occasionally" neglect his studies as illustrated by his asking, "If jets travel faster than the speed of sound, how can they communicate?". Obviously our resident physics guru missed a few practical applications in his numerous physics classes. Andy turned out to be one of my closest and most trustworthy friends at the Naval Academy. His loyalty was never questioned and I knew that I could count on Andy for anything. I was lucky to have a friend as good and genuinely kind as Andy James Kimsey. DGE



Patrick Robert Lehman
Gaylord, Michigan
Naval Flight Officer

Pat came to us from Gaylord, Michigan in the summer of '89. After an intense battle with the Annapolis climate, Pat proved that he had come here with one purpose: To crush everyone. He has proven this through his numerous stars and during the summer of 1991 (L-22-2). Senior year, he was so good at his job, he kept it all year! Speaking of senior yeqar, another addition came to Pat as weekend CDO. After countless hours of phone time (mostly after midnight) he and hes Harley-loving girl finally met. Be careful when getting her flowers, some 'shops' are dangerous!

Set those boys in Pensacola straight, Pat. Fly high, shoot straight and ride hard! RLM

Jay Alan Matzko
Phoenix, Arizona
Naval Pilot

Arizona may seem merely a haven for sweaty cactus, yet it has yielded a fair-skinned, red-headed thouroughbred grocery bagger, #1 (of 2) state squash champ, and foul-footed mid. From plebe summer you adopted JP Jones' qualications: "he is the soul of tact..." Ever since someone murmured "LLL-" you have relentlessly brought us the free-spoken, jests and jeers of your mind, the bold and brave badgerings of your pals- or anyone else. Somehow, visions of USMC fairies were shot down by Mav, and you altered your dogma, but you never came to refuse gifts or FOOD. One of your fav roomies must have rubbed you right, as you became a mad (computer) scientist. Navy Squash has never met a harder working underachiever as JAM; who could create a mean home brew and have the diligence to resist indulgence? We know your work ethic, virtues, and dedication will be rewarded with a terrific Terri and young turks. All the best to the only one to never called me Fred...

Robert Lance Moskal
West Field, New Jersey
Marine Corps

What about Bob? Bob, the man who runs a marathon with a dislocated shoulder (I wonder how that happened?) and an arm taped to his side, and still finishes first in the company. Bob, the man who can score touchdowns and drink yards of beer. We have come to believe that Bob and PT are not only synonymous, but also inseparable. One cannot survive without the other, except when the blue magnet attacks an unwary Bob. After only a few days of Bulldog, with 100% performance, the instructors conspired with the medical team, claining that he had obtained some type of highly contagious rash and should spend the summer at home, when in fact they just wanted a break. Coronado breathed easier when they heard Bob selected Marine Corps. No pain, No pain. When all else fails, use brute force. What the heck, why not try it first, right Bob? Good Luck, What About, and go easy on Quantico. PRL

Paul Christopher Ostrowski
Annapolis, Maryland
Navy Pilot

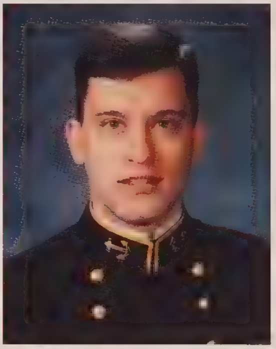
Ozzz, you came to grace us with your friendship, and artillery from the halls of NAPS. The second coming of the Babe, only to succumb to babes of darkness. From the days as a professional plebe threatening harm on the 3/C and travelling to an oblivious destination with our 2/C, you were well on the way to flying for Delta. Fortunately, you joined our side, wielding a sword for two semesters-plus.Which lucky woman will wear the ring of the master(?) of words and wooing. "I'm 37, I'm not old...I really don't like men in uniform," and other iffy times that we Shared caused reversion. But we endured and overcame, allowing for the annual March ascension to Heaven so we could enjoy divine dumpings and Keystone capers. Then service selection: "The gutsiest move I've (we've) ever seen." Mort, it's good to see all of that hard work and sweat paid off for such a great person and friend. "They" will ALWAYS be funny, so long live Mickey and the Mudblowers. F&S

Bernard Kennedy Owens
Colorado Springs, Colorado
General Unrestricted Line

B "HUG IT" O-the man, the myth, the legend. Introductions were a little rough, "People call me Bernard.", OK Bern Baby! Plebe summer led to his title as Grand Master Skittles Sorter and Starburst Fort Builder. "Ack" year snuck up on him but he was never hard to find. As the company "hacker" you always knew that you could find him within arms reach of a working terminal. 50 hour study weeks were this Academic Officers trademark. He never gave up on his quest for dolphins even though his grades were lower than the crush depth for all but the finest boats in the world. The Gorton's Fisherman can well be remembered for his casual yet distinctive taste in clothing and lifestyle. If there was a ribbon for enduring the most harassment with the best humor he would win hands down. His good humor and willingness to lend a hand will serve him well in his time inside the Beltway and wherever in the CONUS his career may lead. Good Luck BK.-TPP

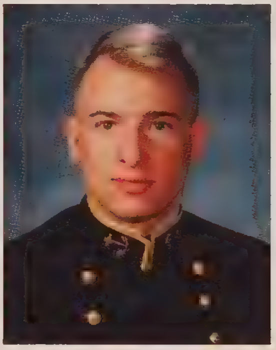
Timothy Paul Parks
Greene, New York
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Timmy comes to us from 'upstate'. My high school graduating class was larger than his home town yet he still called me a 'hick'. 'Loser' somehow managed to make it through this place without meeting even a single girl (that is if you don't count the few close encounters with his sponsor's daughter! - or the plebette 'friend' in D&B). Being a 'blower' in the D&B he was always quick to asses my musical abilities (or lack thereof) But judging by his performances in Dolly and Cabaret, he would make a good medieval minstral. He makes an excellent Training Officer too("I'm not doing it - they can just fry me! - well maybe not") Until he got his car, TP never saw the other side of the Annapolis Mall. (Still can't find Rt. 2) We musn't forget that physique! (here birdy, birdy) Too bad Beaker was too straight-and-narrow, otherwise I'd have more stuff to write. It's hard to pick on you - we spent too much time picking on BK. Later roomie... DEP :)



Donald Eugene Peacock, II
Omaha, Nebraska
Navy Pilot

Diamond D P-I knew I was in trouble when a gift from one of his friends appeared at the head of his rack stating, "Time tide and formation wait for no one; and my roomate's a loser!". He calls more states home than most tax evaders, but always stayed loyal to the Huskers. Plebe summer was spent in search of shelfclips and ac year in search of grades. Glassjaw Ice-D spent almost as much time on his back in boxing class as JLB did all plebe year. Procrastination should have been his middle name but as long as he got extensions things were always in on time. Pre-Chuck Fat Nanny Parties... Target practice with BK was always exciting. Donnie corrupted my perfect northern non-accent with a cross between Twang and Jive andthen told me I couldn't sing. Tag team slandering should have been our intramural. No one escaped our wrath in the four years by the bay including our favorite leprechaun and the fat young one. If it hurts Don't Do it. GOOD LUCK!-TPP



John Brian Petroff
Plano, Texas
Nuclear Power - Submarines

JB (aka Lunchbox, Buddha, Flounder, Curly) came straight from Plano with big dreams and an even bigger appetite. What times we've had. Plebe year rumbles and Oreos under the door. My attempt to fix us up for the formal Late night conversations about the multitude of women in our lives, but especially about HER. The youngster barn and all night E-mail conversations with yet another infatuation of yours. Sleeping through class and in class. 2/C year brought NL300 MESSY Night, widget marks on waxed decks and of course, Ring Dance with HER. Then as the fearless leader of the lean, mean and green company you really opened up the sweat glands. But, good times were still had. Wednesday nights, Service Selection and Spring Break. HIGHLANDER and Prof D. And now the submarine community will never be the same. Thanks for being such a good friend and roommate. JJR

Samuel Conrad Rumph III
Marshallville, Georgia
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Grandpa joined us in beautiful Annapolis after his extended tenure as a college student in California, Georgia, and Alabama. Sam's journey to USNA began in the southern town of Marshallville (pop 1500), where hospitality, Southern Belles, and annual dove shoots are traditional. Being a third year freshman, Scrumph had all the gouge on plebe year. Youngster year found us in the barn with Rustlenack and Lunchbox where late night bull secessions were a common occurrence. Studying was still his main priority firstie year, and he always left a light on when I was try to sleep. "Come on Sam, it's ten o-clock. Go to bed." Finally service selection came and Sam got his submarine billet. With his nuke bonus secured, Sam's golf game improved considerably. Between golf and talking to Miss Walker on the phone, Sam's time was finally well spent. Best of luck Sam. May God bless you and may you obtain your final goal as a lawyer. DRH

John Joseph Rusnak
Altoona, Pennsylvania
Nuclear Power-Surface

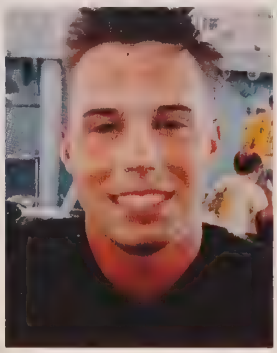
JJ joined the prestigious ranks at Canoe-U on the heels of his older brother. As a plebe, he showed his will power (stubbornness) to SCR in the light switch stalemate. It was at this time that he also mastered the candy machine that has served him many a meal since then. As a youngster, he honed his future study habits, spending many nights investigating flight of a football or frisbee through the Barn. 2/C year brought EE and the Ring Dance with ME. JJ survived both, but has less scars from the EE. Firstie year brought the ESE project and true dedication. Daily JJ would say something about his love for school and his need for the perfect woman. Over all the years, JJ has remained faithful to his beliefs (esp. women) and to his friends. JJ is the greatest roommate I could have had, just ask him, he'll tell you so. Thanks for the memories. God Bless and keep you. ---"LUNCHBOX"

John James Skelly
Eugene, Oregon
Surface Warfare

JJ, from Oregon you flew but your wings were soon clipped by four 5,000 series frys. Plebe year you pined for your infant lover. 3/C year you learned that you can't be caught drunk in plebette rooms after taps, and that all restriction musters are mandatory, even the last one. 2/Cyear you rode the babes on your Harley wanna-be and got your GQ glasses busted by the "man". 1/C year you went above and beyond the call of duty when you took on the YP,OINC of the USS Prison Ship, and redefined the antonym of tact, only to recieve a cold wake up call by the Dant himself. But all along the road you blessed us with your skill in the gym, flipping high above the best and sticking each landing with finesse. No Supply Corps, sorry-the ear trick didn't work, but all things told, you made it J^2, and no one can take that away. You've got one hell of a heart, way to go Bonehead.-SJT (Bvuucky)

Craig Ronald Tessin
Plymouth, Massachusetts
Navy Pilot

Fred came to us with horn in one hand and a hockey stick in the other. Now he leaves us for PCOLA with a cast on one hand and Mickey in the other. This institution was the great corruptor of our small town boy: laced red jello, keystone cops, and margaritaville. But our hero Fred would always stay in his room to study as the rest of the guys frequented the town taverns. Our easily persuaded Fred was a fiend on the slopes known to all the bunnies as the one-armed-bandit. Girlfriends were not Enrique's forte, his animal magnetism seemed to attract the most beautiful psycho felines in Annapolis. Fred's busy hand could be found in the studios of WRNV, "fixing" the cranberry mobile, playing golf, or jammin' with the Mudblowers. Seriously Craig, your friendship will always be treasured by those of us who were lucky to know you. Your success was our success, and your smiles and humor made this dreary place that much easier to endure. God Bless.-Paul, Jay & Dave.

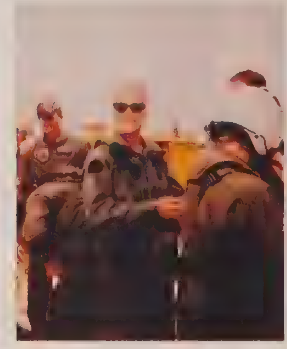


Shannon James Tillman
Ashbury, New Jersey
Special Warfare

Sparky, you're one straggler that's never given up, and after all your sweating you have reached your golden cup. A man who fooled them all with his stripes, wholesome smile, and coal to diamond demeanor, you could talk your way out of any UA, but once consuming, the devil inside came out. We now call you Evil Kenevil for your high flying acrobatics across I-95 that make even Skelly jealous. Luck seems your forte. I guess this place has taken its toll. Your body now is falling apart, and your mind has been lost to us, as you continue your perpetual stare into nothingness. Looking back at it all, you achieved something very special, your dream, a beautiful wife, and great friends. Shannon in all seriousness, you are a very special friend and person. Your integrity and convictions in what you believe shine in your indominable spirit that will always make us regard you with the deepest respect and affection. But remember you'll always be "bones" to me. -Skin.

Courtney Lee Van Schooneveld
Ada, Michigan
Naval Flight Officer

Courtney came to us from Michigan in July of '89 with no clue. Actually, that's not true. She wanted to be a pilot, but some funny things happened along the way. We didn't meet until second class summer; that's when the fun began. She started as a plebe on the V-ball team and became "captain, my captian." Remember our days in the gun-shop, and our honorary table by the bay at the 'barry. Oh yo, oh yo, catch this! You have this thing about team captains. Remember Debi-Country, sundaes, Cori in the hot tub, and our pep-talks. Nightly entertainment, I'm too sexy. Excuse me, may I go to the bathroom? The Three Muskateers. Fart and Fanny. Wednesday nights at Griffin's and "raging" with Robby and the guys in 8. The ultimate vacation in ST THOMAS. Are you still NGA? I'm looser than ever (not like that), and I owe it all to you. I love ya man! No, I love you! TZ (TM)



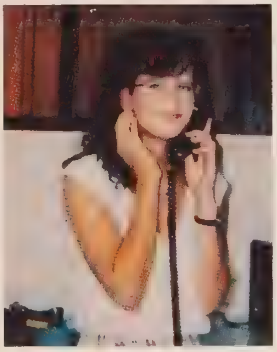
Megan Jean Waggoner
Sioux Falls, South Dakota
Navy Pilot

Megan joined us from S.D. with a Mississippit drawl. "When do the rest of the cadets get here?" displayed her knowledge of Canoe U. (6 of 6) Youngster Cruise: "Myra" started off her cruise right by playing B-Ball with "Glenn". This year was highlighted by the trip to the "American Werewolf in London". The "Dark Duo" managed to be labeled as alcoholics and "roommate breaker-uppers" by the end of the year. Firstie Year, even with a "'scuse me, please" on her car and fuelpump, etc., she was at the top of her "game": the captain, coach, manager, player, fan, and driver of the non-mandatory SB team, finisher of the MCM (why, I still don't know),star of PPFC, and social goddess. She still managed a little "tugboat making", too. Good luck in P-Cola and keep spreading your magic! RUVROO "..., stop it", "close your mouth","It wasn't a barking spider", "No thank you, pwease. "

Seventeenth Company

David Herbert Williams
New Haven, Connecticut
Marine Corps Pilot

Dave came to us from the town with blood on the streets. He started his infamous USNA career yielding a mighty Johnson lax stick. Unfortunately, the chicken legs gave way and he was forced to the Porch. Luckily his Quantico training prepared him for dealing with the temptations of a certain mouse and the treacherous malevolence of a certain warthog. After a plebe Floridian lapse, Spiderman joined his fellows as a killer bump hound, on a lunatic fringe, in a jackalope-infested, white heaven...Back in our stratosphere, he is frequently bedazzling the masses with a limited edition fender Stratocaster w/whammy bar, creating riffs and leads for the budding Mudblowers. Service Selection Santa was good to Willy, and gave him the potential to fire Zuni's at bogies. Luckily, Harriers don't go Mach 2, and you don't have much hair to catch fire--Dave, we'll never know what we're missing. Fair winds and following breeze-your Navy counterparts: P,J,F



Denise Ellen Wolff
Charlotte, North Carolina
Supply Corps

I do not want to comment on anything of the past four years at the Naval Academy. I wish only to acknowledge my best friends: Jennifer Browning (a crafty delinquent), Steve DeMoss (a sensitive man), and Jack Ewing (a monster); and to express how much I love them.

Darren Raymond Anzelone
Freeport, New York
Supply Corps

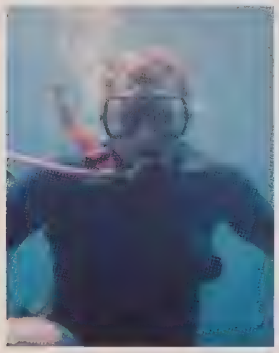
Straight outa Freeport,ya gotz Flavor,Chuck D,and now Darren (aka Zone). Zone was actually engaged from the start to U-leen.Swearing from the start that he was Audi from USNA,Zone "stayed for lax"cause he likes tight creases and funky dimples. A veteran of da Road Trip Wars (see JS, Onion, Dona, JT), Zone mercy-killed da Onion on occasion. A master of chemical warfare,Zone is allergic to responsibility at USNA (as well as color blind).Flintstones, House and Home(BOB), Zangief,Alumni Game Marathon,Family Feud-New Years 93', our doggie Jackson and his creamy treats.U-leen's two bashes,engagement on the rocks-Montaulk,Ring Bash(Put yo clothes on fool!),rhyming&stealing. Where's Zone-Look in his Planner.No need to say goodbye c-ya in Athens except the 2 that matter. Peace&Humptiness 4ever-Onion&JS.

Daniel Vernon Baxter

Gretna, Louisiana

Navy Pilot

Danno, Dan the Man, Lou, or just plain Chump. Trained at the Valley, but bred a true red neck from bass-ackwards N'orlins. Our hero's overwhelming modesty shined through Plebe year: "You're the cockiest #*@! I've ever met!" Let us never forget his eternal vow after the infamous Delaware trip (thank God prohibition was a passing phase). The women were "dope" and our average was 1000. Second class year saw the onset of devotion to rugby and women. While the women came and went the remnants of rugby lingered on...chit after chit after chit! Firsty year, Louisiana's contribution to Motown could always be found on I-95 south: destination Jax. Just remember money isn't everything. You drove how fast in Felix's car?!..too bad 115 wasn't enough. A true Tau Beta. Throughout the years, we've gained another brother to share our lives with. LOVE YA-BUDS FOREVER. VN,MKC,MG,JT



Christopher Stuart Beaufait

Charlestown, Indiana

Nuclear Power - Submarines

Kevin Page Boykin

Richmond, Virginia

Navy Pilot

Kipper, Bonkin, Boynker, Tucker Tiger, or simply "the Snacker" hailed from dixie as all fine southern gentlemen do, bringing with him a taste for the finer things such as diving (hair never getting wet), little debbie snacks, and green eggs and ham. It all began with chem goggle burns and the K.P. Boykin twin turbo nuclear powered dorkulator (he's a good guy though, he's a chem major). He quickly ascended to the pinnacle of power: Battalion Supply Officer and Chairman of the Uniform Board, perhaps due to his softspoken mannerisms and his brevity of speech (yeah right). Did we mention the uniform board? That is CHAIRMAN of the board. Kipper, master of interpersonal relationships, could really take a punch, even on his birthday. Slipping anything past him would be tooooootally uncool, ask "one of his girlfriends at JMU". Good luck in P-Cola. Hope your jet is as fast as the roadrunner... THE ROUND TABLE

Christopher James Cizek

St. Louis, Missouri

Naval Flight Officer

Chesty, Cheese Whiz, Chesswick, Chedda Cheese, or the Eddie Bauer of 7-2 came to us as a minor and within a few years became a man. In the words of the alter ego, Chesty, "Just because this is on my credit card, you guys are trying to #@$! me." Plebe year he became a target for the fearsome Frank and he survived to become the fearless Chester of Army-Navy fame. Once his alter ego arrived on the scene, nothing could stop him, not even the Snacker when it was time for him to go to bed. The metamorphis continues to this day as we continue to celebrate his 21st b-day. Such profound addages as "You guys are crazy man", "Dude, man", "You guys ready, I'm ready, OK let's go", and "That's sick" were common lingo. His dancing skills improved exponentially at USNA. Just remember, dance to the beat, don't beat her at the dance. Your sleeping bag will be with you, always. Happy trails buddy... THE ROUND TABLE

Hugh Joseph Dorian
Columbus, Ohio
Surface Warfare

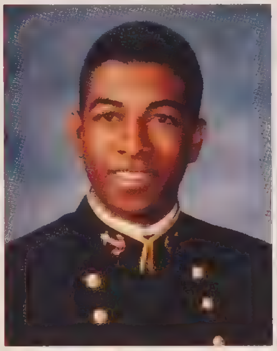
JD Arrived by the bay as a devout Buckeye. Big 10 football, tailgates, and Cope formed his outlook on life-- until he came east. Fostered by a positive self-image, an appreciation of the fine things in life(stout beer & stouter women) and a rapidly diminishing fear in God, JD decided early that his major would be hedonism. The inalienable right for the pursuit of happiness led this eager pupil to all corners of the B,W,A triangle. Setting up base with his latest(models varied from short,tall,light,dark, very dark (dos))he'd survey campuses, clubs, and erog zones. The latter usually bore him first so it was time to move. On the professional side, JD was the first plebe since Nimitz to want to go swo. Well despite his 4 yr stint as a poly. eng. and passing up an aviation billet his dream came true. He'll be soaking up rays with babe in tote in SD. Good Luck with life sworrior, remember db4p. JJS

Danilo Alforque Espiritu
Roosevelt Roads, Puerto Rico
Naval Flight Officer

Dan, a.k.a. little jalapeno, Cuban missile crisis, dark horse, sack o'potatoes, came from God knows where as a Star Trek fanatic and Disney freak. Where's that kid who sank the laser? After countless weekend watches plebe year he underwent an attitude adjustment and became a grumpy smurf. Throughout it all his passions were chocolate and the rack. This man could sleep anywhere and everywhere, even behind the wheel (just ask his brother). Dan, why are you so pissed off? Remember, you have an ATU jump today. Alright, we'll just let you drink your milk. We'll always remember the pole at Winston's (even though you won't). SIGN THE AC LOG!!! "Don't forget your alpha code." We hope the wrestling belt remains unscathed and keeps your moods calm. Too bad you got your second choice at service selection - P-Cola - rough break. Live long and prosper... THE ROUND TABLE

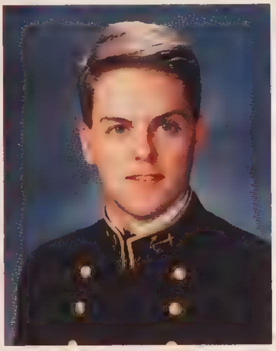
John Andrew Faxio
Washington, D.C.
Intelligence

Batman, Faxswo, Faxman, Fax Machine, Bruce Lee: these were but a few of our terms of endearment for John. Hey Miss Faxio, you look mighty cute in those whiteworks. John was always worried about getting carded... at the movies. He deserved an oscar for his plebe year karate movies with the Disney man. Second class year was by far the most eventful - the ten meter bellyflop, "eyes right, fly down", Listerine in the blister, Keifer's sister will never forget that present, defending the room in the penny wars, the $10,000 Integra, 30-minute drive to the beach house, the annual miss October, "I'm not drunk - ask me a question!," the night of living hell in Mayport. Firstie year brought the stripes, a bent sword, and a back rub from bang-bang's friend. Hope Spring Break in the Keys finally thawed you out. Thanx for all the imitations, keep smiling, and don't forget Rule #1... THE ROUND TABLE



Michael James Gravitt
Virginia Beach, Virginia
Navy Pilot

Known to us all as "Gravity." Mike was on the eternal quest for self-improvement: frequent visits to the Gun Shop, a brief stint with the Lightweight Crew Team, n-- to butt in pre-minibuds, his own personal Death Squad, and valiantly leading the company (to 36th in drill). The distinctive Gravitt Gait could be spotted a mile away, characterized by being completely out of step. Mikey "Mario Andretti" Gravitt's further accolades included familiarizing himself with the front end of a Ford Bronco to the tune of twelve thousand dollars. Remember, if you hurl and she comes back she'll still go sailing with you the next morning. At least this time you didn't get a face burn from sleeping in it. Sincere thanks to Mike and the Casa Gravita for the abundant hospitality, Spring Break '93, and Rule #1: YOU WILL HAVE FUN in P-Cola... THE ROUND TABLE



Noel Michael Griffith Jr.
Winter Garden, Florida
Navy Pilot

Noel-Michael, Michael-Noel - Which one is it anyway? GRIFF! What brings you here? Would it be shaved heads, fancy uniforms, and Dixie Cups or bats, balls, and the diamond? 2-6: Another thief goes down caught stealing. Baseball at Navy? Rickety knees and Stiff. Knees: Meet "Mr. Scope". Retirement at 21. The ole' green truck, beer-muffins, BIG cups, Keg-on-tap, and sponsor brothers- reason enough to endure four years. "Pals is what its all about." Morning naps, white works, change of major, and a remarkable indifference to studying = DANT's List. PLAN: 5 and dive. Circumstance: Beautiful view of California atop 18 ft. seas. Result: Navy Pilot sounds REAL good. Another round in Franny O's Thunderdome. An excursion to Europe via Delaware, Myrtle Beach, Orlando, and San Fran. Box score on driving ability: One dead boar, two flat tires courtesy of moving D.C. curbs, and Ed's bumper. Let's blow this joint and MOVE on. STP

Michael David Haas
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Late Graduation

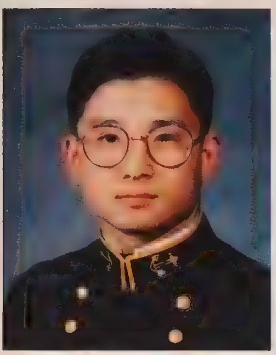
Haasman came to us from the wilds of "Lightning 2-1," where he began his pursuit of academic excellence by blowing off NAPS graduation requirements. Since then Haaser never looked back, and has weathered four academic boards! Never one to sweat the little things (like staying above a 2.0, for example), Mike threw himself wholly into the Heavyweight Crew Team. And in this, his commitment and attitude cannot be matched. While most others were in the rack on weekend mornings, the Haasman could usually be found throwing up on Green Day Marker 13, or sampling his favorite soda from that mythical Coke machine at The Source. The same dedication that often kept Mike on THE ERG for 80 straight minutes payed off in the end though, with two silver medals and one gold (!!) at the National Championships by firstie year. Haas, you have always been a true friend. Semper Fidelis-THE FOUR HORSEMEN RIDE AGAIN. TDG.

Byron Wade Jenkins
Fairfax, Virginia
Naval Flight Officer

I know Jenks as well as I know myself. In the heat of *Hotel Hell* and *Hard Core 24* we forged a friendship that will never die. With gold wings gleaming brightly at the end of a very long dark tunnel and a lot of hard work we made it there. We did it with a lot of memories though: "Green M&M's from who??", First trap...USS Nimitz, "Dad???", "YO Darrel,give it a boost!", Bargain Buggies, Drowning at Pax, MR. OASIS!!!, Cali here we come, Slick says "Get the h___ off my base and don't come back!!!", "We're in neutral?", LAT-177 down Saline Valley, 8.1 G's in the break, Va Peach here we come!, M.P.'s at MCAS El Toro, "Double D's sometimes F ?!", "Can we do the helo dunker again?", Pensacola to Annapolis in 12.5 hours, In the seat or on the beach!. As we come to the end of the beginning I wish you the best of luck. I love you like a brother! Check Six! CNM

Kenneth Matthew Kemball-Cook
Houston, Texas
Surface Warfare

Lou!! Best known plebe year for not being known, by anyone! Probably spent all that time in the swim team locker rooms fixing his hair. Revolutionized hair care products at the Academy. Straight from the cover page of GQ, his hair and silk shirts never really fit in with the fellas at a dive bar. Although a self-proclaimed Tau Beta, he had more than his share of sub-par female "friends." Remember Virginia Tech Matty? Seemed to always have his share of trouble. Remembered by the admirals' wives for his late night exploits in the Oceana O-club. Also, seemed to have had one beer too many, on duty, underage..heck of a beer, $2.25 and a year loss of leave, bringing his total to two N-stars at Navy! His luck did turn when his dream woman returned from Sweden. This one is even good-looking! Epitome of the "Suavay Sworrior." A completely reliable and loyal bud! Total partier! DB,LL,VN,JS,JT,MG



Roy Sung-Joon Kim
Setauket, New York
Cryptology

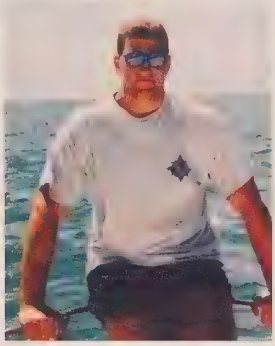
Romulon, Snoopy, the "kimmer", Mr. Annapolis, and Roy Kimshee were some of his many nicknames. Always one to laugh during plebe summer - be careful who you stand in front of when you're braced up on a bulkhead. He successfully survived the hardest job in the Navy - Plebe Co. Cdr. Second class summer, Romulon discovered the true taste of the sea (just remember the effects of dramamine). That emergency room date for Gravity was a good time. He found his true niche firstie year as MISLO. Never forget - always keep your disk in its jacket and know who you're interfacing with. Anyone up for all-you-can-eat Chinese or hot wings at Hooter's? Roy, you'll have plenty of time to perfect your D.C. driving skills this summer - watch out for black jeeps. A true renaissance man, philosopher, body-builder, poet, musician, composer, and spook, we know you will excel in all your endeavors... THE ROUND TABLE

Tiffany Lynn Lord
Woodbridge, Virginia
Surface Warfare

Tiffany Lord- her name says it all. Her California looks and attitude have made her a blast to live and party with! Speaking of blast, it's a good thing I was behind the locker when your pants decided to blow! Your temper really heated up that year. Our Tiff, always protecting the silent. Remember the night of the rack swap? KASPLAT! When you burnt your squad leader's hand, was that really an accident?! Your firsties, what about a certain doctor and swortior? From Chemistry to History, the rack to Smoke Hall, you were never one to sit still. Always on the volleyball court, I wonder if you'll ever let me play? Did you find your shoe? Maybe it's at VMI, no, that was spring break. I wonder if the boy next door ever thought he'd end up with a Wanda like you? You always had a thing for familiar men. Good Luck. You deserve the best. Your old roomie-LMG

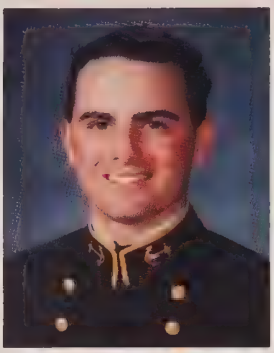
Lance Joel Luksik
Albuquerque, New Mexico
Navy Pilot

"L.J.", "Lovesick", "Cougar", "Mario", "Mac the truck driver", "Lanceroo", "Bear" (the grizzly and teddy varieties), but affectionately known to all of us as "Lucky", and indeed he was. This die hard optimist hails from the land of Taco Pronto and the infamous Dead Man's Curve. Lucky distinguished himself plebe year by stumping his own classmate with a rate, neutralizing a Texas Longhorn (Killer) with Lysol, and volunteering his electric razor for humanitarian service to a local Cajun Crabber. He mastered the use of such catch phrases as "S.H.I.P." (shotgun), "Hi, I'm from the Naval Academy welcoming committee", "Pass the peanuts", "Dude, are you done with that? Can I have the rest?". In '93 he spent time with traffic school, beneficial loans, and visiting with insurance buddies. Lovesick gave miracle whip a whole new meaning. Good luck in P-Cola (knock on wood). THE ROUND TABLE.



Christopher Noel Mang
Poland, Ohio
Naval Flight Officer

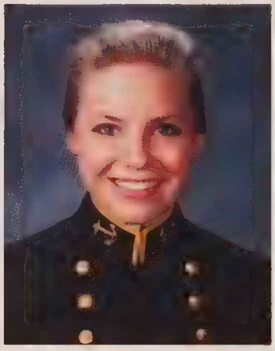
"SLINGER" came to USNA not fully knowing the intensity of plebe summer. However a "Never say die say battle" attitude coupled with tunnel vision, fixed on the coveted wings of gold, resulted in mission accomplished. His patriotic attitude is built on a love for mom, dog, and apple pie. The insatiable desire for high tech firepower has led us on many escipades. 2230 work outs, G'in, The fastest tandem punch out of a major USNA has ever seen. "Can we do the helo dunker again?" "We're on fire!!!!!" "Chris wake up were doing 95mph in neutral" "Have we flown together?" "Jenks pull over, YAK, o.k. lets go" U-turns, being frisked at El Toro, Our 1st trap (San Diego Zoo, Sea World, Universal Studios, Disneyland for free) Another satisfied customer. Mountain Dew double gulps on CVN-68 I wish you many restful days like the nap on the grass in Seattle, WA. What's that on the F-22? Best friends forever, Peace, CHECK SIX.

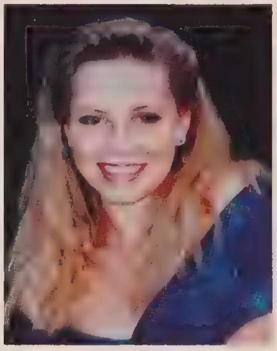


Val Donald Naftali

Fairfield, Connecticut
Navy Pilot

Better known as Felix (the eternal neatnik) and Bagel Beater for his generosity with money. Not! He came to us as a puny little fella famous for being the only Jewish kid to ever get a Jesuit education. However, with friendly guidance, he earned an honorary degree in D&M's accelerated Tau Beta program. He even gained a respectable physical presence after repeatedly mopping the floor with his cotton T. Unfortunately, what took three years to build took only 6 months to sag. We love the forever tire. He never did learn how to say what he wanted to say in less than ten times the amount of time it takes a normal person. He didn't listen to his buds about Jenny and got burned, however now he is his own man. The final product is one of the greatest buds we could have, who is always there for his friends. He always lived like a vampire, sleep all day and study all night. We love you Stinky Pinky! DB,MKC,MG,JT BUDS FOREVER.





Kristi Renee Olsen

Gambrills, Maryland
General Unrestricted Line

I met Kris 4/c yr when we made cheerleading. The team adored us & now neither of us can count past 8. We had a passion for being frat traps, but Kris excelled. I've never seen a more extensive "look what I've got" collection! Don't forget AF antics, stuntlings, my puke in your hair, Patrick, sharing men, CSTS cruise from hell & smuggling bottles around Dallas. Little did we know NOBODY strips down in officers housing & plebes don't rate borrowing restrictees cars. Kris soon moved on to bigger & better..men..Where does that sweet southern belle voice come from anyway? Kris, you're the best & I hold you forever in my heart. Thanks for letting me ride your coat tails for so long. Kiwi. An avid sportsfan, Kristi esp. liked FB, baseball, & crew :) Remember: V-day 92, Liquid Heroin (we'll never forgive him), our "4" man room. Kristi managed to stay out of Smoke Hall, but not due to lack of effort! -TLL

Gregory Paul Pederson

Plymouth, Minnesota
Naval Flight Officer

Greg came to Annapolis from the land of the ice and snow ready to take on the world. Then he realized he left his wallet at home. After spending a harrowing plebe year with the likes of A.L., D.K., P.H., and K.S., Greg finally started to gell. Youngster year signaled a new era as Gregor put the hammer down on the Navy Cycling Team. Lactic acid was not enough. The pulse surpassed 193 as Gregor rode the threshold to anaerobic excellence...and to nationals! 2/C year ushered in the age of the Serotta and Rush Limbaugh. Greg, the ardent dittohead, re-united with his mentor! And who could forget the day there arrived....the Acura. Then came 1/C year. Could anything be more symbolic than 1961 Château Lafite-Rothschild and the Four Seasons? Only a solo breakaway on Alpe d'Huez in the big ring! Good luck at Chicago, and of course...see you off the front, Gregor.

Joseph Michael Santomauro

Collingswood, New Jersey
Surface Warfare

Joey aka.Ducky/Joe Joe Dog Faced Boy,wearing his towel high,with the white man's over-bite came to us from NJ via RI.The dream of being a Dr. quickly vanished as being a weather man looked easier. "Its better to have loved and lost,"no one said anything about running him over.The phone bill dropped to $200 a month.After 2/c summer, Joey had outgrown 150's, and focused on making the Holly list.He shamefully succeeded.Partying always a priority "at all costs" said the credit card king.Road trips to UNC+UVA were memorable.Summer seminar,2X. Most likely to throw away money.King of the 40 minute shower.How was your Nuke interview--nice ball cap."Kap what are you doing."Famous for tailgates and A-N bashes."Do you think I'll get caught, I had permission to go out, its ok to lie when you're drunk."You made it--barely.I'll always have your back.Peace out.ZONE

Jonathan James Shields
West Hartford, Connecticut
Navy Pilot

After enlisting NUK and never telling his parents, JJ made it to USNA. 'member the dirty room? What sets you apart? "Prior, Sir." JJ became plebe crew captain. "Get in the Bloody boat! My plebers are racin'!" Soon he found a Toadie friend at the Boathouse. "Oh Jon, I'm hurtin'!" Yongster year came, hair GREW. He lettered in crew and in women. Trips to Ohio, D.C., and Conn. I'll never forget. Waking Sun. morns, 35th St. G'town. Michelle who? Oh yea. To the ally we go. Were moving to 17. Oh no. Not Goodboy! "Big Guy, Get a haircut or I'll cut it myself." Aye aye, guy. He majored in CompSci, then sold his computer. Army-Navy 92 found him marching on with referee shoes, a pillow case, and a napkin covered woop hat. Ooops, you got caught. Thanks Maj. Nick. 1stie year: Crew Captain, Dark Side, Dodgin 5 grands. Picked flight--for the chics. Good luck. Four yrs as roomies. Take care bud. Visit me in S.D. HJD

Jeffrey Taylor Stevenson
St. Michaels, Maryland
Marine Corps

Kiefer! Affectionately known to us as Future Man. This early aging hick from Maryland will always be remembered for his dip lip decay and his wild annual Herndon parties, where we all got to meet his go-nowhere high school chums. Jeff was actually one of the first brave ones to venture to the Darkside. He crashed and burned. He also never took anyone's advice to bury that heep of junk Jeep of his. Two engines and 65 mph later, not to mention all the other costs, we think it still runs (like sh..). Congrats on the Corps, maybe they can keep you from whining about short hair. Also, Quantico is a lot closer to your honey than Blacksburg is to Annapolis. DB will never forget the time you got fried helping him out plebe year-a whole 1000. Jeff, the steady partier, always drank more than his share. Type of guy who would always do anything for his buds. Luv ya brother! Buds for life! DB,MKC,MG,JT,VN,DW

Jonathan MacGregor Thorp
Jacksonville, Florida
Navy Pilot

Mr. Perfect! a.k.a. "T" or simply Mr. Quiety. This mild mannered, curly haired beach bum came to us with a golden halo. This was quickly corrupted by his entourage of bad boy friends. (minus MG) He probably is best known as the "Evil Emperor" for his vast influences to the Darkside. We bid farewell to our flowering jedi on Spring Break, youngster year. He was taken POW (prisoner of a woman) for two and a half years. Rescue operations are underway. It shouldn't be too hard because this Mr. Innocent always had a knack for lining up the women where ever he went. With his laid back music and clothing apparel, we always wondered how he scammed his way to three stripes. Must have been the flashy smile. Definitely, one of the most trustworthy and devoted guys amongst THE FELLAS. Managed to keep DB from getting thrown out for three years. Success is a definite if he can beat the women off. LOVE YA BUD! DB,MG,VD,MKC

Derek Scott Wessman
North Attleboro, Massachusetts
Navy Pilot

As soon as we heard "Dewek" talk and tell us about his "cah", we knew that he was a "good kid", a true-blue two percent clubber - beer bread was a good trade for a diamond ring. Among his favorite pastimes were digging trenches, making mixes (midori and cassette variety) and 150's. Congrats on ARMY-NAVY MVP and ALL-GALAXY team. He really was a playground stud, single handedly schooling '96 in the finer points of kill ball. Braving the cold in the Smokies with underwear on his head must have toughened him up. Hope no one "fotted" in it. We've always admired his extensive ball cap collection and his leadership during the great uprising of second class year (they weren't worth our time). He was always good at making friends, especially with the pole at G-Town. We're losing you to marriage but we know you'll always find time to hang with the fellas. C-YA!... THE ROUND TABLE

Eighteenth Company

Stephen Josh Bell
San Antonio, Texas
Medical Corps

James Patrick Marshall Borghardt
Centerville, Maryland
Navy Pilot

James, the guy with too many initials, joined us plebe summer with dapper hat and the King's confidence. He started early with his plebe year car, and just kept going. Blessed with a nearby home, James would lure the unsuspecting home with his mom's great English cooking--" ...how 'bout helping me fix this roof..." but we kept coming back. Originally a cox for the Crew heavies, James was a bit too heavy so he moved to more friendly pastures. He lettered in Karate, and showed his new skills in the hall. James was most successful with sailing, though, and he won the prestigious Newport to Bermuda race his second class year Not exactly Mr.Lucky, James made an impact on ring dance night, or rather someone made an impact on his mummy's new Mazda Miata. He'll be moving onto Ray-Bans of his own in Pcola. But he'll have the attitudedown cold already. Good luck with actually getting in the cockpit... KJL

Marcello Dominic Caceres
Napa Valley, California
Naval Flight Officer

Cello joined us from the land of Martini & Rossi, with a short pitstop at NAPS. Plebe year found Cello in the spacious and always impeccably clean Room From Hell. Leaving behind Roscoe P. Coltrain, Cello didn't exactly get his wings that summer but he did land the Georgia Peach. Mama Fitz gave you a Firstie Weekend for What?? Second class year: Cello's a STRIPER. Nice boat (the Arizona II, huh) at the Army-Navy game!! By second class year, Cello abandoned his varsity visions and settled for intramurals and a starting position on the 18th Co. Bowling team. Firstie year, Cheez Wiz returns officially betrothed: a big striper, and got the NFO billet with sweat to spare but missed out on the party (and the jump). He made up for it on Super Bowl night; "Hey Cello, how did that cigar taste?" He's the guy you always want on your wing. See you and Mrs. Caceres down in Pensacola (Can she cook or do we need to stock up on Ramen??). The Posse.

John Robert Campbell

Hampton, Virginia
Surface Warfare

What can be said about John? As a friend, a true one. As an athlete, well...as a member of the non-vicious rifle team "Posse", he became an All American and is now immortalized on the walls of Lejeune. As good as he is with the rifle, the safest place to be while he's trying to shoot a pistol is downrange. Not only can Soup be seen choking (and losing to a girl) in a match, but he has been observed on an occasion demonstrating this eating disorder in King Hall. Also along this subject of choking, John came in a close second in the "contest". As an academic warrior, he fell a bit short. After becoming SAT second semester firstie year (for the first time ever!), he switched his major from poli-sci to a much more interesting and creative subject at Virginia Tech. This being done even after making a last minute "decision" not to change his uniform color from blue to green. Good luck sworrior!- D'Garster.

Kevin Noel Cardona

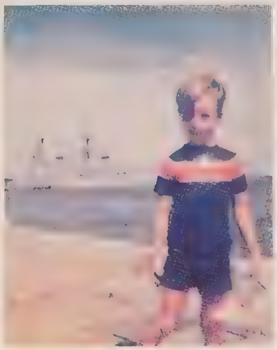
Bay Shore, New York
Supply Corps

Dona Yo--He gonna rock your world! Hailing from L.I, Dona arrived with fellow Marauders JT,T-Roszko,Errol D. at USNA, armed with two big sticks. Using his unique approach to the team-concept of plebe year, i.e if you don't learn it, I'll rip your lungs out. Dona excelled in Co. politics with his co-partners in crime Jeff & Walt (we'll talk at night).His uncanny ability to make no sense,coupled with his "hidden smile" & Flock of Seagulls do,has made Dona a 3-star General with the older ladies. Since the church lady & the others balked,Dona was not afraid to shave his own. King of Rock-Paper-Scissors. Hey leave nameplates alone. You're our All-Amer,but the power clear didn't work against Army..Come On(what the hell is he talking about?).The road trips were many (UNC,Army,V.T,Myrtle) the Mad Dog Loose and U've-CHANGED, I'm proud of you.Take care of your $5 Butt.Go easy on the chicks in Athens.IREE-Onion,Zone, Jeff, Walt.

Jonathan Lyons Chadwick

Annapolis, Maryland
Naval Flight Officer

In Jon's (no H!!) first tour at the Naval Adcademy, he filled the billet of executive offspring of the Dant. After completion of this position, he was transferred to NAPS and on occasion had to travel to Pearl Harbor to check in with the Admiral. Aside from Big Pete hanging him out a window, Jon made it through with no problems. Plebe year, Jon entered the Room From Hell and went through several calculators and fans as well as the 40 minute trips to his faraway powder room. Youngster year found Jon with Glennard in a room with a view on Studstreet. Second class year; goldwings, numerous trips to the lovely slopes of Pa (I thought HFS was supposed to be here!), Firstie Year, big striper Jon lives across the world, but hold on, why is your nameplate still on 7-3? Went to see Toad, UVA with the Virginia Oriental Society, and the 10 stripe duo ARE NOT DATING!!! Don't let your eyes go bad at SWOS, looking forward to fun times at P-Cola. Take care! The Posse.



Michael Casey Choate

Tifton, Georgia
Surface Warfare

Casey "THE BEAR" Choate came to USNA from Tifton, GA of all things a swimmer. His unusual training regimen consisting of large meals and napping through practices allowed him to make it to Easterns and miss the wall on a flip turn. Third class year afforded him visits to Smoke Hall and with "Dirty Diana". Spring Break that year he was educated about 'rastling by the Polish Prince and hence he went easy on the cough syrup. During the year of professional training he single-handedly entered a death-cage match with four local boys. "Where's your bottle now?" He also decided late one night to cleanse the floor with human stripper. "P-baby, P-baby gimme a kiss." As adjutant during first class year he threatened to "cut your belly open and show you the black stuff inside" if his directives were not followed. Good luck in Texas dragging those bombs and mines from the water.

Gary Allan Clement
Toledo, Ohio
Marine Corps Pilot

The Garster has led a pretty well rounded academy career. With conduct in mind Lt. Tanaka's buddy was the proud recipient of a black N, the likes of which he had not seen since his friendship days with Debbie and Missy. Fortunately though conduct and alcohol don't mix because he can handle his booze, especially with his feet. By far the Garsters most memorable years have been his most recent. Even though he dreamed the time away through the contest he has recently found a new deftness. His new wheels have more than been through its paces, from banging into a One Way sign to other things. On that subject he has been quite the Casanova. From being a charter member of the Ultimate Dating Club to the infamous Ms. Double 'N', Gary is always generous with his time. Whether it practicing with the pros or giving helpful hints to the beginners, he aims to please. Best of luck and Semper Fi, Supe.

Salvador Contreras III
Houston, Texas
Navy Pilot

Sal came to us from the Lone Star state with a year of experience and a year of attitude from NAPS. Got the shaft in polo from Mike (but got the last laugh with Mackie). The ever sarcastic, we had to put up with two difficult roommates together, I'm not sure which was worse. (we should have learned youngster year). Sal SHUT-UP, you're snoring (or yelling, there's not much difference), game-on!, I know you're not talking to me, hey roommate, let's throw Glenn's stuff out the window, let's throw Pat out the window, Hey Sal, you can mix daquiris and beer, but not in the same glass, are you going to carry Chip through another economics class, (economics there's a legitimate major, not), bowling in S.A. (Uh, just one more pitcher), Sal, did you pay a lot for the fur on your lower back? We had some good times and some interesting times. I couldn't have had a better roommate. Good luck in P-cola (hopefully you'll be done before '97) (JB)

Frederick Earl Crecelius
Ewa Beach, Hawaii
Navy Pilot

The Cheeser came from Banzai Pipeline to Bancroft in true Spicolian manner: "Hey man, Bitchin' Ring." Plebe Year: Big Pete (Nice use of your b-robe), skidmarks, and expendibility (CDR Jensen's door) Being a nocturnal creature, cheese saw sunlight only under pain of death. "Haw-Haw, got a gun man" traveled near and far to ride tasty waves. Snowboarding replaced the gun and many afternoons were spent eating yellow snow. Summer cruise in Oahu: Who are you guys? Though his mashed beak rivals the Macedonian monument, Rick was popular with the ladies, Pam and now his Brazilian bombshell, Dala. Being allergic to meat products made him a popular guy. Ono grinds Boo? Hang ten on the tanker and Aloha in P-Cola.

Robert Jeffrey Fails
El Paso, Texas
Marine Corps Pilot

By the time you read this, Jeff will be well on his way to complete baldness. He checked into USNA at a whopping 100lbs(with hair). He thought he was Arnold, but he looked like Nasta. The ultimate trash-talker, he ran his suck from sunup to sundown...NOT DECENT! -BUSTED!! The bandwagon fan(Dallas). Dropped any books on Ream lately? Lick Jim's pressed ham. The founding member of the USNA SHO Club. The future Firemarshall Bill that decided 1 week before Service Selection that he was a gungy Marine pilot (because someone told him that chicks would dig it). With a blue-berry butt and a tan(Salon), Jeff (1 star general) was ready to move up in rank..Come on. West Texas Guido, we wish you the best. Peace... Dona Yo, Walt III.

Bryan James Fetter
Chicago, Illinois
Naval Flight Officer

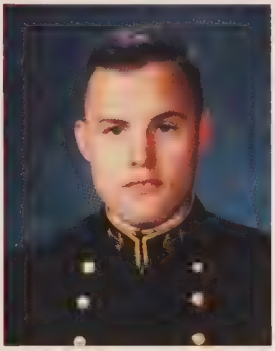
Bryan (no I!!) came in clueless from the Windy City. Plebe summer: "Hey, the fat guy just slammed the clueless kid! (Guys, it was a legal move, I swear!!)". Plebe year: What's that stuff on your face?? Spent the year in the Room From Hell. Youngster summer, ignored T while in the islands, and the YP cruise, "What street did you wake up on??", MFOW record. Youngster year, started his career as 27th Co. EI rep; "Mama Fitz gave you the Firstie for What?", VERY fun times at A&D's. Second class summer, called cadence with the skill of a Czopek! (Is it a Chicago thing?) Second class year, wore out his leathers walking to Nimitz to get to His Table, Swishers, the Chicken Dance, and boxes of wine at the Hut (Jabbanobada), Firstie year, dissed by the Hoochie, Lethal Woman club, the Block Diagram, "Let's just make dinner at Deb's", "Can you even see the big E?" Good luck at P-Cola, if you can figure out how to get there. The Posse.

Kurt Engelbert Fricker
Middletown, New Jersey
Surface Warfare

Guido. Kurt hails from the "Concrete State," New Jersey. This former lifeguard quickly earned his title while hanging out with a bunch of backward-@$$ red-necks. Guess they weren't impressed with his 90210 sideburn, cheese-line, guitar-strumming, harmonica blowing, booze-drinking, snake-raising, tattoo'd demeanor. He was a varsity 'stroker (swimmer) until he wore out his shoulder and had to retire--we watched his physique go from "sculpted swimmer" to "steel-belted-radial" but he's hairy and happier. All this came to an untimely end when he got hooked and reeled by beautiful Miss Heather. The cain-raising rapscallion will probably lose the 300Z for a station wagon, because he's taking "the sand" to the beaches of Texas. Good luck getting a dive billet off the Scout, and Wyatt out of your division. KJL, WAU (USN ret.)

Gregory Francis Gallmann
Campbell, California
Naval Flight Officer

Greg came to us from the great Silicon Valley, with NFO wishes and Tomcat dreams. Plebe summer, Greg conversed in German with 2/c M.C., listened to Little Jack's dreams of Jenny Sue, "Greg, did you ever learn the cabinet?" Plebe Year; Greg went nuts watching Lovechild. Youngster summer, Greg won more than a Coke on rebound 21. Youngster year, the four person room in the back shaft. Firstie summer, Greg bided his time watching Star Trek, eating cheese and crackers, and avoiding the Hoochie at all costs! Firstie year, Greg's phantom roommate, then he roomed with the pudgy guy, and pumped up. Good luck in flight school, we know you'll get your 14's. Take care. The Posse. Remember, "this is the sound a weasel makes"...never park a friend's VW at apartments...meat, and cheese, and BREAD...poochie, poochie, poo-CHIE!!..."you've played your last card"...there are no lawnmowers in SD..."if you can touch me"..."ruvroo" mjw.



Scott Brian Gooch
Flint, Michigan
Naval Flight Officer

Scotty coming from the tape roller capitol of the world settled into a rough plebe year in the sports squad, while others studied rates Scott was taking heat for his inside shot against Monty. There were fews boring weekends, especially on Easter, where he had a real blow out. The fun certainly didn't end for the summer. Gil's buddy switched from playing JV to playing in the penal league, but you can read about that in USA Today.Outfitted by Britches, totally, and sometimes supported, Scott was voted most likely to be a financial advisor. The proud owner of the custom delux Faimly Circle Car of the Year, complete with spewey wiper, has been known to smoke some of the finest makes, at least verbally. The three striper and charter member of the TB Fan Club has never taken the easy way out. "Sir Lot of Lamb" was almost decapitated while getting a spelling lesson. Remember there is no "A" in Super Fresh; best wishes in P-cola and check 6. JG-Soup

Brian James Harris

Evansville, Indiana
Surface Warfare

Boog, Greg, "T", and your special friends across the hall. Dirty clothes between the racks and walkmans between the sheets, it must have been a rough plebe year. Save the ozone layer and change your socks. "We have five minutes until what?!" So how many points did Evansville score in the third game of their 1884 season, who was the leading scorer, what was his shoe size? And ... Explain once again how an EE can have a 27 average and end up with a "C" for the six-weeks. The Boys of (second class) Summer thank Two Beer "Cryin' Brian" Claven for the suds. Have you beaten your plebe today? Sailing may be fun, but not the day after Ring Dance on a full stomach. The vaulter, the doctor, and the dancer. Any formation, any day: "All right, LISTEN UP..." Does the 'Dant have a nice wallpaper pattern? Grab your mug and see you in San Diego. And don't forget your SWO survival pack (the box of Dunkin donuts)!--JRP TER

Noel Patrick Johnson

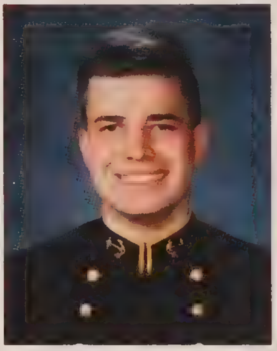
New Baltimore, Michigan
Navy Pilot

Noel came from the well known metropolis in Michigan. With advice from big sis, Noel successfully executed the stealth maneuver plebe summer ("Who is that Johnson kid anyway?") Plebe Year: "How does jello taste through a straw?" Youngster Summer: Noel was the bait for GG . Youngster Year: "Wait, I signed up for a three MAN room!" We could never quite win the big one in soccer. "Mom, I left my toothbrush at home, could you bring it out for me?" Second Class Year: "Could you pass the prunes and peanut butter?" ("Noel, GET OUT!!!") Johnsonstein made several trips out to the mountains. Noelstein managed to pop the question without blowing his bank account (Gotta love that free diamond). Firstie Summer: "Oh, to be in Paris and in love" (with skooner-tooner!!). Giving the Mexipino the silent treatment, and finding himself on 7-O. See you and Mrs. Johnson in P-Cola. Can we come over for dinner? The Posse.

James Alan Lenart

Highland, Indiana
Special Operations

The golden tongued polish prince arrived to the shores of Annapolis from the windy city. After suffering through the venerable Bridgeport prep, the fat boy poet was ready for USNA. Or was he? Jimbo wasted no time in letting his standards of professionalism (or should we say hygiene and tact) be known. How long has that laundry been at the bottom of your locker? With plebe year roommates like Cheeser and Two Hand Pete and, a mentor like Big Willy who could blame him. "Ding, Ding...one watermelon coming up!" Could the deep rooted hatred of DD's have begun during the kneeling on bean years? A less than average grade in perf. solidified his pact with the Schmuck, Casey, and the Guid-dog to fight all DD's to the end. Youngster cruise introduced Jimmy to world under the surface. Switching companies could not save our hero from the people he loved the most... Listen to Evil D. We'll do the Epic of Gilgamesh again. -Boog



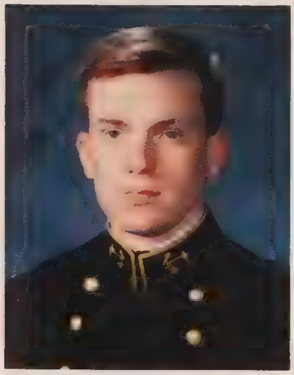
Raul Lianez

Norfolk, Virginia
Marine Corps Pilot

Boog, Napoleon in the miniature Latinized version. Wanted for escaping from Fantasy Island. Epic of Gilgamesh at UVA, Destin rounds I and II (why did the schmuck take the mexipino muscle bound man and put his face in the sand) and Cancun where Boog mastered the Western grip. Machismo was an overrated quality for the pequeno member of the loser trifecta. One beer and he was behind the power curve. Triathalons provided an excuse for the bogus Adonis to stare at his little physique in the mirror every waking minute. Too bad marble bags aren't available in cammy style. Occupation: shine boy. One drop of hard booze and JB's genetalia were in jeopardy with the Karate Kid. Don't bark too loud in the Corps, for poodles can't run with the big dogs. You've been a great pal and when I need a haircut or Lipton Tea Bag, I'll give you a ring.

Kirk James Loftus
Kelso, Washington
Nuclear Power - Submarines

"Get Loftus, He's out of control!" The Love trekked out of the ash of MT. Saint Helen's and into everybody's cranium. An intellectual bohemian of gene-splicing tomatoes proportion, Love Dog was always ready and willing to give Pic a brain aneurysm. The buck o' nineteen boxing champ, Love Bug showed some sweet moves in Daytona Discoteques as a plebe. A veteran of a thousand psychic wars, Love Demon enjoyed being the lucky recipient of Dona's wedgies. Too Dumb to grasp the law of gross tonnage, Love Monster was summarily spanked. Who else would mix Joan Baez, Peter, Paul and Mary and Iron Maiden as a relaxing music medium. Afraid that his prepubescent boyish looks would bar him from driving, the Love Monger purchased a sky blue tank as his chariot. Hey Einstein, 7" does not equal 7 and 3/4. A great pal who recants tales of woe, have fun countin' the cash in the torpedo tube in your McDonald's uniform. Hey Loftus, see this?



Jon Gregory Martin
Greensboro, North Carolina
Marine Corps

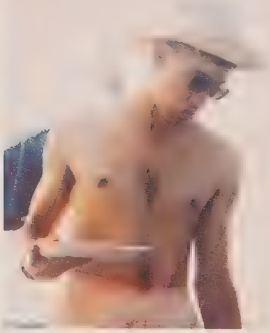
So who is that tall red haired guy with the goofy southern accent? Greg has come a long way since plebe summer. Greg, like so many of us, fought a four year war with grades. First class year proved to be a little better. Finally SAT. Now, he spends all his time and money with his German girlfriend, Miss 944. Yeah, she's a fast one, but so is Greg. Fast enough to claim first place in the company "contest." Now Greg looks forward to wearing the crimson and gold, and hopefully a pair of wings. Good luck Greg! -SBG

Kent Wayne Moore
Milton, Florida
Navy Pilot

Kent came to USNA from the cultural mecca Milton, Florida. His fashion and folklore deductively prove that he is from Mozambique. Nice plaid shorts, George Dickel t-shirt, and high rise trou. "Hey Kent, model that jacket for us." "Say no to crack" was his personal motto. A Cassanova of extreme proportions-- Sweet Gina loved balconies. Years of intense PT gave the Country Schmuck a Michelangelo sculpted bird chest and an equally impressive gunt. In the classroom, pressures of unsatness forced an intellectual metamorphosis, and Kent became a true cultural scientist. Dean's List... SO? Aside from Moonbeam's extracurricular activities of pulling Mickeys at The House and Spring Break duck bashing, his service as resident custodian and professional stud ("What's CSORM?") set him heads above the rest. With out a doubt, Kentmo made our stay by the Severn little more enjoyable.

Jason Robert Pawley
Charleston, South Carolina
Surface Warfare

Jason Pawley a.k.a. "God" hails from the southern metropolis of Charleston, SC, but always seemed to disappear to Pennsylvania on leave. So where IS home Jason? He always claimed to be "PoliSci by choice, not AcBoard" obviously due to it's difficulty, which explains how he always found a way to finish in time to hit the rack by 2230. Plebe year found him with a steady girl-- until her wedding in November. Nice "Dear John" letter, eh? Then he was too loud, or was it low, and was forbidden from sounding off by the XO for the rest of Plebe year. 2/C year found the "SD" on Batt staff--a position he gladly kept through 1st semester 1/C year. If I'm lucky I'll get the chit in on time to change this one. Can you remember yet why you're not NFO? Must have been the wreck. Go SWO or go home! San Diego here we come! Maybe you'll have better luck with the lifeguards out there.--BJH TER



Toby Eric Ream
Cottage Grove, Oregon
Naval Flight Officer

Cottage WHERE? Nasty, Rob, and "The Room of Doom." Marine Corps squad leader. THE rumble (for everyone after '93: What's a rumble?). Have you looked down the barrel of any good Rugers lately? Do you remember "swimming" in the Bahamas? Didn't think that you would, or would care to. Why don't you wipe down next time BEFORE you walk out on a Disco Dahlgren dame. Be careful next time with your woofers--if you push them too hard they may just blow on you. Always remember: A house, or a class ring? Decisions, decisions. Be careful the next time that you decide to do carrier landings--I understand that non-skid is very unforgiving on baby-soft behinds. Who is your dance partner this week? Oh-no, MOTO got the last NFO! Good luck in P-cola and remember, if you can't SWO there, you can't go there!--BJH JRP

Micheal Paul Robles
Los Altos, California
Navy Pilot

Hailling from the great fruit and nut Wonderland, Barney Robles stepped through the gates of Canoe U. with F-14s sparkling in his eyes. Plebe year was spent in a quest for team tables with his equally psuedo-varsity athlete room-mates. Always sure of his flight billet, he tackled a gruelling History major with no sweating what so ever. His athletic prowess was proved by running 26+ miles, a feat for which his knee has never forgiven him. As therapy for his bad knees, and his failing shoulder he decided to slow down and take up the low impact hobby of Triathelism. Oh, Michael you taught me the intracacies of sand volleyball, the sprinkler, and what Mulholland Drive really looks like. As we depart from these granite walls for ever, remember these two things (1) The first two Swiss glaciers ever claimed by American citizens and (2) They are my sponsors! JMS (Where are we going? Its so far away.)

Satish Skariah
Dallas, Texas
Naval Flight Officer

Satish, the Little Indian, T, Fix, T-man, came to us from that insignificant state in the southwest.....Texas. Plebe summer, was M.C's wingman on the mission for his calculator. Plebe year, Supermate Satish would not leave his post!, and Army week left him hanging, literally. Youngster cruise, "Hey T, when were you in Hawaii? We were there then, too!!" Second class year started with the Skimask eating worms and bark at Sere, then setting world time records for showering, shaving, and dressing thus creating the T-factor. Firstie summer, abbreviated workdays at the TACAMO Trailer, thumbs up for Lethal Woman and amassing his collection of pro-material. "T, too bad you lost the contest, you should have used the western grip!" Don't run anymore Stoplights! The Cowboys get lucky and T gets happy; and then he finished up the year with the Naked Cro and M.C.. Have fun at NASA and we'll see you in P-Cola. The Posse.

Joseph Micheal Staud
Elkins, West Virginia
Navy Pilot

Like all of us, he experienced a metamorphism, evolving from a trim, mustachioed, long haired youth to a man of expanding ideas and an expanding forehead. Joe enchanted us from the very first day with his wit and humor, entertained us with his skills and stories. Hazarding all, he emerged from his stunts with nary a scratch or a dent, only a smile. On one Statics exam, he proved that finals can be more than boring and useless rituals of academic exertion. He later manifested his educational technique in a competition among friends: He didn't win, but all came away smiling. During his Firsty year alone, Joe spent time ignoring his new guitar, applying his engineering education to Lego works of art, proving Newton wrong with his snowboard, and Rollerblading on the cutting edge of hazard. The Connoisseur of Fun and Frolic has enlightened all who spent time with him. He has been the best of friends to us all. -Barn

Charles Frederick Walz IV
Madison, Connecticut
Surface Warfare

Taking a major cut in pay Chuck-E-C came down to Camp Tecumseh from upper suburbia. Not the frequent wild man, he has been known to get a little insane at times (ie. upsetting a myriad of sponsors and treating the company after the supts reception). A man that gives new definition to cleaning up in the shower, don't forget to wipe off! What is that smell in the sink? On the subject of SDI..... Looks like a life-long commitment. The academic boy-wonder hit some rocky road over youngster summer. Between acquiring a hearty 5000 and a walk in triangle park he barely made it to Christmas. Best wishes to you both. BNR-Soup

Walter Thornton Weathers III
Houston, Texas
Marine Corps

Sweathers,Swalt Pup,Money Bags,Hook,The Ragin' Kinkaidian. My, My, where do we start? 95% do it and 5% don't admit it (rubber noose on the locker). Good job going Corps, mandatory girdle straps, but now you have to sweep your own room (Jeff&Dona got you those 3 stripes).Two beers and you pass out..PUH PUH!May your wife make 6 figures or you'll remain with the 5% forever (and you may break sheets when married). Say hi to Margarite, Milton, Bunchie, Mumsie, Poopsie, and your MILF..(ride, sally, ride). Check the back of those credit cards, dry off outside of the shower. Thanks for a great 4 years and for yelling at Dona and I 1st day of plebe year. We finally brought you around. Remember..we ... bigger than you. Think before you trade your gold or oil wells. Good luck devil dog, you can call me in for air support anytime!! RJF, KNC

Glenn Alan Weidner
Plymouth, Indiana
General Unrestricted Line

Glenn came to us from the midwest with a new attitude on how things should be run and got away with most of it. Weedshack, firecrotch, Big G, Glennard Skinnard, Wedner had it all, brains (unused until X-week), the running, until Big Al brought him to the finer points of afternoon drill. Who likes to party, I do I do, they're mere mortals, Tetanka (and her chair), O.K !ff. I bet I can do it twice as fast as you, I'll clean it up in the morning, I need a chit, she hit me with a smooty, why don't you pay for something once in your life, I'm just not feeling normal, smoking, would you pwease wake up misteuh Fettah, J. B., all you need to know is F=ma.. you can derive the rest. I don't know where I'd be without you, from ice cream in your car youngster year to dirty point to Plymouth it's been fun. Best of luck, I know you'll find the right loopholes. (JB)

Patrick Earl Young
Arlington, Texas
Medical Corps

Pat gave up his long hair and rock and roll life to come to us from the metroplex. The plebe summer rate machine. His photographic memory allowed him to be the only plebe in the history of USNA to memorize all 27 Laws of the Navy (which he still knows and recites to this date). High strung-Pat Young, academic wizard validated everything in sight plebe year. A dream of a roommate. Not exactly what I expected. how about a pop-tart??, could you set another alarm... please. "I did so bad on that test.... 98." Youngster romance ended with Kristen... no more poems and love ballads. D and B rocks the house!! Creative photography, burning bugs.. for fun, the pumpkin from hell, thanks for turning off the alarm.. was that formation? Owned the door contest. Good times, good memories, have fun at Vandy and remember that the drugs are for the patients. (JB and SS)

Ninteenth Company

Benjamin Jesse Ash

Bunker Hill, West Virginia

Nuclear Power - Submarines

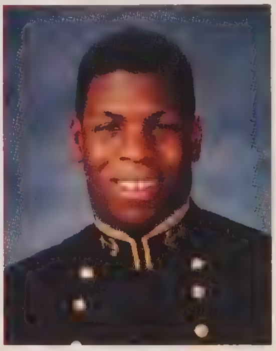
Poor Benjamin Jesse, USNA took him straight from the cradle to the grave. Away from mommy and daddy only to find a new set. Offers for boxing EI from his 2/c. Go Navy, Suh! Living in squalor, Benjabo's high entropy ways were often grounds for a good 'ol fashion pummelin' and lambastin'. No shoe wearin'... Frank Perdue, keeper of the eggs, sure knows how to work that geekbox. Why? Inbreedin'! Uniform for liberty is Chief's Dress Echo, wear runnin' shoes! Did you brasso your glasses for inspection? Fertilizin' the shrubs outside Club Zero. How much did you make today, MAHATMA? Rule #1- You have no rights. Nice painted-on jeans. Don't let one bad fish (MB) keep you from life's pleasures. A lap around MacDonough. It's not really a family tree... more like a hedge. Hey MF, boop! Pursue excellence but maintain your true individuality. Peace -rjc -ia

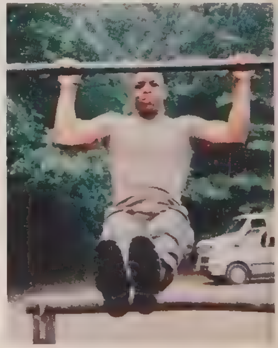
Kevin Lewis Austin

Dunwoody, Georgia

Surface Warfare

Kevin decided that Tech would be too distracting so he headed North to the more diciplined environment of USNA. Right away he made influential friends(A.J.,T.C.,J.Q.) who helped him through the hardships of Plebe year. Here's a hint, drop 70lbs and play 150's; you won't have to drill. Forget that, "23% body fat."--drill stud. No! There is always a way out. Systems Engineering proved challenging and Kevin mastered the all nighter. But, he still found time to become familiar with the various bars in the Balt.-Annap.-Wash. area and to keep his little black book filled. Group"6": D.B.,J.B., M.A.,L.A.,R.J.,E.P.,J.S.. You don't want to know! Finally Graduation! After Marine Corps, SEALs, EDO, and Supply Corps fell through, Kevin decided what he really wanted was a FFG. Not that it matters, the money is in computers. Good Luck in the future and remember the good times.JDM.



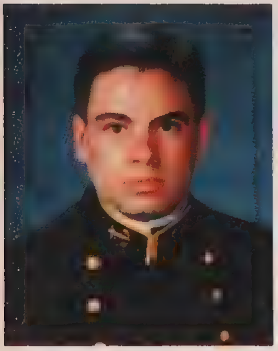


Michael James Boone

Hugo, Oklahoma

Nuclear Power - Submarines

Backwoods, cow-chip throwin', wildcat drinkin', drive around the county, nuthin' else to do, mountain oysters: um-um good. Big city: Annapolis, funny talkin' people, sweat roommates, Cheeser & Ian, Zooter, 15, Ramon's, unsat, this sucks. San Diego, ocean, wow!, no cows, no life, 21 hrs, easyography, Friday afternoon rackmaster: hours. Christmas time for love, rings?, wake up in BFE "listen to this", hitchhiking, redneck tow truck drivin', "listen to them there tires sing", roach motel, no wheels, Chevron: you're the one for me fatty. 19, Christmas time for love 2, big rock, phone bills, plane tix, Mastercard?, truck drivin', LL gotta pee, Baja Cali, Chilcoot Charlies and the Bush Company, Sandy's, Capt Baca's, Green Turtle, Doors, drunk roommate. Crabs, beer, C's, crack-dog, "that'll be another distraction won't it", dismissed, bonu$, no distraction, but in the end still buys the case! DMS



Ransen Jules Caola

Troy, New York

Surface Warfare

R.J. came to us a prior and ready to go back to the fleet. Yes, indeed Sparky's best friend was THE CHIEF in '89. Four years has changed a lot of him but not the obsessive cleanliness. "Just how many showers have you taken - today??" Yeah - Mr. Clean didn't like a mess...what about Australia? Between defoliating the back, breaking his knuckles, lambasting when appropriate and firing things (and us) out the window, the task of little Bros to 'Arj', THE OLD MAN, was a treat. Enjoy Yokosuka. We'll all be ready to meet your Cherry Blossom. Hope she likes livin' in a dark cave!! Be sure to stock-up on Brasso and clear report covers so that your 0800s outdo those other three Ensigns! Seriously, shirt stays when your an ensign might be a little much!! Watch out for the crab pots and PLEASE stay out of politics! B.J.A.& I.NMN.G.

Mark Glenn Carter

Danville, Virginia

Surface Warfare

Being a Parris Island veteran, plebe summer was basically a waste-o-time for Sergeant Carter. SIP's, PEP, drill, inspections were no problem, but Chemistry!! Just because you just had your wisdom teeth yanked doesn't authorize you to walk around with your shirt stays dragging from your socks Remember, "Once a Marine, always a Marine." Socially speaking, it is quite curious that all your ex's immediately get engaged once you give them their walking papers. Although our Marine Corps combat engineer had a little trouble with his systems engineering major, it did save him from becoming a bubble head. His car, "the pregnant roller skate" served his purposes well and is presently his major link between USNA and Kent, Ohio. Nonetheless, his plebe summer pals Mayhem and Jaime, started and finished together as roommates - and we aren't even engaged!! "Stand-by........click!" JJE,MKT

Brien Wayne Dickson

Casper, Wyoming

Nuclear Power - Submarines

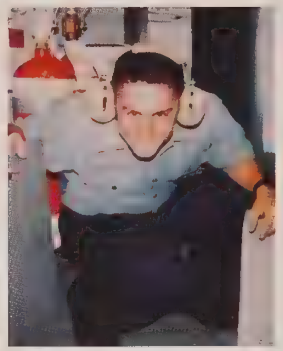
Brien came in Plebe Summer and quickly earned the nick-name of "hop-along" for his unique chopping style. The first couple years were rough, what with S.S. naming him as one of the bottom 10 and his flame sessions Youngster year. He persevered enough to earn the right to do more work as the Regimental Maintenance Officer during First Class year. Brien came to the Academy wanting to fly. Navy Medical thought he would be better suited for nuclear power. Brien's no sports fan, which is what drove him when choosing extracurricular activities. He will always be a better sailor than an instrumentalist, however. Brien spent his summers in such places as Rota, Spain, Miramar, California, and Nassau, Bahamas. Nothing will top the time he sailed his S.S. Minnow to Bermuda with his beloved skipper. Good luck in all you do Chief, I only hope the submarine community is ready for its next Admiral Fluckey.

James Joseph Elias

North Kingstown, Rhode Island

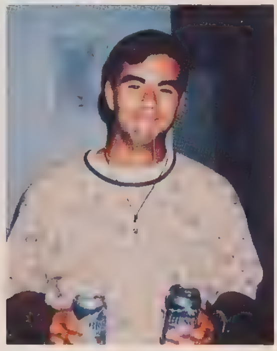
Naval Flight Officer

James...old...friend. Just like a good plebe, you made it through your first year with little trouble. Smacking your cover on the desk for SS, you drew comments like, "What the @#*% Elias?" The next time we are in San Diego, lets call the Yacht Club first, before we walk ten miles just to get turned away because we are not members. That deck is sinking now since it was set 1/4" off. 2/C year brought you 5.0 L of pure power and self-actualization. Should we make the Detroit airport our meeting place? All you wanted for first class year is a new nose and a chin. "Don't you Goo' Baa, me!" In time, you finally got your "D" qual. Aero was tough, but, "You guys are sharp."--BB. You got your dream and you are going NFO, "Even though you don't look stupid." Your wit and sense of humor are unrivaled. Smooth sailing (and flying)! See you out there, old..friend. Engage!--DJH,WGG



Joseph Carl Foraker III
Reading, Pennsylvania
Naval Flight Officer

Joseph Carl Foraker III, Jay to everyone except N.M. who couldn't remember anyone's name, came to the Naval Academy at the ripe old age of 17 with the intentions of varsity swimming. Unfortunately, things did not work out and he ended up playing a horn for a year with the D&B. Despite a busy first semester of leading classmates around by the hand, Jay earned his first of many 4.0's at the Naval Academy. Jay spent his summers at scenic spots like Hawaii and Panama City. Everything pointed Jay to his destiny of nuclear powered submarines until the night before his nuke interview when he decided he would rather spend his time with his head in the clouds. Jay spent most of his last year at the academy serving as Vice-Honor Chairman, a job that suited him well despite what our rolly-polly, plebe summer, squad leader might have said. After being Jay's room-mate for 4 years,I can say that no one was ever a better friend.BWD



Issac Nmn Gonzales
San Antonio, Texas
Navy Pilot

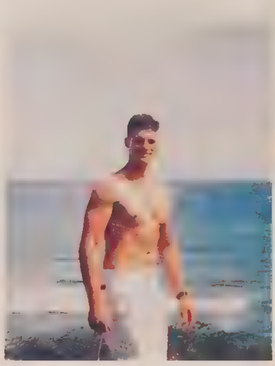
GONZO'S IN EFFECT!! SGT. ROCK fresh from Newport with shirt stays, high 'n tight... and some baggage from Texas. Zooter's little brother overcame being BRAINDEAD, but the Chimonster still prevailed. Stockett stuff in the food basket first led Queen LaGonzo down the road of moral degradation, not to mention the infamous CD scam. STOP SNORIN'! The man without a middle name, once a born killer, now preaches of peace, love and fractals. DIRK schmoozes the youngins' at Morrissey. Rico Suave lookin', bullet dodgin'... Did you ever learn the third chord of Stairway? Nirvana! Sir, all your stuff was left out in T-court. Greasin' back for inspections. Part-time work leaves no-time study. Dino... hardly! Will the Silver Bullet make it to Pensacola? It's all a government scheme to steal your dream. Stay true to yourself and Charlie Mike. Peace Brother. -rjc -bja

Wayne Gerald Grasdock
Big Sandy, Montana
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Graaasssdooocckk! Grasdock, Wayne Grasdock hails from the wide open spaces of Montana. Plebe year was full of laughs. Watch out for that meter! Your favorite comedian-"Don Knotts, Sir!" Youngster year arrived with DKS, a Honduran, surround sound, a cellular phone, and a Coke machine. Room formals second class year would have been a lot easier if you had known the difference between wax and stripper. And don't take the time to wax the passageway to make a plebe death trap. Never will park in the same spot at Bethesda again. Watch the 2.259 L break left while Mayhem maintains constant bearing. Who is that girl in white Volkswagen Fox? "I like her style and attitude...She can drive!" Time to change the oil yet? You never said a bad word about anyone and you are a friend your shipmates can count on. Lets EXPLODE outta here! Good luck, and good hunting!--DJH,JJE

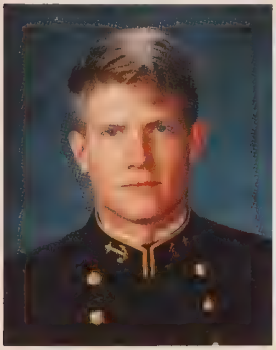
John Reynolds Groh III
Glen Burnie, Maryland
Naval Flight Officer

Who could forget the shirt stays/PE gear combination courtesy of B.M. or the missing tie which led to new uniform combinations for JR to try on. 3/C year John's athletic prowess was proven by his ability to jump from a chair to slam dunk. At least JR returned the ball before getting his cast. Wedgie wrestling wars led JR to purchase Hanes in bulk. John chose EE as a major. At least there's no weekend policy in the fleet. JR's academic endeavors was furthered as he landed the job of IEEE VP, by hitting the softball the farthest. 2/C year cybergenicized JR to 170lbs, but Brig boxing and the sauna shrank him to a lean 139. Exercise and fitness brought good taste to Gail, but the Int'l Ball brought John another sweetie-JR. Army/Navy week brought a light show for everyone on 4-4, especially the Brigade Staff. Remember the good times-1st drivers license, Baltimore, and Griffins. Good Luck. VAT



Daniel Joseph Haller
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Navy Pilot

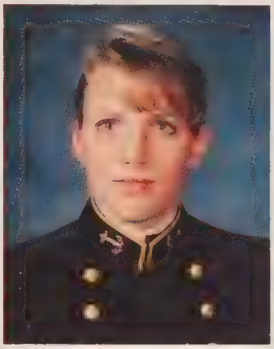
Haller.doc came to the Academy from "The most livable city in the U.S." to become a Navy Pilot even after the "exciting" flight physical. Dan is only the second midshipman in the history of the Academy to validate Plebe year. Youngster year, OS1 Haller was credited with securing color company for "Freefalling 15" with his unmatched Navtag skills. As a second class, "Howlin' Dan Haller" took on a new role as an uncle. "Uncle Dan" took on the responsibility of singlehandly implementing the policy of positive leadership - with successful results I must add. In these past four years "Dan the scuba man" has seen San Diego, Hawaii, Australia, Detroit, Bermuda and almost the America's Cup. His selfless EI instructions have not gone unnoticed and he deserves nothing but the best in the future - JETS!!! A little Star Trek and some Maryland blue crabs wouldn't hurt either. JJE



John William Hawver
Hutchinson Kansas
Special Operations

Julie Ann House
Bainbridge, Washington
General Unrestricted Line

Where are your shorts?.. Army/Navy legacy. Frat? You going to the vending machines- take a bag! Studying? Phantom #1 and #2...Balcony Questions? Piezano, may I hep yeu? our little man. shhh-I'm thinking! Rock walkers. Reveling at the Langes. The big three vying for her affections after herndon The brace that was never awkward. Dancing with the tree at the Easter party. Good Samaritan. Hedge Jumping. Steaks on fire at midnight in a Hurricane. Hooked in Physics. 10 pages in a youngster...20 pages in 1 night.Can we use your car to go to the mall(ocean city).Gold tooth and a nugget ring with no license...there goes the computer. Plebe gymnastics.. Quantico...she must have bionic knees, how can she still run so fast. It all started with a towel and shampoo... peanuts...a call on the mates phone..hottubs..going out more than firsties..Iceland. Fried now? They are in the bushes by Halsey. We love you JP+NC.



Julia Margaret Lopez
Los Altos, California
Surface Warfare

Lo-babe. We all have our moments, but this chick from Cali has had more than her share. Sure, she seems "innocent and virtuous" enough on the outside, but just ask her about "viscous flow, downhill, in a channel"--a true blooded aero geek despite our best efforts. She does her best to "deny her heritage", but those eyebrows really give her away. (Is that your REAL hair color?-I don't think so.) She managed to kick her halo into orbit by 1/C year-prompted by "fishboy", but despite her pleasure seeking, pain avoiding nature, she hung with crew for three long years. Now, she can predict the weather by the L.G. Memorial finger. I bet that will come in handy while "haze gray and underway!" Best of luck on the high seas.(Hee hee). D

Jonathan David MacDonald
Durham, Connecticut
Special Warfare

He came to us as Johnny Mac, the wrestling Maniac. He started out naive but soon came to realize that 190lbs of mass can not overcome 295lbs of mass. Johnny Mac meet Mike D. Next he became a finessing,sweet-talking pretty-boy. He changed his sport to squash and gained some under garments with holes in them. Johnny Mac turned into CrackDonald, the man in search of true love. He roamed Rod's hangout during Saturday liberty, but only after he cleaned, painted, and renovated the homebase. He went to beach parties, to Sanctuaries, and even on a Safari to find love. He also fought a dragon, who badly needed Rogain. On one Safari he caught a big fever. When the fever broke, CrackDonald became Euro___. This stage past when he caught the fatal fever. This fever will probalbly stay with him when he goes to California. Good Luck!!!!

Gerald John Macenas II
Diamond Bar, California
Navy Pilot

Friend, Mac-Daddy, J-Mack; Many names, talents, and all around cool guy! Coast Button; Outta here-'bout time! Best times of your life, yeah right! Never once broke a rule, skipped a lecture, or hated this place. Funny how time dulls the memory. Let's see, there was: The Cloister; T.N.; 15th; One fiddies; pro-quiz-Philo! Gouge, what's that? Dick's; T.R.-where is that guy now? S__t bomb; "More than you and your buddy can eat or drink!" OK pal! Kamikazes-Army; Redlands? Tootsie rolls! Class: rack? K.H. wine? Da Zulu; Da Fooj! 19th; Biiilge; LM2500's; "Call me Sean"; Eddie's; Rain-in the room? Paca sign; Kruse and Stu; UA-21 days; C-114(RD); 1/C!! 300ZX; Lectures-on the roof? Bud Cards & the helmet; Svc. Sel.-dance on the desk? The General; Banana Rojo; Don't say it was fun, just that it "was". See you in P'cola; 5000 . . . E-dog

Cheryl Deann McKinney
Poteau, Oklahoma
Intelligence

Out of nowhere, the viper struck, surprising us all with her strength and fiery emotions. She brought a load of smelly laundry, but forunately, with several feasts and a little help from her friends, she was able to see the light. Double Desserts? What more could you ask for in life (besides a shopping spree)? Nine months to hatch a car, and boy would that car travel far. When you go to Germany, look out for loogies. JH will meet you in Lorraine for lunch. Despite being soothed into submission for a while, the viper reappeared, at last, in full force, with a spectacular oration worthy of a service medal. Bravo, Cheryl! We admire your strength and guts. You'll go far in life. Good luck and don't forget that we love you!! JH and JP

James Mural Mills
Bay Shore, New York
Surface Warfare Officer

Millsy, Fletch; Stealth Plebe to Striper.. To this day no one knows who he was or what he was doing: especially during formation, class, and mandatory lectures..After the tough middle years, a townie, Playgirl propositions, and double secret probation, I have this to say: "He's a damn good friend." ACS H2O Polo (3 N-Stars, the Shek, life with Cheese, Reb needs help, whatever)..Group 11.."Hello Betty"..The Boys (JC,BR,DS,TR).. Breakfast on the balcony.."Hey JC, we got your clothes"..Going to class? NOT!.. Never say never: S.S., C.M., Show & Tell I'm the 19th CO..2/C Year: IN and OUT of Fire Island..To those we left behind (Dre,R.Y.) Hello C.N.."Gouge and Quote Master".."Shut up smack"..Weeknight BMW rides..Precomm- 20/20000=SWO..1/C Year: a striper, really?..Jim?, oh he's at the apartment..bad kitty..On to the bigger and better...Life begins! Catch! JMC

Erik William B. Ostrom
San Leandro, California
Navy Pilot

Friend, E-Dog. A fit man with many talents. Soccer, Baseball, Lacrosse, Hockey- Been there, done it! It all started by pinching a fat one and juggling in the infamous volleyball pit. Hoibster? 'Nuf Sed. Freshmen (sorry 'bout that) Gymnastics (your welcome). Sophomores- did we have school the first six weeks? oops! close call. Juniors- sweet dress on R.D. date! Seniors- Svc Sel., Boozin' from 12 to 12. XO. Lenny's P-lot. Hey dude, wake up, Five-O! mmm...McDonald's. "The way I see it." "What time is it?" "Can you tell I lifted today?" (Swo-workout) "Why do birds fly?" A.P. Fruit Cup! Sarah, you brighten... Army/Navy, yeah right old man! "No, I have to do a chem. lab" Nice major! K.D...wait for what? Mackin' the H.O.'s. Capt. Starfish "Hey dude, did I hit that car?" Guitar player? What lecture(s)? stories? plenty! let's start life! I'll have coldies waitin'. Peace! . . . J-Mack

Julie Ann Pelton
Madbury, New Hampshire
Marine Corps

Introducing the Bikini Baron of Macdonough!! Wow, could she fly. Well, sir, we were on a recon., you know, and it was all spirit related. The Phantom struck--balcony, questions?? Oh, you are a rapmonster, rockwalker, and I loved dining with you daily in the roach motel. Shortly thereafter, I realized your talents as a varsity hedge-jumper and a real slick chip burglar. The big lie? Nine months until we hatch a car, and "I promise, I don't care if I have to walk from Hospital Point, as long as I have a car." How many tickets, Jules?? Oh! and where were you sitting at the Bob Hope show? Hey, Jules, wake up, I have appendicitis! Help! (no chance--ZZZZZZ) Comearounds...roof...rings...bells. Wow, what a sequence! We'll love ya "till the cows come home" JAH & NCC

Jason Alexander Rich
Malad, Idaho
Surface Warfare

Hi Junior! Plebe year dining-in - put him in the shower. Sunday 8:30pm-"Is Jason back yet?" I think Bird needs another wedgie. J.G. is getting huge again K.F.-your new hobby. That annoying 40 minute drive to Baltimore. How's the Mobil card? Diner's Club? Let's see that phone bill. Hmmm...looks like a 3 hour call initiated at 1:30 am. Why not just write a letter, that's what classes are for. 11:30pm-"Is Jason back yet?" The uniform for morning classes is WWB, carry Diet Cokes. More Kippered Herring? Get out of that weight room, might get too big. 11:45pm-taps-"Is Jason back yet?" R. at Hood. Isn't that place for youngsters? It's time to go Jason, enough with the hair already. Happy 21st Birthday in New Orleans. Dismount:10.0! "Save the whales!" Go study in the library, don't forget to set the watch...snore 11:59pm-"Is Jason back yet..." Peace Brother.-cms

Andrew Michael Ruiz
Union, New Jersey
Navy Pilot

No thanks to Had. & Roj, Andy relentlessly finished plebe year. How bout those shoulder boards? But, youngster year brought new challenges. Double easy wasn't so easy. Not one for gouge, Andy took on the EE workload, and prevailed. But, the long hours didn't keep Andy from partying. With his moshing jeep, Andy took on Hood, NOT! Lets try Georgetown, New Orleans maybe Rutgers too. A little WWF spiced up youngster year too, or is that RWF? 2/C year yielded a productive leader who motivated his plebes, even through the summer. A few fireworks made the year exciting, just ask the B.C. So much for the R.D., but no one's perfect. With 1/C year came the free luxuries, xerox, phone, a ski trip to the Alps, should I say more? Always in the fast lane, the devildog will go even faster as a Navy pilot. Always one to lend a hand, the Bird will surely be missed by those who knew him well.-JRG III

David Kimber Shaffer

Shamokin, Pennsylvania
Navy Pilot

Dave entered into Freefallin' 15 from deep in the coal mining regions of PA. Plebe year was fun, especially burying that arrogant 2/c on a Sat. morning "fun run"! 1st sem. 3/c year found us next to the Coke machine with a full fledged youngster room (most expensive surround sound system to hit USNA, cellular phone included). TR was found 2/c year in 19th: a loss of stereo and phone but a gain of various other appliances and a desire to become a SEAL. 1/c summer was real rough on Coronado and the beach with the "Dragonfires"-GO NAVY AIR! 1st sem. 1/c year, he found 3 stripes and a challenge. THREE-PEAT, BABY! Last semester, back up on 4-4, he was attached to the VDS-19 "Blue Magnets". Once in a while, a TAD excursion would send him to work-out, class, practice, or the phone. Hope Pensacola isn't a letdown after being Admiral Ensign at USNA. God Bless as you soar through Navy skies!! WGG

David Michael Smith

Lewisville, Texas
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Smiff!!! USNA via Harligen.15-Sparks, Zooter times 2, JV Squash-"Hey this ball don't bounce",San Diego-pier side 40 days and a little romance(what was her name?),Down Under,Colorado and one with nature,BFE-"Hey listen to this,""Ever heard of transmission fluid?" Mitsubishi-Never again!, $50 for the scrap pile. 19-Okie roommate and C&W-"Mamas Don't Let Your Baby's Grow up to be Cowboys", FloriBama, Color Guard, American Airline flight attendant;ice cream scoop, Bet with MJ-wonder who'll win? Army-Navy and the WT, What a night in Philly;Colorado II and bare essentials, U2-Mist and rain, "Man, what a concert"-Reach out and touch Bono, the greatest!!, 3rd Edition-Texas Babe dancin' by the Jukebox- 3rd Ed II and nap in the bushes, the C's, Sandy's, the Turtle, the B's, Texas Star, 58 hour marathon ride in ice, Hob-nob with the big guys in DC, Subs-Aooga, Aooga. Heineken FTS PBR. Your the best bud. MJB

Craig Matthew Snyder

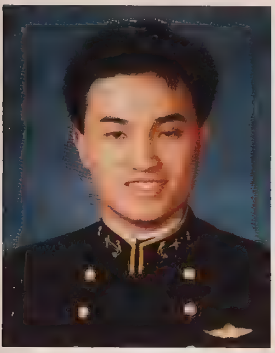
White Plains, New York
Navy Pilot

Appropriately nicknamed The Pigpen..soon to be named The Mailman; Craig never was great with tact. Kiss'n JAC in the chapel didn't seem too bright. Not the best way to make friends with Pookie and company. That's one way to earn a name for yourself. How bad can holding a trash can for 3 hours be? Hope you got your money's worth. Puking on HD after the dining in had it's obvious merits. Too bad I "missed" most of it! Stranded in St. Louis and No. Cal, and together for the final SB. Too bad we have morals.(?) LS in B'more. Confusing Jens? How drunk were you? Will JC buy your story? Friends don't let friends?... (N.O.,LA: #21) Nice Juke! Thoughts to ponder: When's the wedding? Where do Slaw and Law spend all the money they save? Ordnance? on target, on time? Is she a real redhead? Peace, Bro. JAR

Matthew Kim Thayer

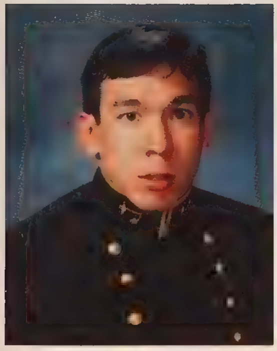
Fullerton, California
Naval Flight Officer

MAYHEM!! How appropriate that plebe year nickname is. Little did his second class know that "Mayhem" would stick till after we've all left this place for good. He only validated 19 credit hours plebe year. An aerospace major who realized that he wanted to be a medicine man... Make up your mind! His English is excellent for a Korean(North?) who has only been in the U.S. since he was 11. But he didn't know enough to realize that J.J. was pulling his leg about the "Swimming Liasion Officer, Sir!"--Oh, a little more heat from the Oven won't hurt anything! He can do a million things and still stay sat...How! Glee Club, CSTS, MCAT, Hotel H.P. on Wheels--What an interesting night!!! He's a grunt by every definition, and will still take time to give you the shirt off of his back! Good luck Mayhem!--We in the "original" room say it with the fondest admiration, and we'll always be there!!! M.G.C & J.J.E



Luan Kim To
Blumington, Minnesota
Navy Pilot

No biography submitted



Volodja Akira Tymoschenko
Goldsboro, North Carolina
United States Air Force

As a motivated plebe from NAPS, VJ bolstered a mighty voice that often offended a certain squad leader. With youngster year came comp. sci., NOT! Lets try poly. sci. A popular roommate to have, V.J. had the most, just ask the 2 that were separated. Except for a little restriction, V.J. rolled on. 2/C year created a short terror who found himself on plebe probation. What did you do to that plebe anyway? Would J.B. across the way have approved? 1/C year found him oft in the rack esp @ brkfst. His “empire” was dented when the batmobile was totalled in a collision “self des-cribed” as near fatal. He still partied on though, remember DD, but no RD?, frisked @Grifs, & still a crstl col. With a lifelong des- ire for flying, V.J. joined the Air Force. We won't forgt our sand- blower, who could be found making anyone laugh. The AF really luck- ed out. Good Luck little brother, we'll miss you! - JRG III, LMY

Timothy Mark Ulmer
Vestal, New York
Naval Flight Officer

Tim's career at Canoe U. was marked by a string of crunch-time decisions(Naps contract, Serv. Sel., engagement). Ironic in that his destiny had been set before arriving in Annapolis. “There are a few captains, but there's only one admiral”. Usually found with lax stick in hand arguing with C.W., Tim developed the art of “creating dialogue” ever trying to keep his unbroken streak of being right. With youngster year came the girth, a new ACL, warming up goalies-a “rocket shot”. Mixing narcotic pain relievers and 6-week exams resulted in a quick ending to a promising narc career. With every movie release came new career goals(TopGun,AttSubs-an early casualty,Getting wet-n-sandy in O.C.), but on 4-0 Tom Cruise could not ignore the calling of the brown shoe lifestyle. Blood Brothers experience everything together. Eat up the world Ulmer! Hoo-Yah Sir!

Craig Cameron Wirth
Yorktown, New York
Marine Corps Pilot

The Fuhrer lives on. Remember those great parties at Brown and your great friend Lou, T.U. & Dona freezing in the hallway. Still not “ Internationally Known.” Plebe year spewing chunks all over the room. Craig began riding a “ HARLEY .” 2nd Class year. Boat , Motorcycle,Truck,etc..... Financial Wizard. Police and Vestal ,N.Y.. Awsome Waterskiing. Gadget man,everything we never needed and never used. Supe's office. Ocean City tennis, abusing Bill. Mr. Yard Gouge. Grandma's vision, Space here I come. Y.P. from hell, trip to Baltimore, wandering on the block. Blood Brothers Adventure. Plebe year dining in “ the Grog. “ Never afraid to get into a good arguement. You've gotten everything you want so far just one MAJOR decision to make you know the one. Good Luck in the CORPS OOOH-RAh see you in flight school. It's been a great 5 years. T.U.

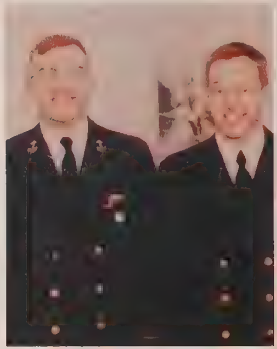
Twentieth Company

Robert Mogabgab Berryman
New Orleans, Louisiana
Nuclear Power - Submarines

The Dude (Berrydude, and other assorted callsigns) came to USNA from the Mardi Gras land. After wanting to go air, then every other service selection, the Dude settled on submarines. Known for his high-powered intensity, he survived and crushed cables, ankle surgery, nuke interviews, Marine Corp marathon, and country music. In the time we've been rooming together we both were forced to give up our membership to the Blue Collar Midshipmen Club when we were hit over the head and saw stars. I guess we'll have to join the ranks of the golden children. I'll certainly miss the multi-hour tirades on La La Land and maxing both the volume and the sarcasm level. I'm sure that "This is Jamaican!", "Where's my pen!", and "Not just no, hell no!" will be ringing through my ears long after we go to nuke-land. Remember that I want to be invited to hell freezing over, and if it ain't fast and black, - your wrong! TK

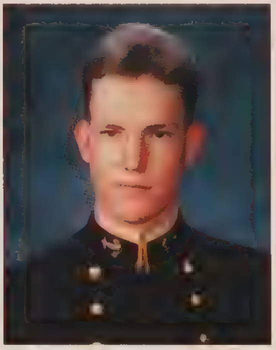
Jonathan William Braun
Minot, North Dakota
Surface Warfare

'89 '91 '93..Jon comes from Minot, North Dakota as the third in a series of brothers descended from two happy parents-happy that they are one kid closer to having the house all to themselves. Jon marched out to the "Heck you guys don't know what COLD is" east coast to figure out "What is Canoe U. all about?"; this began a series of questions including: "Hey why isn't this girl writing me?" "Do we have to pay for football tickets?", "How much do those sheets cost?", "Does Conduct do a lot?", and "Rob, do you want to do a skit for Skit Night?" Yep, lots of interesting times for four years as roommates guest starring "You're gonna get fried", "No, you can't put your towel up", and the practicing monk - like I should talk! Here's to our new apartment in Newport, Minesweeping, Cancun traveling, and a general attempt at trying to jumpstart life. To Mr. and Mrs. Braun you have done well. RAC



Christopher T. Brown
Salisbury Plain, England
Surface Warfare

CT. The guy who came to us from New Hampshire? Arizona? Boston? London? Oh well, it doesn't matter where he came from as long as we all know that he found a home at USNA...shaa-right, as if! He spent more time in formations than he did studying. Did he ever really study? From the stack of 13 newspapers Plebe Summer to the recent Elvis sightings he's always provided our entertainment. A little eccentric. We could always count on CT to be there when we were down to push us further down. He's an (Dennis Leary song) and proud of it! We've all witnessed the great leadership capability that will serve him well in the fleet as evidenced by his close-knit squad (need we say more). Won't forget the games during finals, the youngster spring formal incident (I asked for it-J.), sleeping in the Volvo near the redlight after Army or the much more. And don't forget Danny, BE the ball! Thanks - JRP & Woodman



Robert Alfred Casper, Jr.

Neptune, New Jersey

Surface Warfare

Rob, at the bright young age of 17, came from the beautiful state of New Jersey (Exit 7A on the pike) and settled into his new home away from home, "Mother B". With the initials of RAC, you would assume he was in the "rack" all the time. On the contrary, Rob was a hard chargin' individual and spent many hours doing his job and on his computer. Don't get me wrong, Rob considered sleep a sacred event and people knew to step back when waking "The Ghost". I always valued Rob's opinion on anything especially computers. Being a CompSci major, I was lucky to have a roommate that was a former software engineer and a fellow CompSci major. We had some great times together, Army/Navy '89, teaching him how to play racquetball and a year later getting beat by him. The USS Devastator is inheriting a fine Naval Officer! Rob's Friends and Family should be very proud of his many accomplishments!! However, his greatest ones are yet to come!!! JWB

Christopher John Cassidy

York, Maine

Special Warfare

HAR-READY!! Hey Chris, 0500 for a workout? Yeah, Right! Life began as a munghead on 7-0, shootin' hoops and being ratey. Then came youngster year and Froggyman aspirations: run,swim,and flutterkick with the best of them as long as it was well after sunrise. After a quick plebe detail, pack the gear and head for Zoomie land (AFA) Colorado for a short vacation of skiing, PT, and rack. Back to USNA, though, to become helplessly trapped by a little Byrd from Frederick (the Mk1 Mod0 wife); Firstie year spent being whipped, securing a billet to HOOYAHville, Coronado, camping trips, and company commander-- Remember: put out like a Big Dog (2-40,SYCO) because Senior Chief is waiting-Check or Hold? HOOYAH and good luck on the strand(Don't worry, I'll get you up!) and in the Teams! --MDP

Jay Edward Dryer

Kingwood, Texas

Nuclear Power - Submarines

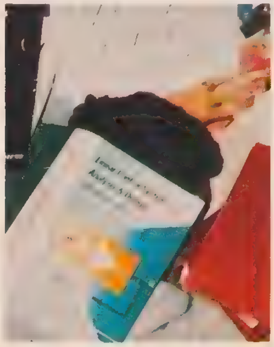
From deep in the heart of Texas, Jay came. While most of us were stumbling over menus plebe summer, Jay was explaining how many bolts held an AIM-54 together. But behind the temperate nature of this pro-knowledge god and academic stud, lay a deeper driving force:Krystee. Talk about whipped, daily letters were more frequent than the newspapers to our room. Youngster year saw realtime access to Krystee*** over NATS and ENGAGEMENT! (Yeah, as a Youngster!) After a brief stint with the plebe detail munghead squad, it was on to second class year. The lovebirds then slowed down to just 3 or 4 hours every other night on the phone(his bills were written in scientific notation) Firstie year as company commander(we kept sweat buckets in the room); and after realizing how much he hated the place, he chose to be a Bubblehead. It's been a great four years together, and we hope you and Krystee do really well! MDP BCS ADS

Jorge Ricardo Flores

Grosse Pointe, Michigan

Surface Warfare

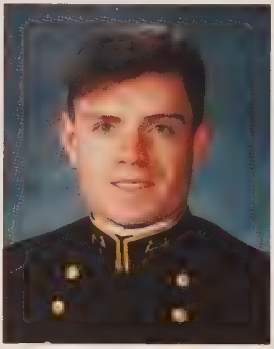
Ric, Jorge, Rico, came to us from Michigan, his 'Stang came from Cali. A systems geek to the core, he broke out second class year. Then he met some of us normal guys, and his life was never the same. He was out of company so much that he became an out-of-company striper of a more fun-loving group. From psycho analyst to tutor to friend, Ric proved he was a little misguided, and sometimes a little wacked, but always striving to be his best. Following a, well, interesting Ring Dance, he had an even better romantic encounter, jumping from the frying pan into the fire. Ric's been a great friend, a REALLY passionate individual, the butt of many jokes, and always dependable. CG MB MT JT PF But honestly guys she's a great gal, that's it insane ...yeah!, Spades, 3:00 am..early! The peanut gallery, So there I was going 120 mph...., Newport, Zurphies, Conscious but unaware, Male what? 10:27.. 10:28.. See you in the fleet, fellow SWOdaddy, later! DMC



Augusto Jose Ganoza

Lima, Peru
Peruvian Navy

Tito, Ganushka, Gonzoa, the Prince of Peru, came to the U.S. in the summer of '89 from Lima, Peru. Plebe year found the future Peruvian CNO snoring loud or waking up at 2:00 am to study. As the snoring got louder, Ganutiga figured out the English language and the Academy. We discovered Winston's (18, not!) and Macchu Pichu (marricon Bolivians) youngster year which led to more adventures and many hangovers. No place was safe from the Prince including Clemson ("Bring me your biggest one"), Irmo (tossing his cookies around SC), Princeton (funneling), Daytona, and New Hampshire (learning to ski). Spew came to Canoe U bringing with him lots of culture: pictures from Peru, his Flag (don't fly it out the window!), Pisco (Molina couldn't even drink this stuff), music (Louis War, 4.40) and of course the language (mainly spanish cuss words and ways to cut loo-loos down). Thanks for the friendship - but now it's time to GTFO! Minyana-Loo - TTYL - TPR



Andrew Gibbons

Elkton, Maryland
Surface Warfare

He's Irish, but he's not A leprechaun, Andy, or 'Beansnapper' as he ws known to his Championship 150's Football team. Always ready to party, the hardest partying Mech-E, no doubt.. The only person in the world who could go from 180 lbs. to 158 in the blink of an eye. "No Andy your eyes really aren't sunken into your head." Being Irish Andy was never Hyper, hot-tempered, and never drank at all, no really! But there are two-sides to this beast, he held the link to our (Funky+Goody) social life (U of MD.).T.R.O.Y.=>Frosh: What happened to my hand, Elle? Texans stink, except one! "Andy did you take your medicine?" "I'll stop the world and melt with you."Soph: rack-ops with Goody+Rob. HO. Letter. 2nd Class summer. Grunts. Junior: Cancun#1. DZ's never forget MC. EE, say no more! 150's. Ring. 'BYJ'. Senior: Pioneer of the Darkside ju-ju. CVN-71. Thanx for the continued great weekends and leaves. BEST FRIENDS: GOODY AND FUNKY!

Robert Franklin Goodson

Willingboro, New Jersey
Surface Warfare

And they always shout, "Goody!!!!",as the big man approaches. Six foot two, 240lbs. smiling from ear to ear and a bag of gummies in his back pocket, the man came to us from Willingboro, New Jersey (exit 5 to be exact). The friendliest, nicest, most unselfish, dedicated, loyal, and trusting person we have or will ever meet in our lives.Manipulator of language (gimpter, houcher doink, chuck, action, juju, PePe, Po-Snatcho..) Years=> Fresh: Birdman + Texan, recons to see the girls, N*, trampoleen, Australian women, 'I'd Melt with You', gotta see the Man. Soph: roomin' with Funky+Andy, HO, Letter, 2nd Class Summer. Junior: N*, Kelly to Rescue, Taurus, Ring, EE, the Lake, summer cruise. Senior: N.Y. Times Square, Cancuun 'Please Don't Go', {La Boom, Fats, Pinky, rain+ruins, federalis, Canadians, DJ on beach}. Rob, thank you for putting up with us, a person couldn't ask for a greater friend. Best Friends A.S.G. + R.L.M. Times will always roll.

Kyle Pace Gordy

Mcbee, Mississippi
Navy Pilot

Kyle,Gordo,Pace,Kyle G,Pig,our resident history buff and smooth operator. Our beloved roomie came to us from the land that time forgot, insisting that it's God's Country(explain L__nose then!). Kyle G honed his arts and kraft skills making eyes-in-the-boat-machines and his intellect thru yard gouge (Mahan's wife's sister's cousin?) thanks to our friend, Chet.(I said Quicktime Gordy, Quicktime!) Summer sausage and Snickers bars. After nearly sinking the Midway on youngster cruise, we found Kyle mastering the rack and taking the art of sphincter control to new heights. Kyle quickly matered more useful talents such as hanger throwing, thong slapping, fruit smashing and taint rubbing, just to name a few. "c'mon now!" "Nice Hooch!" "I burned my gozzle." (What?!) Don't forget fastpitch(Stowman & Otter), the blow burp and "Darken ship!". Best of luck, keep your wings level- JFR and BMG

Michael Edward Greene
Spring Valley, New York
Marine Corps

Extraordinary, legendary, like some comic book superhero Mike ruled the Annapolis, Balt. and D.C. circuit undaunted, untouched and certainly unmatched. No girl was out of his reach or his league. If there was a fly honey in the place, Mike already met her. Mike did more work as a plebe meeting girls, than most upperclass do all weekend. While most would call him cheap, he was only efficient. Mike will also be known for the mack daddy machine he created-the car, carphone and the clothes. There was also Jauwana right there when things didn't work out. He will always be remembered as a man of action who led some of his less fortunate Boys out of a life of academic boredom. Mike's a true con artist...the man's "good boy" during the day, a past taps macker by night. In other words, he got the job done, and he'll get it done in the Corps!-Turbo, Jackster, Molester, Edricke X.

Bradley Maurice Gresham
Waynesboro, Virginia
Special Warfare

Bradley(Brad,Gresh,Fresh,Bam Bam,Chode,Taint) came to Canoe U. from a year sabatical in heavenly New Jersey. "You have to get up early to fool the Ol' Gresh". Plebe year saw the last traces of a wanna-be engineer with enough hair left to part. It also saw pic-nic benches at formation, Bobby Brown, and sweet memories of Stu. Youngster year brought the challenges of Mech E (though short-lived) an the chance to excell in statics, never admitted wedding plans, and the perfection of the blow burp(Chile Con Carne). A guitar-playing U.S. Navy Seal surfaced 2/c year. By 1/c year, Brad could be found in one of three activities: rack, producing song, or strumming cords. This self-proclaimed "hand-some devil" was well prepared for Coronado-SWOS that is,not BUDS. Don't forget Va. Tech and the screaming Nazi. Best of luck in all you do (especially BUDS). Wiseman: Better U than us-JFR & KPG

Stephanie Anne Hahn
New Hartford, New York
Gereral Unrestricted Line

From the snowy hills of upstate New York came a petite, hard-charging pleber. Though she escaped some of the trials of plebe year by subjecting herself to the torture of crew, one spring break missed was enough. And after a tough youngster cruise in France, she returned ready to tackle EE. While studying hard, she met some nice guys in 11, who dubbed her the "Hahnster." Second semester saw her switching majors to comp sci (for the better?). Second class summer was spent at USNA training plebes, while she wished she was in France. Then came a move to XX. Second class year meant "long" weekends and "positive" leadership. Firstie year brought supt's and some fancy two-steppin' in Springfield. This New Yorker turned country girl is now ready to command a nice office in D.C. May swift traffic and clear weather guide her to work every day! RMH,SAH

Gregory Brian Keller
Harvard, Nebraska
Surface Warfare

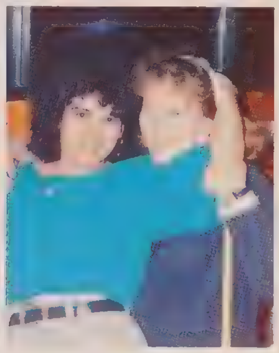
"Woody"? Four years ago, a street-smart city dude from the thriving metropolis known as Harvard, Nebraska, established a name for himself here at this fine institution. Armed with all the knowledge gained from a short stay at NAPS, the Woodman instantly established himself as an academic and professional role model we could all look up to. Even though Woody spent many hours of each day engaged in the pursuit of academic and professional excellence, he still found the time to run in the afternoons. Always the one willing to help others, Woody was most comfortable in his locker room where he could be found helping the underclass with their rates. Although his athletic awards will never match his accomplishments in professionalism and academia, he made quite a name for himself on the track. Twentieth company is sadden by the exit of their hero, but we know well that Wood will soon make us proud again in his quest to become TOP SWO. ctb

Taku Kopp

Honolulu, Hawaii

Nuclear Power - Submarines

After a rough rookie semester with a 1.38 QPR, 'T' managed to fight an uphill battle over the next six semesters to win the voodoo lottery and get accepted to nuclear power. Taku is definitely worthy of the "comeback player of the year" award. Taku and I have roomed together for two years (always next door to RAC and JWB) and have soared to new heights of comedic sarcasm. "Do as I think I want to say, not as I say" has become a trademark of our time at the academy. Few history majors probably ever have the guts to take engineering classes as electives. But, Taku had the pleasure of enduring Prof Harper along with his roommate while taking nuclear energy conversion. Always the "in the closet" engineer, Taku will be at home in the world of micromanagement (nuclear submarines). It all comes down to this: Pick 2.. Fast, Quality, Cheap. My invitation to hell freezing over still stands. RMB



Mei-Ling Amoy Marshall

Hilo, Hawaii

Surface Warfare

Marshall Blue came to us from Slidell, LA at the tender age of 17 and her elders said that she was TOO young... well, you've proved me wrong! We lollygagged(!) through plebe summer and resigned ourselves to face ACK! year. Alpha and Omega roomies, we survived numerous attacks: Being locked out due to Christmas presents; Blue and Gold tag teams; And "Join me, Luke..." Remember, it's all fun and games 'til somebody gets grilled! The girl ones made it to Herndon and melodious sounds (did they ever change?) helped her to weather the Storm. 3/c & 2/c late night gEEking, she got thru screws and EEk. 3 yrs of D&B gave way to being 1/c PMC pres and Head Heretic of Utopia 21412. USMC intentions once led to a Devil Dog summer, but a 1/c LHA, fair winds and following seas will lead her to a different Corps. Though I had to leave you, we'll always be friends. Good luck and God bless...Agnes.

Roberto Leonardo Molina

Fresh Meadows, New York

Naval Flight Officer

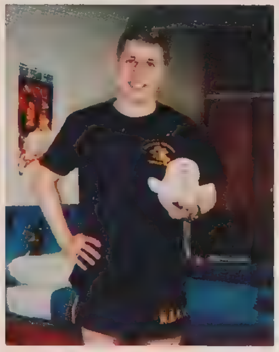
Here comes trouble, Double Trouble, the Funky Cold one, Rob M. When he came, he brought all of N.Y. with him, even the accent. Street smart and country dumb. His motto was , "If we're already late, why rush, right Hoo-Yah?" Funky is the type of friend who is always there for you whether it is in sickness, health or inebriation."Chico's in the house, so that means Jose's here too." Glory Days! 38- shirts. Double Trouble. He bled Doo-Doo's action. He saw the green table. Get a shave! Are you really listening to a walkman?-J.K. Funky Cold Molina. Youngster: Rooming with Andy+Goody, 95 North? Restriction squad attention. Junior: 26-miler USMC. Cancun #1 love them DZ's, mixer, b-day, the worm.Airborne. No dance. CVN-71, LCDR John S.,Volleyball. Thanks Mom and Dad M., Saw the Man, and survived again. Commissioning? Started as a plebe ended as a plebe! BEST FRIENDS R.F.G.+A.S.G.

Peter Michael Olsen

Annapolis, Maryland

Surface warfare

You will never find a place where Pete Olsen doesn't know someone. It may range from an x-girlfriend, to an old high school buddy, or people he met on the athletic field. Even in the Brigade he is well known. Pete can get along with anyone.He is always outgoing:from taking the mic at Cha-Cha Cocoanuts, to finding a "keg-off" at the University of Deleware. Either by making jokes or giving one of his famous impressions, Pete is able to make a bad time into a good one. Second class year was phenominal. Road trips to Duke, UVa, Florida, and countless others gave us all experiences with Pete we will never forget. First class year brought on a change we thought we would never see. We now move on to San Deigo to start a new set of experiences. Only time will tell the outcome of Pete and D.G.'s relationship, but Pete will always be the fun-loving, "laid-back", guy we all know him to be. --MFZ



Mike David Pierce
Emporium, Pennsylvania
Special Warfare

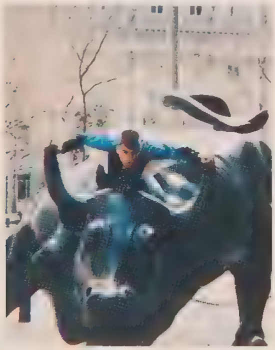
Mike came to us from the huge Navy town of Emporium, Pa. having never seen the ocean. He was the first half of the double trouble twins during plebe summer. Finally the munghead room got together Youngster year. The daily Hoo Yah sessions also started along with the circus photography, and Bucket O' Pirates. Did we ever go to bed before 2 a.m.? Then we lost Mike for a semester to the government Play School in Colorado. The rest of 2/c year saw class being scheduled around PT sessions and zero dark hundred workouts but he still managed to get the stars. Firstie year, Mike survived the booby trapped books and desks and tried to lay low avoiding the "T". Jo brought entertainment to all. The wait was worth it but Mike finally hooked up 2nd semester with a "nice girl". He surprised us all by not taking a FFG out of Norfolk and became a Hoo Yah man instead. You'll do fine in the fleet just don't forget to go to BUDS first. JED CJC BCS ADS

Jeffrey Ray Price
Knoxville, Tennessee
Civilian

What a long, strange trip it has been. Tennessee's biggest football fan here at the Academy. Everyone thought you were crazy to choose E.E. as your major, crazier still when you managed to get 4.0s doing it. Plebe year gave us army week and the invention of shaving cream ball bombs. I still don't know if it was the wisest of moves to tag him in the head with one of those. Youngster year brought such keen memories of as the Spring Formal and descriptions of Planet Earth. I guess you can't always trust your roomate's judgement, I owe you one. That was also the year that the nocturnal study hours were born and with it a newfound affection for the magnet as the quest for the golden pillow had begun. The questing continued into second class year. Making the trip to Knoxville was also an experience- the Boiler Room, Underground and Mardi Gras. By the way, "I am not a Cop!" Good luck in the real world! CTB TPR

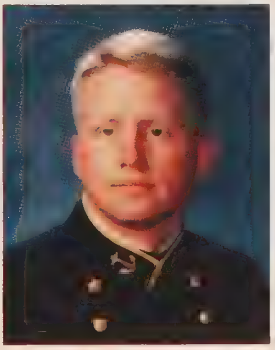
Todd Preston Rampey
Columbia, South Carolina
Marine Corps Pilot

Todd Preston, came here from Irmo SC. The Land which I always remember for a high percentage of hard drinkers!!. Thank you for bilging me in plebe year during room inspections!!!. But youngster year Preston managed to make it different. He started his single life. Many girls passed through his paws. But do you remember that girl when he asked out, and the all classic: I can't go out this weekend my dog has cancer??? This guy has definetely never heard the phrase "Love the one you're with"JCT Well the following years were for sure the funniest years in his Academy life for him and the chuchan boys, we won't forget those nights in Georgetown and Todd trying to find his Identity in the middle of the night in Macchu Pichu, a place which has never seen sober our Preston Stud DOG. There is a lot of accomplishments: MVP of the 150's team of which he was captain. For all you spanish speakers, Suerte en la vida y te espero en Lima, Chau compadre...Loo loo. tu pata TG



James Franklin Rauscher
Pittsburg, Pennsylvania
Navy Pilot

Jamie (the "Berg", Rauschenstein, Cappy, goat, Yankee,) came to Canoe U from the artic tundra of Pennsylvania.(The land where the sun never shines & the people never smile.) Plebe year found the "Berg" in the middle of "Ma'am" signature lists and the wrath of Chet. Ac year found Jamie loving life, thanks to Duttera. Youngster cruise and the USS Sierra made him realize his calling to be the Top SWO. Armed with his box of crayons, Jamie began to tackle the challenges of Easy "O". From 2/C year emerged his alter ego- -- the Cappy (Ehhh, Roger that Cappy .) and together they began to conquer 1/C year in 20.(A.L. Gators, VA. Tech and Screamin Nazis) Always broke and never on time, Rauscher somehow found a way to slip through the system. Good luck in Pensacola (if you ever get there.) Thanks for the good times and for all the memories. You're the best. See Ya! KPG & BMG



Andrew David Schmidt
Homerville, Ohio
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Andy came to us from the teeming metropolis of Homerville, OH. During Plebe summer he had the knee that didn't work but hey you got that Marathon down by firstie year! Plebe Year started the trend of amazing grades. Did you ever get a B in a non-Bull class? He even became a seafaring guy with CSTS. Took the mighty sailing ship Valiant to the brink as he battled the huricane along with his fearless crew. Never saw a man master a Jet Ski faster. Seemed to have a room to himself 2/c year. He also enjoyed the fine bowling facilities at White Sulfer Springs. This was he year that the trips back to OH to see Sarah started. Andy put the stripes on and moved away 1st sem. REG ADMIN was alot of work, huh? He came back and joined the mungheads. What a room we had. Good luck at MIT or Nuke school. JED BCS CTB

David Joseph Stavish
Allentown, Pennsylvania
Navy Pilot

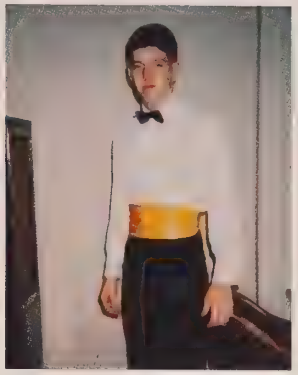
Well you sailor baggot piece of mung; we've come along way since the Ramada pool. I thought I recognized that name on my door in room 1411 back on 3 July 89. The Headless Horseman, running around with his head cut off. Funny thing is you haven't stopped since. The force was powerfull with you, my son, but with good reason indeed! Anyway, you platoon-drill-machine, you are a pretty good scout for camping or breaking into GEN Powell's office. I hope you enjoyed all your free, math major, time here at Canoe U. At least we don't have to carry Virg around anymore, but if they have you do any Orange Road Constr. Barrel training in P-Cola I know you'll be well prepared. Best of luck, maybe the wife and I will have you over for a bite, but "just a little piece", maybe even "just a quick hand" of Nasty, and a few dirty old rugby songs to boot. And Dave ------- IIIIIII see you baby! --JCT

Brett Cameron Sweet
Georgetown, Texas
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Brett came to us from Deep in the heart of Texas. What happened to your Pringles and Gouge cards during Plebe summer? He "tolerated" his roommates snoring. Plebe year also included the encounters with Dan the Man and the Molesters sister. Youngster year brought the Munghead room together. What did we do that year except kill mice, take pictures, and just goof around. Brett spent a semester at that other school in New York, but he made out like a bandit after the big game. Then he spent a semester in the rack with his new "Green Girl". Then came the ball and chain. You finally saw the light. Firstie year saw him trade his barbershop hat for a skivs shirt. Despite the cold he even managed to sing the National Anthem for Army Navy. What would we do without the erector set Mr. Fix-it? He finally made up his mind and decided to become a bubblehead. Good luck with Meredyth after school and later on! JED MDP ADS

Joel Clay Trantham
Hot Springs, Arkansas
Surface Warfare

JCT, Alias Chiclayo, cheese, perro de queso, Tranthamstein, the anti shower pichi, the conn, and money, dinero, geld. Youngster year didn't do much for your grades or perf, but let the GQ Clay shine through! A few good rugby songs sure go a long way. A leading figure on the nationally ranked Rugby team, excuse me, Rugby club, he is known for his 20/20 eyesight and his 20 min. showers. Mr. J Crew, Polo, GQ and Goodwill is always looking to find a good deal, especially on his outrageously expensive wardrobe which he helps maintain by auctioning off the hand-me-downs. He also got rid of one brown hornet and a dirty Grill. Yeah!! His efforts to become the renaissance mid were shown in weekly squad readings of SERVICE ETIQUETTE. Best wishes to you and Holly. Good luck in the Fleet. Even a good camping trip won't do all this justice. Your chuchan boys TG TPR and DJS.



Michael Frederick Zink
Vienna, West Virginia
Surface Warfare

You may know him by Do Do Brown, Zink, or very rarely Mike. All the way from "West By God Virginia" Mike got a severe indoctrination into the plebe way of living. The first incredible roadtrip with Do Do was spring break youngster year in Florida where "Robo" became Mike's new hobby. Road tripping Junior year became a weekly ritual. His junior year romance with miss L.E. ended with the unforgettable trip to Europe. " Lisa, I was going to call you when I got back." Mike, you just drove us into Brussels!" Mike was the ultimate player here at the boat school. He worked a lot but partied just as hard giving him that quality that is unique here at the Academy, not being a geek. A hard worker, a caring person, and the one who kept me from going insane. Here at the Academy, Mike has it all. Watch out ladies my SWOS roommate is heading West, thanks for everything Mike! --PMO

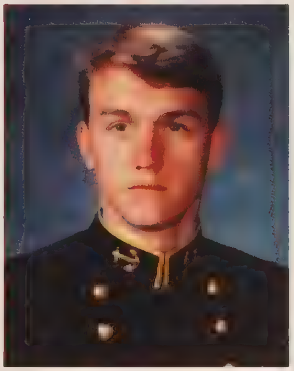
Twenty-First Company

Justin Patrick Andrews
Cleveland, Ohio
Nuclear Power - Submarine

Mole - a small, furry, burrowing creature with unruly hair and a large "brain", and really smart too. Cameron, I mean Justin, came to be known by this "pet"-name due to his natural ability to worm his way into a pack of females by putting his body through a series of convulsions, otherwise known as "dancing". Following HS Mole set out from Cleveland, tunneling for Pismo Beach, but after a wrong turn at Albequerque, surfaced at USNA. OOPS! Mole became the USNA chapter of the USO, entertaining the troops with his own bizarre form of yoga. The enormous volume of his acts included ET, flower, birdbath, turtle, and the 720+, just to name a few. Spring Breaks '91-93! with Jefe and Scooter in Fla. The perennial lightweight quickly became everyone's favorite DD. Car-towing, v-ball, splotchy burn, HOOCHIE, and thanks for looking out for the flock. OW! Baad! Gotta Poop! Potty Mouth! Keep your head above water. JB,CW,SW.

Jeffrey Alan Bernhard
Palmetto, Florida
Navy Pilot

Jefe'. Rogaine. Chubby. Jail bait. the basement wall. the CD. the cigarette in the drink, but he's really a good guy, and Oh so huge. '89 Name plate-mail, I'll find out sir. Dark night fighting Robert and that damned wall. Buddy-Zuna. '90 Parties at the Hastings. Paradise found. '91 Spin the bottle: 2? Thanksgiving. OW! '92 Laundry markers on Jefe' by 4308. I'm up, they see me, I'm down. Pool in Smoke Hall, just one game, NOT. Tex hooked us w/ cars, NOT. Ring Dance. AV Cruise. Butt-Darts on Jefe'. Carpet, no more waxing. The Triumvirate. Paradise Lost, hey at least you got the ring back. FINALLY legal. Frisbee Brig champs. Hotel Grand Am in Philly. '93 PCR anchor man. Wizardry marathons. El Baro. Writing on the wall. Repeat track 2: AM & City Lights. I'll kill you in your sleep! 69. Detachable ?! Fly Navy, FTW, be sure your head fits through the door; and watch it, someday your luck will run out. SW.JA.CW



Colin Andrew Bowser
San Jose, California
Surface Warfare

From his flower-child roots in peaceful San Jose, this veritable redwood of a man was thrust into the hectic world of this wonderful institution. After a brief one-year hiatus in Newport, Bow came to us and instantly achieved fame as the "big red-headed plebe with no brace." After a year in purgatory he came to room with his soul-brother and has ever since. It is only fitting that a man of his stature should have so many nicknames: Lemme, SMAL, and Beer-clod are just a few of the departures from the ever-popular "BOWS". Ignoring the pleadings of the Navy Air community, Bow defiantly took that frigate out of San Diego. Never one to miss a good time, Colin often escaped from reality to the heavy-faced jungles of Nam (Philly, Yale, Harry Browne's). His stature is matched only by his kindness, sensitivity and devotion to his friends. Don't let the guys grind you down. ZUB,JWL,KCT

William Rockwell Daly
Buffalo, New York
Surface Warfare

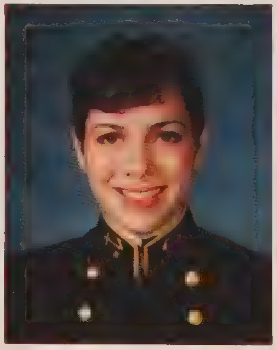
Sporto joined us from the sunny state of Florida, already an old dog in mind but trapped in the body of a pre-pubescent man. But contrary to popular belief, you can teach an old dog new tricks- we're happy to say that we've trained him pretty well. The GQ man could meet women at the drop of a hat and move on even quicker. Adventure abounded when you got him away from his studies. From the full mooned night all over DC, Balt., and VA to the snow covered slopes of NY, to the sunny beaches of FL - adventure found him even if he wasn't looking for it. As Mr. Indecision, it was never clear what this man was planning?? Attending Mini-Buds and BullDog 1st class summer, he gave us all a spin when he selected SWO. We're sure his encyclopedia of bad cheeseball jokes will keep the wardroom in stitches. Remember you're only a kid once, don't squander your youth. Wall St. look out! Smell Ya Later! MTS CJS

Efren Orozco De La Cruz Jr.
Quezon City, Philippines
Philippine Navy

Searching for a new challenge in life, Ef built a raft and sailed to America. Somehow, he landed on the banks of the Severn and the Academy felt compelled to let him stay. Too bad Ef didn't figure out the exchange rate until AFTER paying $200 for a cab ride from New York to Annapolis. Youngster year saw Ef in the Brigade Boxing Championships. If Coop was short and stocky like Ef, the Gorilla from Manila might have won. Another distraction entered his life in the form of a girl from Ohio. She was the inspiration for "I'll go insane" chits, long weekend drives in his high-performance Mercury Lynx and an extra semester of EE. Unfortunately, she couldn't stop the snoring. May you have continued success in answering pay phones and good luck in getting your poems published. Don't let that GOLDEN opportunity pass you by. PM VRM SPS
Thanks Mom and Dad, Gerry, Elva, Pom, Linda, Arch. --- EOD.

JoAnna Lyndsay Garcia
Albuquerque, New Mexico
Supply Corps

JoMeister, we made it. There were times we wanted to strangle each other, but I think that seven semesters of living together says it all. Plus, we always knew when the other was about to blow-up. I'd like to put down what has stuck in my mind most over the years and hopefully we can both get a chuckle or two out of it. We shared the same eating and sleeping patterns, and even the same cycle thanks to me. Our late night conversations kept me in stitches-how did we ever get on those topics? We were a great old married couple for awhile;how else were we supposed to get dates? I will always remember frozen yogurt, pizza quarters from dad, dinner and a movie, chocolate chunk cookies with milk, romance novels, the dorks who always came by the room, the dreaded mile and a half, wars with the guys next-door, and the Joe and Ken's envy incident. You've been great to me. Your roomie. Elephant shoes-HMGIII



Gerald Todd Heyne
Oshkosh, Nebraska
Naval Flight Officer

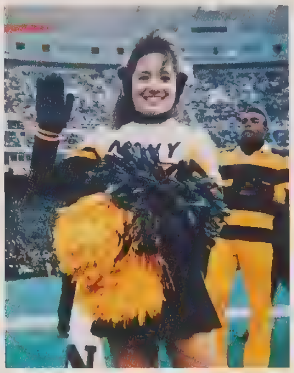
Nebraskaland never produced such a well-rounded patriot as the Reverend Gerald T. Heyne. Why on any given night Todd could ride a bull, quote scripture, find the nearest watering hole and drink any bottle of rut-gut in the bar. "Why do you hate me?" Yeah, sure they drink everynight at Penn St...So what, LETS ROCK AND ROLL! It didn't matter whether it was the white sands of Daytona, the backwoods of Nebraska, the mean streets of NYC, or just a table on the city docks, Todd didn't need no plan. SHOTS!!! Yale, where Todd set the house record. Camping in Colorado EOSL, the LONG drive back to the Hotel Heyne, "I'll cover our 6, Todd", Spring Break '92--OA saying?, when did it end. They gave him 5 stripes and a girlfriend named Nancy, but no one said he couldn't Ante-up. Few friends were as loyal or true. KCT, 5 Guys named Moe, CAB, Pete Del, JD, JW (R&B), Cnl.

Kari Ann Kenny
Cleveland, Ohio
General Unrestricted Line

Kari "short stuff" Kenny came to us from Cleveland, Ohio after spending a year at NAPS in Newport. "Short Stuff" stood up to everybody - including football players and upperclass and was unafraid to voice her thoughts and concerns - and those "big guys" listened. Cruises and ECA's took the hometown girl from Cleveland to many exotic locations such as Coronado, Florida, France, Spain, Italy, Japan, and the lovely Bering Straits. In fact, Kari was so impressed by her travels that she chose Atsugi, Japan as her first duty station. IHOP at 0300, singing Violent Femmes in Seth's car, finding Shadow and Brandy, numerous trips to Cleveland, Minnesota and wet sleeping bags, Bud the cab driver, subways of New York City, the Tennessee trip, blizzard of '93 in Virginia, Kamakura at New Years (talk about a crowd), Carmen and the male dancers, the tattoo (ha, ha), and those darn boots. You know, short stuff. TJM

Kendra Lee Kewak
Novi, Michigan
General Unrestricted Line

This is one big thank you to everyone who made my life bearable the past four years. I wouldn't have made it through plebe summer without Pang; he may be gone, but I still remember. Here's to my first roomies, Vee and Kerry O, you were the greatest. My best times were with you, Kris; I learned how to relax and have a good time. I owe you and miss you. Here's to the Squadron. They took great care of me last year when Giebs left. I owe my love of a certain act to their persistence. Now for Jo and the rest of 21, who put up with a lot and never let me down. Normie...I guess it wasn't supposed to be me. B believed in me even when I didn't. Thanks for being a true friend; I love you for it. Vin and DB, thanks for being there and listening. Lastly, thanks J; you know why. There are more, and I hate to leave you out, but these few lines are not enough. Thank you all and I'll miss you. Kiwi.



Michael David Kozub
Strongsville, Ohio
Naval Flight Officer

Zub hailed from deep in the Midwest, the land of cut-off clothing and big bench presses. With a brain primed for academia, Zub dominated in the classroom proving himself the Einstein we all knew him to be. Navy's premiere special-teams warrior earned more scholar-athlete honors than yards--garnering the attention of Playboy magazine. PEP "super" over Plebe Summer, Horn was probably the only plebe with enough energy to do push-ups after taps. Being the student that he was, Mike was always eager to show us his 'brains'. The owner of the Ram's Head can thank Mike for helping to put his kids through college. As company commander and fearless leader, Mike spent too many Friday afternoons with us in the Batt O's office. This roommate and confidant spent many late nights with me debating the gridiron, this place, and the future. No doubt, we helped each other through. CAB, JWL, KCT

John Watson Land
Chatham, New Jersey
Surface Warfare

LAND-HO! With Navy blood pumping through his veins, this Land- locked wild-child set sail for Annapolis, but not without getting side tracked for a year long port call at Kent. Gourdhead showed up on Bancroft's doorsteps a lean Marine wannabe, and for that first year all the Odor-Eaters in the world couldn't hide the fact that he was a sweat. Youngster year, Meathooks opened up the gunshop, inspiring us all with nightly flexithons and underwear marathons. Saddling up to a bar, we'd never know whether he'd swear his eternal love for you or plot your painful death. After a one-way trip down hells highway, sending him to the heart of Texas, he picked up a hitchhiker named Erin. She taught him to dress, but no one could teach this Smoothoperator to dance. From the mountain springs of the Shenandoah Valley to the sandy beaches of Daytona, John spread the word, "Keep your socks up!" KT. CAB.

Eric Carter Lindfors
Tabb, Virgina
Surface Warfare

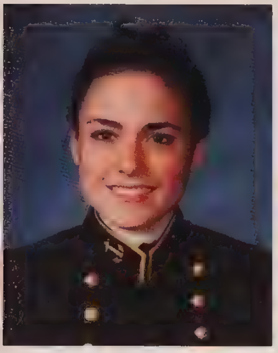
Force, Swo-daddy. Bilgefors, you're a whole lot of man. Eric joined us from all over the great US of A. Leaving his pseudo-Hawaiian home to join some of his buds at NAPS, Eric miraculously completed his pilgramage to USNA. Eric quickly learned the art of bagging even inventing a few: the comics, "accidentally" waxing himself into the rack, the trick knee, and hibernation. Things started off well enough for Eric, meeting his future mate at the first dance. This sailor isn't the traditional drinker. After double-fisting a "few" beers, Eric's bound to do anything. Via mole's sister, one of Eric's favorite watering-holes is the Hastings' swimming pool. After the Alumni House reception, Eric made it back to his room. He had us very confused. While taking a shower, he did his best imitation of a weeble-wobble. Two legs in one pant leg!? In the rack, again. JB.CW.SW.JA.GW

Victor Ruben Macias
Chicago, Illinois
Naval Flight Officer

SHUT! Come here, SHUT! This four minute Marine Pilot has come a long way since his much-publicized plebe appearance in the LOG as the magazine's resident historian. A true NAVYMID, Vic took to water like a fish does to land. This econ guru's academic workload was made more bearable by his two ton weekly care packages (Thanks MR& MRS M), his weekday libs to G&E's, and his favorite blue magnet. Steerage is thankful for his continued support. Thanks to a blonde vixen, Vic was able to take ten points off his sinfully-low "Test" score. Of course, that Oldsmobile will never be the same after he left his calling card on the front tire. Don't worry, your F/A-18's somewhere around Garden Gate. His "ultimate driving machine" was really the perpetually in-the-garage machine. And remember "MARcias," you can't live on the islands forever.You'll always be an FH to us. EOD PM WRD SPS MTS

Peter Alan Milnes
Fresno, California
Naval Flight Officer

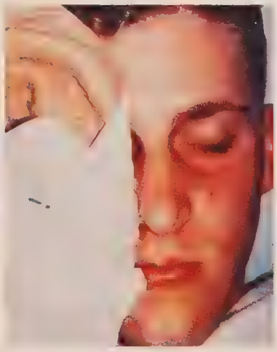
This closet stallion arrived at USNA via UCLA with the intention of being 50% of 21st Co's unsung crew duo...Although the Silent One did not swallow his first dose of Navy Academics well, he concluded his midshipman career as a VGEPer...Peeto has taught us a great deal about: enunciation during plebe year...imitating wallpaper at the Cellar...dating (Wow those two really look alike!!!)...solo dancing...J-Crew mail order clothing...unparalleled sword manual...triathlons...'93 Jan-Feb hibernation...the stress of being a Co. laundry officer...slurping noodles...4-year stealth roommate who could really clear a room ...and of course, attacking potted plants. As he heads off to Pensacola, where the SI girls are on the beach (not the wall) we look forward to hearing Slackjaw Mil-NEZ say those magic words, "Negative Ghostrider, the pattern is full!" Good Luck Meat! VRM WRD



Kerryn Lynn O'Neill

Kingston, Pennsylvania
Civil Engineers Corps

"It wasn't my fault, I hit my head on the toilet paper holder!" Once and always the King Hall bandit, she succeeded because she's a "lady and faster than you, sir!" Hooked by the flag corps, she finally saw the light and started running. She keeps going and going and going--XC captain, NCAA's, and beyond! "Well, I think I'll plan my wedding date as soon as I get Kerry's approval (she's my idol, you know)." Always our youngster representative. The Taco toucher gets TKO'd by energizer. Despite a bodybuilder bearing roses, V. Smitharino, on a white horse of sorts, won her heart. Comearounds. . . food fight...weightroom...hunting...rings!! And finally Norfolk (?) -- who would have thought? Wherever you go, we know there'll be a party. JAH, JAP, NCC



Norman Lyle Reitter

Genessee, Pennsylvania
Marine Corps

Who would have thought a town as small as Genessee, PA could give rise to such a fine young marine? His fraternity brothers were sorry to see him leave after his freshman year, but Penn State's loss was our gain. Oceanography and Judo kept Norm busy when he wasn't falling in or out of love. He found the girl of his dreams over Spring Break in '92, and we don't know which one of them could be luckier. Our little Biscuit is a modest man, calling himself nothing more than a defensive tool. He was never afraid to show some affection for his roommates even if those civilians wouldn't understand. As sorry we are to have Norm stripped from us by Shmodie, we know that every little bird must leave the nest. With any luck, the lessons in micomanagement we all learned will serve Norm well as an Officer of Marines. JRV, CJS.

Michael Tipton Spencer

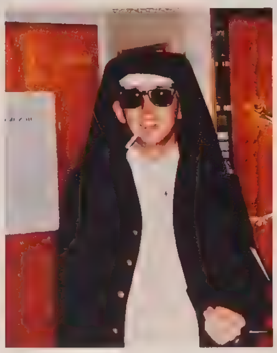
Annandale, New Jersey
Navy Pilot

A pole-vaulter from N.J., Mike came to USNA with "high-flying" aspirations. After 8 semesters he has achieved his goal, but not without his share of stories...stuck trucks and FL turtles.., 3/c year XMAS dance="Where are we Mike?".., credit card debts.., 2/c year ski trip to the Rayls.., Panama City and the TAZ dancing.., Cape Hatteras Lightning.., visits to Duke.., service selection hotel fight.., "Bill, should I wear this??", Pitas piss me off..,Buffalo.., Naples.., Chicago.., Vero Beach.., Disney & Universal.., Scuba.., Airborne.., SERE.... All of Mike's craziness molded him into a company drill stud, a raise-my-grades on exams type of student, a "no cop tickets me" driver, a fine film critic, and of course a true ladies man(we wonder, Did he avoid Ring Dance???)...Regardless, Snapper's path has a purpose and he will make the best of it!! We're behind ya' buddy!! WRD

Christopher James Sterbis

LaGrange Park, Illinois
Navy Pilot

Sterb came to us from Chicago with visions of flight school dancing in his head. Well, our little Hobbit will get his chance. It didn't come without a price, however, as we all know. There were numerous weekends, too many to count, of "getting small" and saving money. But with the freedom of first class year and his IHTFP laiden 4X4, Sterb ventured out to claim what was rightfully his. He found it in rock climbing, skiing, and surfing. We'll never forget Sterb saying, "The hell with the CDO," or donating a pair of summer whites to the trash man. Perhaps not the most subtle person, Sterb effectively communicated his feelings in a variety of ways. He showed his devotion to the Class of 1993 by shaving a class crest in his chest hair. He showed his anger with honest, heart-felt vulgarity. And he showed his friendship in his unshakable loyalty. JRV, NLR.



Shawn Patrick Sweeney
Canal Winchester, Ohio
Nuclear Power - Submarines

The Dog came to us after a year of prep school in Kingston, PA where he first started his yearly habit of hitting on women not yet old enough to vote. His love life was put on hold for plebe year, due to the attentions of Villagoat and the Mad Egyptian, but the Dogger quickly made up for lost time as a youngster: hooking up with his NATS cable. After 2-for-7, NOT!, we found out just how much Aero blows and Mech-E sucks. Between Tunnel and Strengths, we sacrificed entire forests in search of an "A" lab....who are we kidding: to get a passing grade! This didn't slow the Lap-Dog from bagging out of our trip to Europe: to go to Prom Night back home!!! (And let's not forget THE NIGHT FROM HELL) This year Dog's moved onto more mature and cuter (but not necessarily older) leash holders. Good luck at Bubble School, and no, I didn't forget about the little drummer girl. JRW

Kevin Christopher Talbot
Wichita Falls, Texas
Surface Warfare

Out of the wasteland moseyed this free-spirited Texan. Barely surviving the pitfalls of his accident prone Plebe Year, Bobo courted many "dainty" East coast girls. After a premature retirement from the gridiron, Kevin proved himself the unsung hero of the All-Star Oarsmen. A lanky 6-5 (6-9 with hair) Mudfoot's physique reminded us of Bleu the Bear, but his wardrobe was definitely GQ. A lover of poetry, Kevin became a student of the English language. Unfortunately, even the Bard could not rid "ain't" or "y'all" from his vocabulary. Bobo's weekend liquid diet found him in many a precarious situation, ranging from the back alleys of Cocoa Beach through the frat houses of Penn State to the watering holes of Bean Town, not to mention Red Square. Now Kevin expands his horizons to the Pacific, and we will miss the good times we shared. Na zdorovie, brother-- JWL, CAB, ZUB

Lourdes Patricia Vallazza
Kansas City, Missouri
General Unrestricted Line

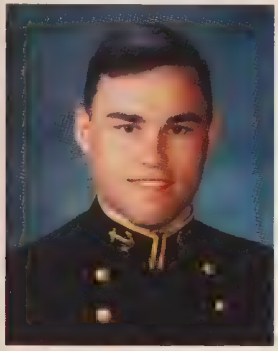
This BOOSTer came to USNA from sunny Cali and soon realized party days were over when she opened that first chemistry book. As the only 93 Female Chem major, K lived thru mega peer abuse. Where to find Vallazy: Chem lab, D&B practice, or an honor board. Walter taught me to Merenge. Mike taught you to two-step. "Don't close your eyes" The green thong is only a rumor from All Hands at Mayport 2/C summer. TDF's at Lucky Pierres steamed up the dream staff in New Orleans. Semper Boston, XO and OPS. 4 years off of fast food biscuits, King Hall cereal, and Grab & Go pretzels. BZ Tia Titi. Verde fought major confusion living with same name roommates--Kerry and Kari. Thank company mates for your song "Uh, Vee so... love me long time!" You taught me Spanish. Dientes, Nalgas, Tripas, Pequeño y GUAPO kept us entertained. I taught you Greek. Sotello! Good luck in Corpus Christi, mi mejor Amiga. MAL

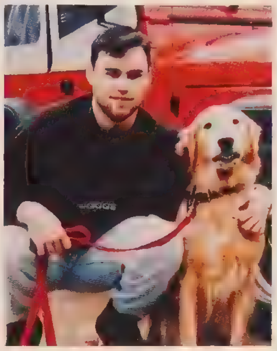
Jack Ronald Van Natta
Kalispell, Montana
Naval Flight Officer

The third time was the charm for this Montana boy, coming to us after some time at Northwestern Prep and NMMI. He tried golf early on, but gave it up since it cut into his Ships and Aircraft time. Somehow 'Natta survived Herndon, hell in Fort Benning, two years with "The Fleet," hurl-blanketed sinks, and the ultimate experience. He had his peculiarities- Warren Zevon tunes, 8 foot beef sticks, corn dog look-alikes, and morning foofs that shook room 4402. But his isometrically carved muscles, Clapton like guitar playing, and superb gardening skills made "The Body" a great roomie. His alter ego feared rats, played defense, and asked strange men to dance. His most treasured lesson: "sometimes you just get boned." What are you driving at? Oh, good point. We'll meet in Nam for some java and an Egg-a-Muffin. Fat bloated idiot pals forever. CJS, NLR.

Matthew Hunter Welsh
Mansfield, Pennsylvania
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Matt came to us from the Marine Corps family and departs for the reactor corps. Despite a brief exposure to the medical community, Matt stuck with subs and leaves us on his way to Orlando. He has certainly found his place in the submarine force. Never one to take things lightly, he has done more than his share of sweating while at Navy. Academically that is. Not one to take to the playing field, he acquired his "well rounded" character with the Masqueraders and the Musical. Four year of playing "striper points" landed him in a job as battalion executive officer where he put his more than sufficient knowledge of regulations to use.





Scott Richard Whalen
Virginia Beach, Virginia
Surface Warfare

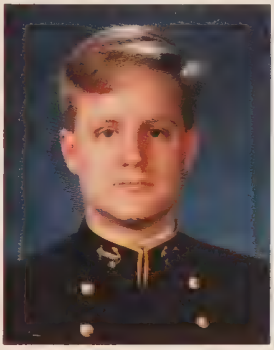
Scooter, Swampy, the Urinator. He's never been cold, hot, tired, well-rested, drunk, sober, hungry, well-fed, MBTI-negative: the Tao of Scooter. FTW. Spring Breaks '91-93! What's that lump under the blanket, Ray? Studying may not have been his forte, but he OWNED computer games. Scott, can I.. NO, why don't you buy some? If you don't like it I'll put the headphones on. He lived for 4 straight yrs on PB, Za, popcorn, fritos, & JD. OK, you can dance, but DON'T, just take her to the beach. Don't worry, your ring'll be there when you get back. He needs a stick to beat off.. the girls, at least the little ones. Jeep, Maggie on your head, Mr. Dip, Nintendo at the Hastings, Tetris, soccer, no hw EVER, hard work in the O-club in Yokosuka, pool, bandanas, the abominable locker, scuba-diving, butt-darts, & Triumvirate. You're an extraordinary guy in an "Ordinary World", and THANKS for always being there. JB,JA,CW,GW.

Cheyenne Daniel Wilson
Shrewsbury, New Jersey
Surface Warfare

Phlague, Toad, Fetus, Wind in His Hair; maybe someday we'll find a nickname you like!? 6 hrs outside Cook's room? How'd you get your mattress to dip like that? Shutup Bowser! Shutup Bernhard! Crane on your chow packages! Plebe swimming. Leave now-Zuna. What about the waste in Jersey? Just kidding, Jersey's nice (somewhere we're sure). 16 bucks? Jeff would have paid you more not to! Nice jacket & boots. Warts on Toad. Debts and a wife! OOPs! Park bench at the mall. Nice lunchbox, is it a turbo? Wanna Run? TRIUMVIRATE. Cheyenne on math, no, math on Cheyenne. "Scooter, How much of this do you understand?; none, but I don't take German; well, you understand as much as I do!" Nice haircut. You went to Catholic School? Buzzzzz, You can turn off your alarm now! Huh, What, oh! Quote log, Uhoh! Hope you never want to run for office. "Ha,Ha I never have to use a calculator AGAIN!!" JB,JA,SW

Jonathan Redding Wise
Buellton, California
Navy Pilot

With shoulder-length hair, (Oh, we can't forget the mustache) Weps joined us Plebe Year from his alternative lifestyle in CA. Youngster Cruise started with a bang, as Weps earned his Black N and his nickname: "Where does it say I can't keep an AK-47 in my basement locker?!" JRW eventually learned to legally channel his love of weapons (and the women who wield them) through fencing, where he earned a BLUE sweater this time. Weps' Youngster Year was no less interesting as he picked up a new **HAB**it, which he hasn't kicked yet. "But we're just friends!" Yeah, and you ENJOYED that whole bottle of Bacardi too! 2/C year: Aero, Mech E, EE: jab-jab-cross! As 1/c Conduct, Weps processed many Form-2's, including his own -at least no one saw her! Congrats on selecting Navy Pilot!! And remember, we may both have habits, but at least I don't have to salute mine!! Good Luck! SPS



Geoffrey Austin Wright
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Medical Corps

Crane, Hoover, Stinky, or Icabod came to us from the city of brotherly love, where he lived life in the extreme. He has experienced the hardest, coldest, toughest, meanest, most dangerous, best, coolest, most exciting, most (your fill in the adjective) of everything. There are precious few facts that he is not intimately acquainted with, and none that he is totally unaware of. He has thrown some parties that perhaps even he could not top. He supplied a pet for Peto to sleep with, Ivory for Mole to eat, bushes for Lemme to fight, video for the Who game, a keg for stands, steps for Scooter to brood on, ool and brew for all, and floor space for "sleep." Outside of the annual parties, Crane's life consisted of eating, crew, eating, studying, eating, stinking, eating, sleeping, and dreaming of eating. We know he'll make a good doctor because he's already got the handwriting down. JA,CW,SW,JB

Twenty-Second Company

Matthew David Arnold
Johnson City, Tennesee
Surface Warfare

Despite being an inbred from the hills of TN ("No. You're mother's MAIDEN name."), he somehow talked his way into NAPS and began a career of talking his way into many escapades. 1-1 CC to 93 VP; on the rocks of Newport (we'll do the Trail anyway) to the rocks of Dead Chest; mopeds in Bermuda to Harleys in Key West (someday); first lesson in an FJ to schoolin' each other on the Bay; fishing for Jack (Daniels) to 7 days without a strike; 2 for 1 at Shannon's (what was that on your ear?) to smokin' with Capt. Tony; Tabasco to the NASS fiasco; Jose at Dre's to Jaeger on the ridge over Watagua. Ahh, Watagua. Jet ski tours, Elk river water skiing,houseboats,bands,kegs, islands,bonfires,Wildlife Feds.,Mark & Linda. Roommates beware (5 for 8). Women...frying pan or fire? (May KM, KH and M never get together) Off to RI and HI...and maybe KW! Plenty of time to build the toy collection and the list. MA,CW,TK

Eugene Raymond Bailey
Detroit, Michigan
Surface Warfare

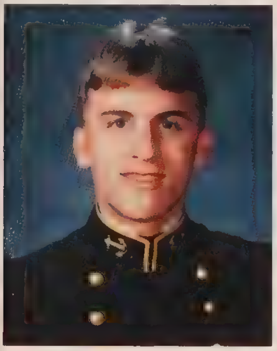
Gene came to USNA from the streets of Detroit, MI. Rough childhood made him a self-made man. Eugene became a mere Plebe from a Colonel (in JROTC!) Met a roommate for 4 years from the Land of Rising Sun in Lejeune pool in Plebe Summer. Gene realized he couldn't float.. but by his youngster year, he was giving EI. Gymnastics took a large part of his last two years at the Academy. He did get that N-Star. All four years eager to fly, now off to FFG in Mobile, AL. Go for it! I wish best of luck and success in every dream you told me. My future security advisor? Without you, I haven't made this far. Thank you and I'll miss you. K."Cheese"K. We've finally made it thru. It took my roommate, some force, a locker, tears, heartacre, and most importantly laughter. More events come to mind, but too many to mention. Take time to remember the times we had at USNA and things no one else knew. Wherever you are, I'm only a call away. Love and friendship forever, SCM

Jonathan Bautista Baron

Brooklyn, New York

Navy Pilot

I keep English simple, no confuse narc geek. You work hard, come far. Leave Manila, Poly, ROTC, come USNA, chase dream. Red in own world. No take Bell offer, regret. Blue Envelope confuse you more. You Warrior, defend bunker anyway. Teach roommate some pro stuff, so he not terrible plebe. Big battle, we not overrun. 7428 safe for democracy. Pluto. You so confused you think be nuc, go Cold War patrol. Bad. I worry. You take us all City, teach culture. Drink good beer, it clear head, you want fly again. Good. I no worry. Now you SNA. World change. Cold War end. Evil Empire dead. A-6 going away. BBs gone. Very sad. Life boring. Maybe Germans get it together, make life fun again. In the meantime, you keep being a Warrior. You've been as good a friend as I could've asked for through this place. As much as I enjoy writing, this one is too tough. There couldn't be enough room. I'll miss you. T.T.F.N.--MHB



David William Borushko

Standish, Michigan

Navy Pilot

Dave "The Snake", pride of Standish, son of Satan. Plebe year began with the V-squad and ended with company commander and golf with Uncle Rich. 3/c year revealed his love for textbooks- Dq's, Statics, etc; also adios CDH & JRD. Thanks Dad for the letter. 2/C year was the Dark Period (Hear the bedspring chorus?) How 'bout that hole in the wall? A new addition to Dave's love life: Garth. Remaining a true Spartan, he journeyed to MSU. Allergic to beer, Dave did not fail to meet the challenge of B-day #21 (How bout a prairie fire to go?) 1/C year began with the home tatooing kit. Dave's attitude was always positive. On the athletic field, Dave was a role model, receiving the USNA Intramural Sportsmanship Award. A true metal head, Dave was a regular at Hammerjacks. Good luck in NavAir and continue to bang your head. JTQ

Matthew Hawkins Bower

Goshen, Indiana

Marine Corps

Midwestern, Valedictorian, Wrestler, Football-jock, 1400+ SAT's. BANG! BANG! BANG! "You got any OREOs?" as the tourists watched. . .if they only knew. "No sir, I never touched her." Pistol Pete's victim "Where's Ralph?" CHRISTMAS '89 "I'm going to cover it!" The BUNKER's other Sentry. Spike and Sergey? Larry? How'd that happen? UNSAT, NYC, Wilson's, MIMI "They would never understand. . . They are not warriors." Had to go at the beach. My mom's favorite. Let's spend spring break in the cold snowy Midwest. Always wanted to be JB's NFO but medical got in the way. Marines got lucky. "If firearms could solve the problem, I'd have this licked." His buddy Thompson. Gotta have the good beer. The token fry: sleeping on watch. Quit scratching! My faithful drinking partner, editor, co-pilot, body-guard, friend. Have at it chap. . . once more into the breach! JBB.

Kary Nikolai Brownlee

Kennasaw, Georgia

Naval Flight Officer

Kary came to USNA from the most "northern" southern city of Atlanta. His boisterous and outspoken manner made him the best and worst plebe in 14th company. Kary spent his Herndon overnighter in Smoke Hall for drinking on the sea wall with his firstie buddies after acting as Mr. Vice at a company dining in. During youngster year, Kary served as Young Joon's personal janitor in the Goon squad. 2/c class summer brought the love boat cruise and Plebe Detail. Eventually he met sweet southern Tracey, a Vandy girl, and has been lost ever since. Now Gector Boy hides away grab-n-goes for all the overnight road trips to Tennessee he can stand; always making several donations to local law enforcement officials along the way. Kary is an engineering genius as well as an unabashed leader who will shake up any organization he joins. Best of luck. PMD.

Mark Albert Crawford

New Brunswick, New Jersey
Surface Warfare

This streetwise, little man with a big attitude hails from the cushy suburbs of NJ. Never one to let height get in the way, BACKBONE set his sights on a career as a USMC aviator. However, after rugby, and boxing, a lack of stride and rock like swimming convinced STINE that he was destined for better things. While not in sub-squad, Napoleon was supervising early morning activities in Smoke Hall. After restriction...Hi Tiffany, "so smooth". Thus begin the chronicles of MAC (daddy?)... starting off as a youngster on the streets of B`more looking for love in all the wrong places, when he wuzn't on 3-0 late at night "socializing" with the fellas. A string of T's, HU, the Ritz, Bentley's, Berlin, the Playground, Econolodge, "I'm the boy", "Camo hook me up", were all part of a quest to be like KWS & MAJB. SHORTY its been a trip rollin witcha over the years. PEACE...SLASH,GSRIII,MAJB,Camo,wes.

Peter Michael Doughty

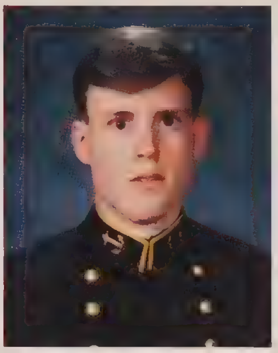
Portsmouth, New Hampshire
Marine Corps Pilot

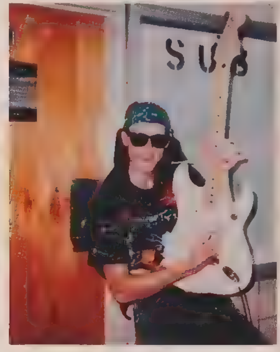
Pete came to the Academy from just south of the Arctic Circle and quickly earned the name Mungo for his 'bushy' good nature. His attitude endured and he was soon heard sounding off 'Fly Navy, sir.' True desire surfaced as he completed the last real pre-airborne and earned his gold wings. Smoke Hall soon became familiar, but the Triad couldn't keep us down forever. Second Class year brought the Sergeant Major, and the call to the Corps was sounded. Touring Europe led to the discovery of Europe's greatest treasures: the beer halls in Munich. Despite those questionable postcards from the backwoods of Maine, Pete was allowed to take over the company Firstie Year. Putting his Bulldog experiences to work, (except for that Poison Ivy thing) Pete led with a smile. Never afraid to dare, Pete skydived like a madman and scuba dived the Keys. It was quite an adventure living with Pete, but it will be a greater one to see what he does next. The Corps is yours. KNB

Lesley John Fierst

New Prague, Minnesota
Naval Flight Officer

Les comes to the Academy from the great white northern town of New Prague, Minn. where everyone worships hockey, Pig's Eye Beer, and cow tipping. Les took on the rigors of Academy life full bore and finally made the coveted Supt's List after seven semesters. The "super squad" made plebe year fun and Les made himself known with his "Sirrrr!!!" 3/c year brought a 5000 rumble, two new roommates, and funtimes with the Dark Angel. Double Deuce, 2/c year, proved a good change from the heavenly halls of 7-4 and Les mastered the guitar within weeks of starting (just don't sing please!!). 1/c year brought more ax, more 'Jacks, more Metallica, more Lulu's, and more complaining from J.T. about everything. What I admire most about Les is his honesty, mathematical genius, and above all his love for drill (Not!!!). It's been a fun couple of years as your roommate, Les. You'll make a great NFO. God Bless, TDH.





Phillip Michael Gordon

Calvert City, Kentucky
Marine Corps

From the Hills of Kentucky came our fellow youth, who still has no clue! You are off to the Mighty USMC, good Lord the Corps will never be the same, but I'm sure you will be. On to different subjects, the hunt! You put up with our "V" for so long I thought you would be like P.F.T. You conquered that one and didn't even tell, awww what a good wittle boy! He thought he would learn to fight, but you're still too slow son. Always remember 2 things: 1) you cannot beat a bullet, and 2) I will always be faster. You are destined for great things in life, but they'll probably make you infamous. Finally I leave you this my friend: Remember to violate the Prime Directive if it will help others to become better without interfering with normal evolution (For this you will get command) and forever more Live Long and Prosper. Don't forget me, E.R.B.

Jeremy Lee Gray
Vandalia, Ohio
Marine Corps

Gray, the SAPSTER, THE GREAT MAPLE THAT UPROOTS AND WALKS. Came from corn (and Air Force) country with visions of gridiron stardom. 30-some pounds lost that summer didn't help; knees forced early retirement--into the arms of a certain MIDWESTERN GIRL. Why're y'all looking at me? After that, the Sapster's world was filled with dances, trips to Indy, phone bills, bitnet and, well, X-week always seemed rough. He didn't want it any other way. Youngster year he saw THE WAY. OOM<USMC AIR--there's still TBS. Things didn't work out with #1 CHEERLEADER, at least not as planned, but he'll pull through. Anyhow, after 5 semesters I have a PhD in coun-selling, and a few words: RELAX!!! Odoreaters. Garth sucks, Hank doesn't. I'm still genetically superior. County Line. Baja. The 3 Wise Men and their Cousin from the South. U-rah. Take care of those knees. I harass you a lot, but it won't be the same w/o U.--MHB

Terry Duane Hagen
Stafford, New York
Marine Corps

Terry "The Shocker" Hagen hails from the small community of Stafford in Upstate NY. During plebe year, he became the 14th Co. artiste and dazzled the upperclass with his bulletin board masterpieces. After a hopeless battle with Statics and Calc III youngster year, "Oceaneasy" became his true calling. Terry finally lettered his final Rugby season after battling three years on the pitch that included many memorable weekend road trips. He also traveled the lands of Europe in his quest for the world's finest beer, and found it in the Munich Beer Halls. Firstie year, Terry led the Astronomy Club and properly broke in the new observatory across College Creek. Permanent Marine Corps fever quickly overcame him at Bulldog. His superb discipline and character will surely be an asset to the Marine Corps. LJF & PMD

Stephen Bruce Holland
Lititz, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

Bruce arrived from Li'ltitz, PA, wearing his Leather Jacket, Boots, on his HOG with a blonde on the back (at least in his own mind). Survived Spike, Sparky, Stroud and his Super Squad. How'd he do 'dat? Spent a summer with the Gators and the Gyrenes. Gordo's Punisher's Scuba Instructor. Talk now think later. Youngster Company Commander. How'd that happen? Neptune joined Pluto's orbit second semester youngster year. Has been there since. "I'm still an engineer, *#%@<>!!!" Got an HP to prove it. Detail Twice! How'd that happen? "Bruce don't let anyone in!" "OK." JB's faithful rottweiller. "Where are my tools?" "DUDE, gotta go to the I-ball." "DUDE, LST's are great, small crew, large state rooms, no weapons and diesels. I'll have my SWO pin in no time!" Master of the obvious and superflous. Remember: a pointy ship and a star to steer by that's all you need (and the HOG!). Good luck-JBB

Vincent Richard Johnson
Lansing, Michigan
Navy Pilot

This 200+ lb, baby-face from Lansing came with high hopes of long-snapping, but leaves an All-American tight head. Back-flop S.B. plebe year, "I didn't spill my beer." Who's the guy in the dive gear and who's the blond? Green Turtle? Never been. I'd rather be ice-skating. Does that really taste like strawberries? Pasties! I'll give her one! This fridge smells like my apartment! I think the car's spinning. Vinnie'll drive us back from D.C. I think my abs are coming in, NOT! Just checking to see if you were made in heaven. No really 'H,' Pete's asleep. She hit her head on the tub! Was some girl chewing your ear? I'm 3-man, we were out-numbered. Pull the big strings, and FLY BABY FLY! Vinnie, good friends like you don't come along too often. Thanks for all the great memories and good luck up there. P.S. Don't forget the Alaskan lake. See you at our bar. MJR & JDW

Jeffrey Thomas King
Modesto, California
Navy Pilot

Jeff came to us from California, with enough prior schooling at Embry Riddle to validate most of plebe year. He brought with him enough California to strike us as a little odd at first (an impression that for many has remained through four years). An aero degree, a love of flying, and a 1,000,000+ candlepower desk lamp have taken JT exactly where he wanted to go--P-cola.(Supreme Allied Air Command Gecktor.) Jeff is easily the most sensitive of our company mob, a feature which never endeared him to the more radical elements in the company--but Jeff is also one of the few people with the personal courage to travel his own course despite popular opinion. Opposition has never slowed him down much. He finds his happiness in God, Cindy, Amy Grant, and OCF. Which is as it should be. Good luck, and don't forget the Grunts! --BPO & MHB

Keizo Kitagawa
Ube, Japan
Japanese Self-Defense Force

From the "Land of the Rising Sun" came our shining star. The first one since 1906. Translating "Tiny Bubbles" to becoming the "Bridge across the Pacific" Started sailing plebe year for cruise to becoming Captain of your own boat, with football, softball, & judo in between. From the struggle of the pool to the toss of our hats, we did it together. Remember the long nights of Poli-Sci, fitreps, and endless chats about everything. Only a few more months 'til you get your bars; Wear them well (I know you will). Continue to shine for your country, be proud of what you are! Thanks to Chiyo for help with this last note:

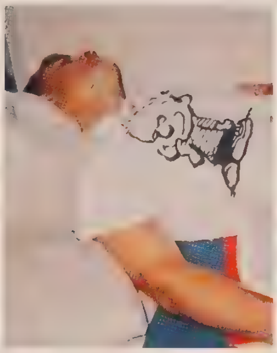
我が兄弟よ!!
また会う日まで
順風 順潮が 我々を
待ち受けていることを望む。

Michael Anthony Martinez
Fontana, California
Surface Warfare

Ever since I met Mike, we have been the best of friends. Youngster year I showed up in his room to the sounds of Metallica. All nighters 3/c year, Bravo Victor w/TOAD, wasted mixers, recons, judaspriestandmegadeth, latex water bombs on plebes, atomic-jello for 2-7,and tailgators! Rules were made to be broken! O-SO-LA-MIO, RUGBYPARTIES, and Dahlgren Hall, Hey you guys need a ride, UNSAT weekends, unreg UNSAT weekends(and liberty), your 21st birthday, spring break in FL, Ramble on, it neverstops, BEAMTRAIN, BAJA, GUADALAHOOYA, Avalon, happyhour, that plate's been there for a month, oh----another room formal, lights on, seen the ship list? Tear it up Mike, rackho, ChileconCarne, WannaWatchaMovie, IS IT FREE? Peggin' myStang, quitmessinwithme, the rings, pictures, I'm on a diet, & sleepin thru lectures.Good Luck, and try not to get lost in the shower again. MAC

Robert Allen McCormick, Jr.
Phoenix, Arizona
Navy Pilot

Out of the deserts of Arizona. . .CHIN. "Everything has a place, who cares if I'm late for formation." Almost didn't make it through 1st semester Plebe year. 0.8 to 2.0+ in two weeks. Larry beat him up, thanks to Billy. Retaliation: Cocoa in O.Coat. YJK: "Fix your tuck!!!" BL: "Miiiisterrr McCormiiiick!" JBB+RAM=PFT's Hell. Kicked JBB into Neptune's orbit. A/N contraband. "ROB, SHUT UP!!!" 2/C Co Cdr. How did that happen? Room Formals. Graduate of VW school of driving. Psycho chicks. Midstore love. I'm all Maxed out, man. Detail. How did that happen? Marched a platoon into a wall. C in PE, no D'ants. 90210. Dits. Smoke Hall formations, courtesy of PFT (revenge is mine!!) "Where is/are my ______?" Your a good friend. Will miss you. You can fly air support for me anytime-PFT You can be MY wing man-JBB.



Patrick Shaun McDoniel
Wichita, Kansas
Marine Corps

MAC-DADDY of 'em all! After winning the "pig push" plebe year, Shaun continued to live up to his rep with countless other heavies. Too much beer? Nah, we ride the Beam Train! The list goes on... chili con carne gas all night,an 80 proof 2 for 7 night,launching Trojans full of water at plebes,chillin' out with Zepplin on the box and packin' a fat one with the dark light on,rig for rack "Darken ship,darken ship,all hands darken ship!",road trips to Florida and Kansas,O-SO-LA-MIO!,"She didn't even kiss ME, man", Panama City,maxed credit cards and no $ in the bank-"the story of my life","Let's go, my par is carked out there",Simpson's,Bundy-vision,Beavis and Butthead, Wayne's World,"Guess what,I slept through class again,darn",RUGBY,pistachio shells in Larry's rack, dude it's been a crazy 4 yrs and things will never be the same (neither will the Corps). Yer the cheesiest man! -Peace. MAM

William Maurice Moriarty, Jr.
Memphis, Tennessee
Navy Pilot

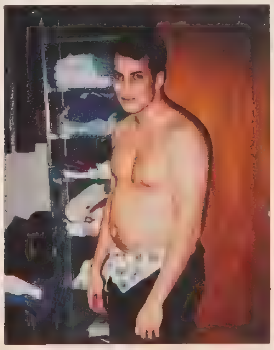
Billy, Stein, Skeezer, Bubba came to Canoe U. as a nomad, wishing he was from up North. From baseball to clock throwing, the Simpson's to Smoke hall. Road trips and Road... Barbie the intellect...Lets just leave 'em. Why did you park this far away? Well Officer, my roommate is getting engaged & that's why we're speeding! OH Miss! Miss! Heidi, I'd sign her in but I don't know her name. I'll fight the whole frat, no Rubes you do it. Do you know how old we are? Old enough for Pete I guess! Rubes, is that girl good looking? No, He's not! Bill, what is Tess? Old and large like everyone else here. Syndy--enough said, that's what friends are for. I lost my credit card in G-Town and then Mr. O thought I should drive instead-oh hello there pavement! New Years, Yards and PA? May the roads ahead be a bit less rocky than the one we just got off. To a best friend now and forever. KPG, RWS & MJR.

William Oneal Nash
Herndon, Virginia
Nuclear Power - Submarines

"Hey Plebe, stop the music!" seconds later, "What!!, you do not know who Public Enemy is?!!!" Those were the first sounds I heard about the man from Virginia with the "preetty eyes". Work was to be done.Supt's list first semester plebe year despite one stinky roommate and on really dumb one, Slash, with faithful Shannon by his side propelled into 3/c year.A new suave roomate and Lax to take him out of drill, Gash set his sights on nuke power after a late night revalation looking at a pay chart. "The bonus money will cover the engagement ring, huh Nash." Complete with the newly invented Nash two-step, and Shannon's permission of course, the Slash was ready to go out and tempt the women. Trips to UVa trying to hookup calssmates and many nights sweating brings Slash to firstie year. After adding the wiggle to the patented two step he's ready for grad school, investing and marriage?? Goodluck-MAC

Scott Andrew Odman
Pendleton, Oregon
Surface Warfare

Toad entered the Happiness Factory at a slim 150 lbs, but a nearly crippling ankle injury in a b-ball game started him on the road to Girthdom, only now has he returned to his prior NBA caliber. 3/C year showed his criminal instincts, for his famous "Simpson Fry." Budha was here to stay. Xmas-thanx for the sweater, meet the curb. Stein would've been proud of Spring Break: Pushing the Brown Bug was good exercise, but for future reference call Magic Mountain in advance and PULL the fuel release lever. Thanx "Ben Dover" for thinking of me and my grades. 2/C year, he and many others saw the last dinosaur, humparackasaurus. Once again in Smoke Hall, is that a "Black N" you're wearing? The road to Girthdom, now a major interstate. 1/C summer spent mostly at San Diego, and Baltimore. Will you work the O's game? 1/C year, Plebe Year II, try to be helpful, and you're doin' the "Shuffle" again! Best of Luck! DWB



Bryan Patrick O'Leary

Barrington, Rhode Island

Marine Corps Pilot

The RI Civil Air Patrol did us no favors upon giving us Bryan, unaffectionately known as either "Larry" or "The Plug." Plebe Summer left us with the fond memories of the cry(litterally) "I wanna be a Marine, Sir!" Sob, sob. And also of the wimper "I'm in pain, Sir." Youngster year brought us "The Kiss" and the start of the Lottery. (The "prize" going to the "winner", a semester of nightly moaning and intollerable annoyances.) 2/C year brought two more lotteries. His working relations were at an all-time high. Ring Dance with Sgt. Major's daughter. 1/C brought the election, and with President Clinton's pledge to allow other groups into the military, there was hope that someday Bryan could come out of the closet. Bryan, we'll miss you quite a lot, free entertainment is hard to come by. 22

Jason Landon Pike

Spartanburg, South Carolina

Surface Warfare

Forsaking his deep blue heritage, Jason decided to become an officer. They sent him to Newport first so they could chip off the layers of encrusted salt, but his it just wouldn't go away. From across the Yard, you could recognize him. Either his unique turtle-shuffle or his hair waving to you would give him away every time. Being everyone's project didn't help his academic progress, but he eventually made it through a very tough plebe year. After three years in slavery to the System department, firstie year brought design projects, headaches, and many sleepless nights. It also brought Key West, Scuba Diving, and long road trips. You're being brain-washed by that stupid book! Let's Go to IHOP, TM, KK said she's going. --TM. & KK. Could you please turn the radio down...and get the light too. Good luck in the fleet. God Bless. ---JTK.

John Thomas Quarles

Troy, Michigan

Naval Flight Officer

"There I was in a silver P-38 with black and yellow invasion stripes..." I-Day saw the entrance of a unique individual, devoted to the cold war and Ronald Reagan. Plebe Summer included Rich, Mike and the RI Civil Air Patrol. "Nice frams and newspaper." "Sir, do you mean the mod1 or mod2." Viper and good grades(?) were to follow. 3/C year brought the mech-E dept., falling grades, and RI Encounter II, "Dude, is he moaning?" That spring, the "woman hater" found love in Detroit and at the Sea Wall. 2/C class year meant "EE" and unsat. The "steel sphincter" trained the plebes with colorful metaphors and impatience for weakness. He washed shoes at his favorite mid hangout, Fran's. Leading by example 1/C year, he showed a thing or two to the Command Chaplain about Bungus. John, Hand-Brake off, then DRIVE! Hey BATWING, the Red Light is lit! May a waiver come, and with it a Trident. Good Luck! DWB & JCR

Jeremy Christopher Rich

Bethesda, Maryland

Nuclear Power - Submarines

Beaker, Sweat, Meat-Grinder came to us from Germany, France, Cali, Maryland- just where the hell did he come from? He started off Plebe summer with Slug and ended with Kingdong. Like his role model, R.S. he became a marine engineer. Summer Cruise he got his "sub quals"(sock incl.) 3/C year he lost the lottery and showered with bathing suit on. Spring Break brought love; where did Xerses III go? Jeremy received a Purple Heart for having his leg blown off in boxing. After flooding 7th wing, Jeremy moved on to 2nd wing. 2/C highlights include more gectering in Rickover, Mosh Pit Safety Officer at Metallica, male bonding at Camden Yards Ring Dance night. 1/C year meant bubble dosimetry, the Flight of the Batwing, and Batt commander (sparing his old roommate from THE CD COLLECTION, esp. Grateful Dead). Enjoy the long hair at Berkley before you join the Silent Service. Good Luck. JTQ & DWB

Michael Jon Rubel
Tacoma, Washington
Surface Warfare

Rubes came to Canoe U. from the beautiful Northwest, longing for the East Coast. He fell in love with country music and may just be the biggest redneck north of the Mason-Dixon line. He gave Rugby a try but had to quit after becoming an honorary graduate of the BMW driving school. On the weekends, Mike's favorite pastime involved road trips; ECU, NYC, WKU, Rehoboth Beach, and Charleston. Mike always had a great time, and left broken hearts. The words of Rubel will ring in our ears forever: "No, she's not bad looking", "Don't worry, I'll get us out of DC", and "Let's make a nice Italian dinner,..." Mike has been a great roommate and friend. Many of our good times simply can't be printed. Many of us left good friends behind in the hall, but some have left very good friends behind...right Mike! Thanks for the memories. PS. Are you Eskimo...Indian...Hawaiian? Good luck in Pearl Harbor. WMM and VRJ

Keith Richard Silinsky
Clifton Park, New York
Navy Pilot

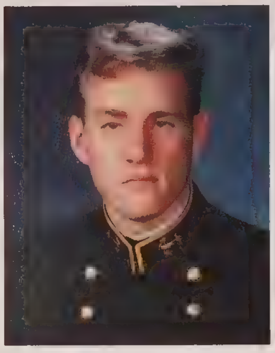
You've gone from "Don't bilge classmate." from K.K. to a married aviator. How did all this happen? I still don't know how you got a girl like that to - well marry now- go out with you. Miracles never cease! Slinky you've got more stories than Carter has peanuts, but they're always good for a laugh. I can't believe it's all gone. Here are the only marriage tips you will get that are right (if you think I'm wrong, ask the MRS.) 1) She is always right! Except when you know you're right and just don't feel like fighting. 2) Never forget important dates (cause when you do it will be the only time she remembers) and 3) Never go to bed angry! (Making up is 90% of the fun.) Always remember, you're smart but take time to listen, it will make you smarter. Be good to others cause we're all over and we'll find out and you'll never live it down. E.R.B.

Perry Farnell Townsend, Jr.
San Mateo, Florida
Marine Corps

FARNELL- the good ol' "G-rated" boy from San Mateo. "Stop! or I'll shoot!" "Y'all are YHHHANKEHHHs!" Remember: you ditched her. Rescued RAM from the world. 0400, "I'm just cleaning up my mess." "Don't worry, it's got a way of fixin' itself." Gene loses. "SWet Floor" in front of our room gave us away. "You need to get a *haircut*!" Lima Whiskey? N.Arch. extraordinaire. Doc W's favorite. Doc Z to PFT: "This is a hull." "I hate this major! I should have gone bull." Ring dance date? No problem. She's cool. She's cute. But, "what's her name?" JB's academic command minion. Went to Alaska alone--Hmmmm? Charlie Charlie? "Did you go to church?" "Did y'all set forth and see-in?" Co. Fuhrer. Had JB as command minion. "Where's First Platoon?" My God, did you see him put that Guinness down?? "Is it free?" Our conscience, our friend, don't know how we would have done with out you. JBB RAM

Jason David Wartell
Merritt Island, Florida
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Jason, known affectionately as "the Beast", came from Florida as the Ron Jon kid. College, then enlisted life bored the "old man", so USNA seemed fun. He astounded everyone with his professional knowledge by impersonating a CH-46 plebe summer. Then fate dealt him a cruel hand by placing him under the leadership of Varney and Rouchelou(no pen, no Easter). Plebe year ended by doing the Smoke Hall Shuffle with his drinking buddy, Uncle Rich. Jason is the smartest person never to wear Supe stars (they're for nerds anyway). Don't worry, buddy, I liked your Trident project. He gave into rugby, then gave up smoking, but neither shaved much time off his 1.5 mile run. Thinning hair never kept Beast dateless (almost.) He changed his name from Alderman so he could join Columbia House twice, but only confused the plebes. Anything you do is golden. May you never be looked upon with a jaundice eye! -VRJ



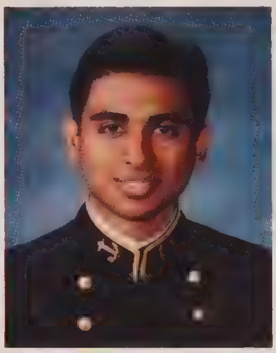
Clay Garrett Williams
Dallas, Texas
Naval Flight Officer

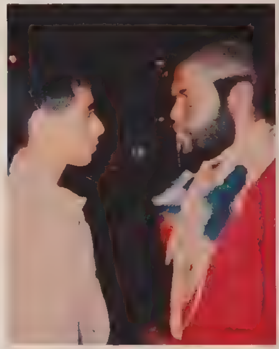
When people look at Clay, they automatically think Nuclear Navy. That's where he came to us from, and with some great cadences. The record holder for the most roommates, he managed to run off two of the only three people who liked him. Tempers flared in volleyball and football; "You'd better have your head on a swivel..!" And who drank that bottle of Gin? An extraordinary sailor, he made the varsity offshore team as a firstie after losing a fight with a Hobie. From HI to Baham to KW; from skydiving to scuba diving (sproing!). $10 spent on books youngster year; cheesesteaks and ice cream always in the fridge; the hottest date at Ring Dance...hands down!!!; booze cruise (how potent were YOU? And who put your swimsuit on?); Jimmy Buffett concerts; Watauga Lake; Mike's Crab House; impeccable credit line; and enough about the d___ Cowboys!!! MA,JD

Twenty-Third Company

Al-Shafiq bin Abdul Wahid
Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia
Malaysian Navy

Shakka Z appeared on the scene with a thick accent and what he thought was an understanding of American humor. He was wrong. But with the help of this fine institution, he was molded into a person ready to seize command in the vast Malaysian Fleet, although it took about forty extra pounds of clay. Through the four years here, Al has come to know about as many people as Sarah, if that's humanly possible, and seen as much of the world as possible through MAC. Anyway, Al came to know us especially well, being our chauffeur and all. He never really seemed to understand the whole thing since even as a firstie, Ramadhan Dan, found himself asleep at the wheel one night at the Lunker Lodge, just outside the metropolis of Faceville, GA. Al, your time is up and you're headed back to Malaysia, where ever that is, so remember that "stroke" is not a standard conning command and you'll do fine. -JBP, JWM





Michelle Marie Brett
Alexandria, Virginia
General Unrestricted Line

Brett! You are one hard core lady-from plebe summer cookie crumbs to Bulldog in the hot summer sun, you proved you are tough as nails. Once called "Leather&Lace", your other side was shown in that every man in the brigade was in love w/you. But you only had room in your heart for Mark! Plebe year gave you your only 4k and led to an eventual 1/2k. Youngster cruise almost made you a swo-mamma, but the plastic bags always tied to your side changed your mind. Youngster year tanning almost got us in trouble again, so we turned to fake-baking to avoid the spectators. The geek in you really came out 2/C year, and you weren't w/o stars since. You picked up residence at the Villemez's as soon as they got back from Guam (what else would we do on Wed. nights?). Though originally from S. America, the hick in you was just waiting to come out-Garth and two-stepping. We'll miss you, girlfriend! LLV & SAD

Damian Holland Bridges
Indiana, Pennsylvania
Nuclear Power - Submarines

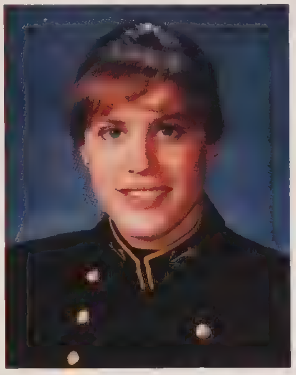
We first met Damian sneaking Bit'o Honeys in the Summer. His flights to hippie college brought "You guys are plebes?" Never guessed "The Cadre" would crush Airborne, ooh rah. Never guessed the incident with the park bench, "watch" out. "Dave" sends thanks for "The Great CD Caper," LT Satan may have other ideas. Super "star"? The End of Smoke party was great, 'Nando's girlfriend remembers. Good thing those Annapolis lights turn green at the right times.("Bridges." Sliiide "Present") making Tracks. Skeen can always clothespin his robes out to dry. Motocross mania. Never thought you'd cut weight again, you start chucking people around the Judo room. How quick did you get that brown belt, Grasshopper? The Z has always given you the speed rush- linear or rotational. Keep on the ground, Killer D. Deep summer'92 primed you for Bulldog night in Balt. Remember, you loved it here. No bottlecaps off the conning tower. JEL, RXP.

Carlos Alberto Calero
Queens, New York
Marine Corps

This "real sailor" came to us from San Diego via BOOST, but it didn't take long to see the shy kid from the Big Apple(or Mexico, we don't know which). Eventually, though, the bubble burst. Since then the "easy lover" has enjoyed the company many rich women. Nights at sunny Baja have taught him how to hold his own; but VA,FL, and the wall showed him up. Service Selection was no surprise. What else could a super locked-on history major choose? It may say history on his diploma, but we all know that he majored in rack. Since Plebe Year we went through many roommates, but no others could take the heat. You've been a good friend and I wish you the best of luck. Hope you get to drive a REAL tank someday. -PEACE,JWM

Sarah Ann Dachos
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Navy Pilot

Without Sarah as the crewbas fearless leader and my bestest friend, the team would be sol and I'd be miserable! Youre the best pair partner and I'll never forget the fun/trouble we've had:racing, tailgators, OC, VaBch, Lilly's Easter Party, Philly, & Ga., trans.bar, Rumplemints & more Rumplemints, that hazy-glazed over look you sometimes get-but I'll always take care of you. Youre the Queen C, prez of the NGA club(NOT!) and a great friend-just try not to fly like you drive! Love KMB Our everpresent smile and friend, plebe year was never dull w/ your contiuous chatter and gossip. The first words out of your mouth "Four years together by the bay, girls!" You never lost that happy outlook! The only person who can lock her keys in a running car, keep smiling after forgetting about the tp in her sock, and name every man in the brigade. Famous for your walkins and counting calories, 23 wont forget you!Love, L & C.

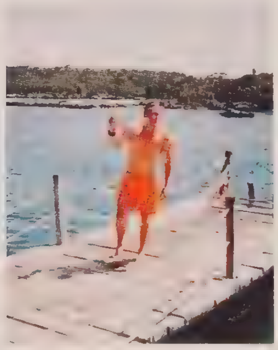


Jeffrey James Draeger
Freemont, Ohio
Naval Flight Officer

Book, Snooka, Pig Pen, Preacher, Perry, Midstore, Fugly the list contunues. You arrived from the Vacation State (?) "yeah right" with an all American record but a history of 10 milkshake headaches. From the outset he sweated it all and except for a few doubts plebe year did so for four years. We relinquish the late night title to you so "go to bed and put away all those old letters and newspapers." With all the gourmet dinners at his sponsors house he didn't have much time for dancing but he always left a little room for a nice Irish coffee. It took until 2/c year for him to realize that he really was "just lucky to live with" us both. 1/c year saw him move to 4-1 as a 5 striper Richard and win him his ball and chain. He'll do a FANTASTIC job at grad school. GET CRAZY, DUDE! The South Pole hopes you enjoy your wedded bliss and produce a whole troop of Boy Scouts. Biggy and Goody

Juan Andrés Fanjul
Coral Gables, Florida
Surface Warfare

Fanny went from T Co's head dandelion to MS&JR's favorite project plebe year. W-polo managing kept him busy and medical got to know him from top to bottom! 3/C year came and went without major event, if you don't count his significant other. She and his w-polo N(M) sweater kept him happy because he didn't have to wear a hat on Fridays. 2/C year brought the 4-man room, more shoes to curb his snoring, and plenty of people to answer those early morning phone calls from Germany. SB wasn't backyard dacquiris this time, it was Europe for the weekend. 1/C Pumpkin-head saw a new boat and more "poly-sci labs." Since the Spanish Navy was not an option cuz he didn't have a cousin or uncle there, Juan service selected "the best wardroom in the fleet." I've enjoyed building our "swo-guts" together. At least one of us will use his. Enjoy the fleet and life ahead you've got a lot to look forward to! KJS

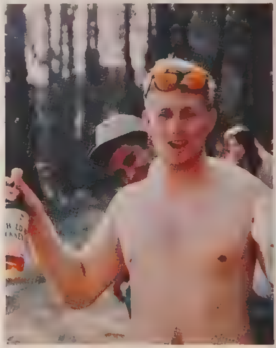


Marcus Christopher Greenspan
Vidor, Texas
Navy Pilot

Greenpeace was dropped off at the Academy with a worried, timid look on his face and with luggage in hand, but first impressions can be wrong. My roommate soon excelled in virtually everything he did- boxing, academics, and racking. Rewarded finally as a firstie with the prestigious billet of Brigade Intramural Officer. Known for his great, short-lived passions and extravagant tastes, the pseudo liberal eco warrior enjoyed torturing his roommie with too much country music. That's okay, we know he was equally tormented by the woman he initially loved and by the woman that eventually loved him, unfortunately she was not the same woman. Greenpeace, the honorary member of 27th compnay, changed service selection like most people changed underwear, but that's okay too because we all know Chris, not Marcus, will be the next H. Ross Perot (only, 'Peace will be richer). You have been the best of friends-CAC

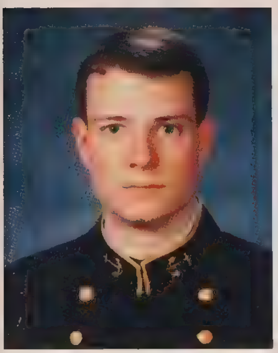
Wayne Douglas Gunther
Maple Grove, Minnesota
Naval Pilot

Wayne came to us from Minneapolis by way of Orlando and Idaho via the Nuke Power Program. He once told me, "Don't let me go back under any circumstances." Well, Service selection has come and gone and Wayne said no. Grandpa Wayne is not your typical mid. Hooked from day one, Wayne met the doc and his life was changed forever. Using the condo as a base of operation, Wayne persued the good life. From fine dining in Washington, to hunting wild turkey in Southern Georga for spring break, Wayne has done it all. Wayne has been like a brother to me, and at times he needed a brother. From gently reminding him that he had had enough and it's time to move on, to wrestling in the hall late at night (I won), we had some great times together. Well Top Gunther, it looks like after four years I'm having to move out-, but don't worry, just keep on being your same old grumpy self and you'll do fine. -JBP



Michael David Hartman
Marietta, Georgia
Supply Corps

The Darkhorse FINISHED the race? NOBODY knows how or why, but stranger things have happened. The Philosopher/Sailor hails from exciting landlocked Atlanta (he knows EVERY street's history). 3/C year found him an adopted son of Surfing Seventeen, roaming the halls with his ever present "Coke" & parrothead attitude. Montana, his pro snowboarding start. Sharkin' Hartman (Buddy's & Shooter's). Some of his roommates actually graduated (Bad influence on Tom?!?). No one's ever put more effort into being laid back. Gettysburg-"I'm doin' good, huh?" 2/C spring break? Eternal D.D. of the "Big Blue Battle Wagon"--Cisco, Mad Dog, Rolling Rock, etc (just be wary of psychos and trees). Waffle House--"I don't need a menu." "R.E.M. might show up."--GA trip. The King of Cheese, instant friend to any waitress or street bum. Who needs a cue? Great friend & roomie. TSR & THE FELLAS.



Matthew Gavin Kelly

Long Valley, New Jersey
Marine Corps Pilot

Matt "Machine Gun" Kelly taught himself how to erg then row to become one of the longest established bowmen of LWT history, first in the "Father Christmas" crew, through his Quickah phase, and finally with "front wheel drive" always across the line first. When not at Hubbard you can find him sleeping fully clothed on top of his covers, at his table in the SW corner of Nimitz, or working on the latest in cox boxes. Though never lacking a date, through his Wm&Mary contacts, his "pasted on hair", "cute guy"-ness, or John Denver seranading, he's had no keepers: someday he'll "just know" and be someone's little Marine but he's been too scared of women who are, "just...you know..." For now, he'll focus on his peer pressured career choice after succumbing to the call of the pancakes at LAJURNE. And he'll always remember quick catches with bowman rate ups made the SRC 4 go fast. EH KV CD

James Ellsworth Landis

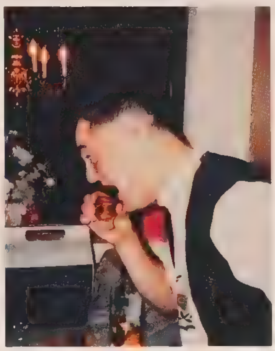
Punta Gorda, Florida
Nuclear Power - Submarines

What can be said of this toe-jammin, Ho-Jo lovin', Bruce Springsteen rockin' guy who breaks a bottle with Curran and ends up paying for his sins by serving enough time in Smoke Hall to earn a letter sweater and star? It seems everyone associated with the 'Little Caesar's Pizza Man,' most of whom are now residing in other states, had a talk w/the Dant. Have you ever seen Fred Flinstone drive a moped into a wall? Having mastered sailing, surfing & reciting poetry to young girls, Jim moved on to become one with his wardrobe. Maybe you've seen him as the "electric cowboy" at Gator's. Hoffa also mastered the guitar and jammed on the drums at the talent show (fortunately never realizing his voice potential). Bronta loves the color blonde & wrestling on banana/beer covered floors. In fact Father Landis once administered a Franio's bouncer his last rites on the sidewalk. Fair winds & following seas. See ya in Orlando.DHB/RXP

James Paul Lowell

Chippewa Falls, Wisconson
Surface Warfare

Jim came to the Boat School an normal, upstanding, scholarly individual from the heart of America. Well, at least the heart of America part is right. To call Jim normal would be far to harsh an insult. No one will ever accuse Jim of taking life too seriously. From his earliest days at USNA, Jim saw nothing but a haze grey future. Youngster year unleased the real Jim: flaming airplanes, flying cookies, and the Batty-Do memorial giveaway. After a little too much fun, only the glorious USS Annapolis could save Jim, and it was General Sci or Die. Realizing it was better to give than receive, Jim tried Detail, twice. Then there was Jim the artist, the mighty Philo McGiffen and "I hope this won't explode". After two LSD trips, he was convinced the Gator Navy was the place for him. Thanks for putting up with my all-nighters and keeping life from getting to serious. See you at The Big Tree with a stoggie. DCN



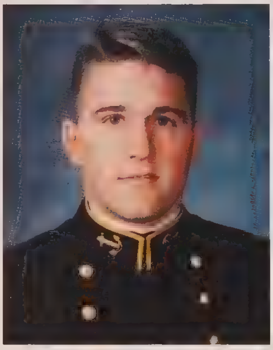
Jeffrey Warren Mascunana

Savannah, Georgia
Surface Warfare

Jeff (Noodle) came to us from Boost knowing it all, although he had more hair when he got here than when he left. Plebe year brought with it the beginning of unsatness and the rumors of girlfriends with four digit phone numbers. The girlfriends came and went but the unsatness remained. Now Jeff finds himself faced with the knowledge that "2.0 and go" is more than a saying; it's a way of life. Jeff led a pretty boring life here at USNA, until returning from Christmas firstie year. Since then Jeff has gone from watching Star trek to living it. Hopefully, Jeff will soon change channels back to the Batman Network. However, don't forget that 90210 is Wednesday night. Well, Jeff by some freak act of nature you got something with weapons at surface selection and are off to sunny Charleston to meet the mighty steam cruiser USS Bainbridge. You'll do OK if they don't close Charleston or decomm. -JBP

Jeffrey Lawrence Munoz
Syracuse, New York
Surface Warfare

Munzo spent his first two years doing flips and rolls for Navy, and then tested his talents to become a Master Thespian. This super-stud from Syracuse came with hopes of being a SEAL, but a few grades, a marathon, and a couple of fries later he was left cold and wet. Getting used to being a SWO daddy, he mastered Tetris and joined 23rd Co's chapter of Weight Watchers. 1/C year brought two new roommates and left him with less liberty than Plebe year, although he didn't get as many demerits as 2/C year..."I hate stupidity!", but "my hat loves me."-Peace



Anthony John Nave
Detroit, Michigan
Naval Flight Officer

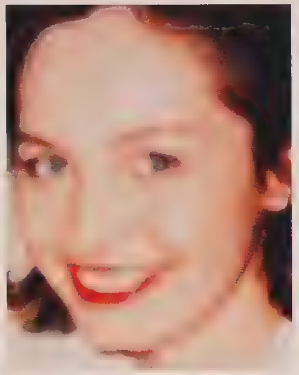
AJ squared away N was dropped on Mother B's doorstep direct from the outskirts of Detroit with a naive understanding of what was to come. He survived plebe year easily including the split from R and J and the fire of Andy McMarlin. Youngster year breezed on by with trips to the rack NLT 2300. Second class year saw the "instruction" of detail "Duh, Sir; I'm writing my Congressman" and the trip with "Goody" to the Venezuelan sunshine, nice amber hair! Boy he looked dapper at New Years(see above). Biggy, Goody, and Just Lucky to Live With Us lived at the company chokepoint with Antoine as training. Blue and Gold: Today you were better plebes, we give you a D! There was aviation cruise, the cottage trip and Company Commander came next. All four years I've enjoyed the late night "discussions" and rarely laughed harder. Thanks. See you in England and at P-Cola homie. Maybe we'll fly together. RSW

Douglas Codet Nelson
Sag Harbor, New York
Surface Warfare

Doug came to USNA a right-wing, single, sailing, SWO striking, spokesman for Craftsman tools. After the glorious commissioning of the USS Annapolis, Batty Doo's send-off, a close call with Weird Al, guns, Philo McGiffen, the grenade, a new face, the Marine Corps?, he is still a right-wing, single, sailing, SWO striking, spokesman for Craftsman tools. I've never met someone with a wider knowledge of everything in the universe than Doug. He can fix your shower while telling you the history of the 24 foot motor whale boat. Even though his social life consisted of Mc Dee's and Robert's guns, a night of Black Russians was never out of question. The Aegis community needs to prepare itself for the first four month qualifier and Newport women watch out. Doug, you were an understanding selfless roomy and there for the good and bad, thanks for the support and always being there. JPL.

Eugene Thai-Son Duc Nguyen
Atlanta, Georgia
Surface Warfare

The "Little One" came to USNA right off the boat. He escaped the wretched life of selling Coke bottles in Saigon after being literally rescued at sea by the US Navy. Since then he has devoted his life to serving the fine institution, or at least it was the story he used to get through Plebe year (A "dear Thaison" from LH didn't help.) After an uneventful 3/c year, he often spent hours on the road with his Hyundai horse to see Ada (The New Significant Other) that is, until a certain Doug Wahl helped out with the driving. Navy Air was his first love, but the legs never grew. So, armed with a GPA almost as low as his height in feet, he opted to go SWO. Four years at USNA brought semi proficiency to Thai-Son's English, but he never quite caught on to western humor. Ooh! Good luck "Euge," and if you ever have trouble finding a job with that poli-sci degree, stop by my cleaners. I'll hook you up! BO



Katharine Joanna Novak

Dallas, Texas

Surface Warfare

Katie moved to Dallas, Texas 10 years ago after living all of her life in the city of Krakow, in Communist Poland. After teaching herself English, she longed for a way to repay her new country for her resplendent newfound freedom. She opted for military service and thus, arrived at USNA. Strong desire and unparalleled perseverance enabled Katie to overcome more than her share of adversity. It was always the little things in life that were precious to Katie. Fueled by her foreign culture, Katie's pure and innocent disposition is unlike any that most of us have ever encountered. A fateful day at the airport and the subsequent taxi ride changed Katie's life forever. From that moment on, Katie's life has been filled with the enchanting, the exciting and the absurd. If you shoot for the moon and miss, you'll still be with the stars! Viva Las Vegas! God Bless, U2 and Good Luck, Buzi! -JCKB

James Blaine Parkerson

Lake Charles, Louisiana

Surface Warfare

You're from Louisiana? Where's your accent? "I watched a lot TV as a child" was the response. You brought your middle name and Maq to us from the La School for geniuses. During plebe summer you impressesd everyone by "telling us what you know." You still do that in the form of violent debate. You're original dream was to drill holes in the ocean on board SSBN's but a certain significant other changed your mind even if you don't think so. There are no subs in NYC are there? But at least you still make it all go, with slight detours thru Lynchberg and 969 Breakwater. You're the dirtiest wrestler I know, and you have a habit of spilling a lot of beer when it only costs a quarter. You are one heck of a fly fisherman, but you have to quit sneaking out w/o telling anyone. 4 yrs have been great and you're my best friend. I only wish we could go on together, but alas we can't. Good luck, Pugs! -WDG

Bo Minh-Quang Khuc Pham

Silver Spring, Maryland

Nuclear Power - Submarines

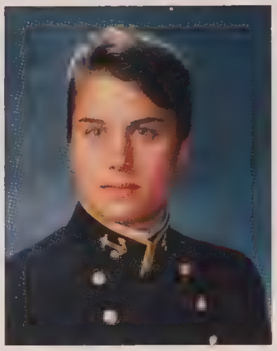
Bo, (aka Buddha) came to Canoe U from the land of rice paddies and conical hats via Silver Spring, Md. Good bye, Saigon. Plebe year: Sheet posters, Airborne. Bo got "Hang-ed." It wasn't a pretty sight! But soon, he was singing "Someone at NYU loves me." Then "I won't share you." Tough times did pass, 3/C year Bo majored in Mech-E, Tracks-in DC, and Sidney. 2/C year, the rice cooker became fully active-"Kim Chee and soy sauce rule." "Bo *** is on line, satisfaction guaranteed." 1/C year, graduation was the major, too cool for Navy Air, Bo went ub, save the bonus for the wedding, eh Bo? How many kids did you say you'd have? Good luck at Nuke School and hope you get the "boomer" you want. May all your dreams come true, even the one of the dry cleaner. Thanks for "Four years together by the bay," brother? Couldn't have done it w/o you. Friends for life. ETN

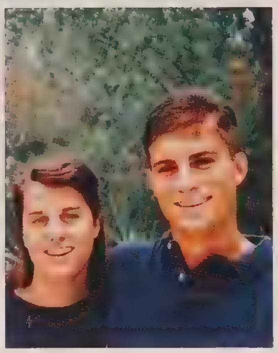
Reza Pouraghabagher

Houston, Texas

Nuclear Power - Submarines

Didn't see your satellite room plebe summer but sure got to know you. Batson would have bounced on his head if you had gotten him out the window anyway. You've always been an intense character, how many plebes pull all-nighters twice a week? Youngster year it pretty much fell into place. Crew, Mech E, pro-stud, no sleep. Live by, die by. Put your money, or shut up. You lived every fly second. Skeen helped leave the wake up tape, no wonder you took his underwear. Too bad we couldn't all do Hawaii. Second class year you lead the "coup room" to great military things but you continued to "punish" yourself with frequent all-nighters. "All Plebes must die." Mud wrestling & keg to sink pre-A/N game. San Diego was too short, too bad we couldn't all do Mazatlan. Thanks for teaching us all to marathon drive and drag Marlboros. The'76 road hog lives. Yes, Colonels love eggs and bacon. Every girl deserves a Xanz. Sub Fleet - we unleashed a Reza. JEL, DHB.





Elizabeth Belden Ravndal
Longwood, Florida
Special Operations

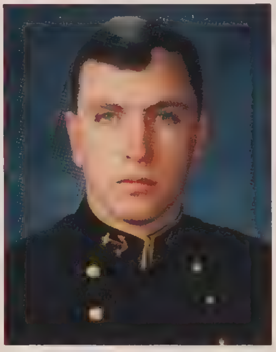
After two years of civilian college, USNA was a culture shock for us both. You still had SOME partying left in your system, though. 21st birthday parties, Chi Chi's, Ft. Lee pool party for four? Suffering 2 summers of Army schools: 2 hrs for lunch. Out by 3:30. 3 workouts a day. JMPI's. Chin strap upside down! Still the biggest over-achiever / sweat I know. O'Laughlins? Yet there's no one I would trust more or be prouder to call a friend. Spec Ops will never be the same. dcc The biggest sweat out of the five of us- staying up after TAPS plebe summer to wax the floor. Her hard work was awarded with four stripes 1st semester. Beffie can survive boyfriends who won't quit, jumping out airplanes, fighting people off under water, yet still can recite Shakespeare from memory and sing her heart out in the gospel choir. Beth will surely be the first of us to make flag. GL! MMB, LLV, SAD

Thomas Steven Reynolds
Laytonsville, Maryland
Surface Warfare

No biography submitted

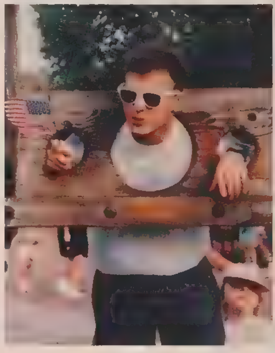
Gregory Alan Sakryd
Orlando, Florida
Naval Pilot

Little is known about Greg, other than that he was a quiet and seldom seen. Originally from Orlando, Florida, his father's military career forced him to abandon his warm weathered home and move to Charleston, South Carolina. Bored with the deep South and stuck in a dead end, low paying job, Greg enlisted in the Navy an moved back to Orlando. Prior to reporting for Boot Camp (NTC Orlando), he attended UCF, majoring in Beer. With fond memories of college and a 10 minute brief on the Naval Academy, our hero quickly reserved his luxurious room on the Severn. During his stay, he has seen ALL of his roommates invited to academic pep talks with the Superintendent (some of whom were even invited to attend other institutions). C'YA.



Kevin Jay Stroud
Danbury, Connecticut
Civil Engineer Corps

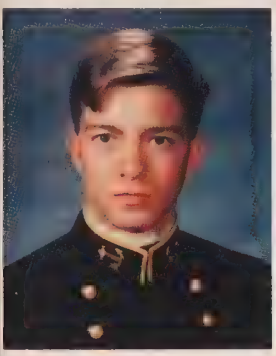
K.J. came to us from the "hat capital of the world," gracing the company with his boisterous personality and his musical wisdom. Plebe year he shared many a cigar story and after a few months was no longer a member of the 3% Club. He managed to stay away from much of the heat by joining the incredible D&B and had a special week at Disney. Third Class year he had an incredible homecoming that kept haunting him. He participated in some wild trips to Catholic as well as numerous trips with D.B. In his on going quest for stripes, 2/C year he was named to the post of battalion commander. He enjoyed the job but one day had to much fun on a night out in town with CAC and was demoted. Things improved and he eventually met D and landed a striper position in D.B. His desire to fly met with reality and now he finds himself with his true calling, to be a Sea Bee. Good Luck and JBP won the SWO gut!-JAF



Twenty-Fourth Company

Lillian Lynn Villemez
Severna Park, Maryland
General Unrestricted Line

Little Lill, We knew you were tough from the start when, as a sandblower you had to run twice as much as the rest of us and kept up! What a time we had with our Dirt Devil these four years and it all started that hot summer day. XC & Track kept you sane while your family was in Guam. Savage and Mark, God-sends, helped you too. But they didn't keep you out of trouble - Frank's sponsors and room tours forever! Youngster year just continued the fun-YP cruise (puking in the bags), hanging out at Wes's, cleaning to the B-52's, jumping off the tower (which you wouldn't do 2/C year!), and laying out on Macdonough (trouble again). Once your family moved to Severna Park, we all had a 2nd home, and Wed. became a ritual 1/c year. Our fav boyfriends Rich & Tony kept us laughing thru it all. Lillipusch, good luck in the JAGCORPS, have a wonderful life w/Wes, and always remember you are the best roommate we've ever had!SADMMB



Richard Stefan Whiteley
Ridgefield, Connecticut
Navy Pilot

Richy Rich, The Limey oppressor, has been kicked out of almost every country on the planet and was lucky enough to finally end up in Ridgefield. A year at Farragut taught you the finer points of hazing and harassment, and you brought those skills with you to make being a detailer exciting. Plebe year brought us together then split us apart so you could beat up on Batty-Do. After a brief brush with the conduct system and the 4K, Plebe year ended with a pale, log-rolling. Youngster year led to the formation of the South Pole, and long battles about Antarctica. The Trip to South America and "Kiss me my Love" was nonstop laughs. You then became the W magnet after rides in the BM. After mixed-up intros at Ring Dance, 1/C summer heard the battle cry of "Come on boy!" These four years have been unforgettable, and the singing and late night story comparisons will continue in P-Cola! Biggy.

Matthew Roy Blunt
Strafford, Missouri
Surface Warfare

The Bluntster (JFK wanna-be) learned early that Fig Newtons and Kool Aid aren't really "discrepancies." B-Dog easily edged out Pops on roommate selection night, being the Good Baptist that he was...we all know what happened to that, along with the $100 he lost to Zulu! Ended Plebe Year at the playground via Dockside. "Do you like coffee? mangoes? You're cool!" Remember the girl with the unusual hours at the Rose Festival? What did you do youngster year? Idiot squad. Did they ever go to a lecture? Worst tape-off casualty ever. A Double E natural. Gettysburg, "7...is that your lucky number?" Ring Dance in New York City. Set a YP on fire trying to cook burgers. "I'll take Presidents for $1000, Alex." Wayne and Garth's disciple. "What's a sphincter?" Good luck tracking down the teacher from Lulu's! Alone again on spring break. Taco Bell & movies. Great friend & roomie! THE FELLAS.

Michael Louis Burd

Munfordville, Kentucky
Navy Pilot

Burdman came to Canoe U from a hick town in Kentucky with a promising basketball future. Pipe is where it went from there. He rode the 3 year rollercoaster with Pee-Wee. Closing in on school scoring records, B-man was cut short by Pee-Wee II. Basketball was not brother B's only love. He is the only man who could go out with a 6-pack and come back with "12 in him." Junior year brought the drinking spot and many back road trips. Isn't it "strange" that senior year brought creditors knocking on the door? The phone bill is due bi-annually, right? Fatty will never be forgotten or his "strange" ways. When we meet again bring your own t-shirts and socks cause we're leaving ours at home. MAK(REXX), MMM(Sweaty)

James Douglas Collier

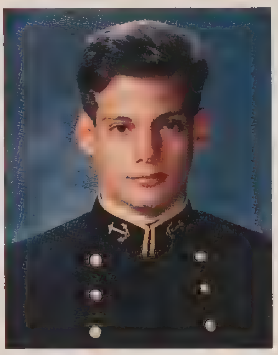
Clovis, New Mexico
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Douglas Q. Collier, The Drill Stud, came to the dreaded east coast from Clovis, only ten miles from the Texas border. The Lost Boy's motivation came in real handy plebe summer, "Let's go help our classmates make hospital corners!" Plebe year, he became Company Commander and gave us some great advice - "Okay classmates, let's all start using our first names with each other. Any questions? ... Tolson?" Juan Valdez was seldom very far from his never-washed coffee mug or his tools. "You mean 'Ya ta hey' really means something?!" Nobody can pick a bone prof quite like Macho, but if it weren't for bad luck, he'd have no luck at all. I wonder if Mr. Lavender will ever ask you his question? Don't forget, black socks don't go with shorts, and "Mead's fine bread." You're not a great basketball player, but you're family. I wish you and my cousin all the best. Good luck Cuz and remember - Divers do it deeper! JKKJ

Phillip Stephan Dobbs

Glendale, Arizona
Navy Pilot

The lizard comes to us from a)South Carolina b)France c)Oklahoma d)Cali e)you choose. Man of many tall tales, traits and experiences. Plebe year with Mr tight and domer. Take a shower and get rid of that clock!! "Meester Doobs"-Yahya. "I got a 70ft air, dude." Who did you live with 3/C year? A proud member of the idiot squad. A picture safari? "Your summer was 5 months long, Phil?" LCOL Blice. Never yelled at by below an O-5. "Don't call me Devil Dog...sir." Ever not been kicked out of class? Fred Davis (your mentor). "She's a model, she digs me." How did you get $18000? Only serious cover war casualty. So where's this girl in France? "That was French, what'd he say, Phil?" "Sure, its an Si"-good buy, at least you have a license. Forever a "lost boy." Nice foul weather/snow-boarding gear. Dishwashing at the Dude Ranch. Pseudo-friends. A great friend & roomie, THE FELLAS.



Nicholas James Fiore

Westfield, New Jersey
Navy Pilot

Knowing Nick Fiore is comparable to knowing Norm on "Cheers." Funny but true, Nick knew every member of the brigade. His easy going personality coupled with his great sense of humor kept everyone laughing during some pretty trying times...ironic since behind closed doors he fretted every little paper, project, or test. Sarcasm was his specialty; we never really knew if he liked us until a few weeks ago. (just kidding!) Nick had few faults, but we managed to find them: an '84 Buick, a sizeable fixture in the middle of his face, and unmentionable ???? growing on his back. He laughed with us about all of these, except the hair on his back. (oops!) Seriously though, Nick taught us many things about life and we are much better for having lived with him. Good luck in your future endeavors, but don't lose sleep if you can't decide what those future endeavors are! RJS, PJT

Michael William Fivas
Kalispell, Montana
Naval Flight Officer

The mountain man from Cow's Bell, Montana, got off to an early start in the "condemned room." Two in the room with a view. "Stalag-down," the green bench, and terrestrial rig - "Strike 1, 2, 3 YOU'RE OUT!" And Boober always was! Bouck and Bourassa. Need I say more? IPP's...Yeah, baby! Daily duty at Station SWO - Whoopee! Don't forget John Wayne Jones - the Duke, or our BUD, the Good-boy: want fries with that? A change of scenery was welcomed (all too soon...) Enter Dark-Wing Duck, your favorite superhero! Precomms put you in the back seat. 1/c year brought the beast east - high speed, low drag, 5 ALIVE! and computerized visual entertainment. You left-side drivin', rubber-burning, slurpee-meister! You're dangerous. And it's off to Pensacola...the best of luck to you. Wear your goat with pride; you earned it. Here's to Four Years Together By The Bay. Rock!

Daniel Eugene Greene
Santa Monica, California
Navy Pilot

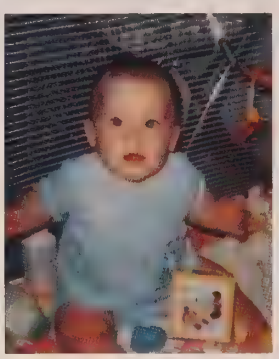
Arriving at USNA via limousine, "Meatball" was quick to discover the difference between Zen and the military. East coast sucks! Chips and salsa after taps, same squad as "70-plus", "devil-eyes" the ultimate wrestler? Cous-cous care packages, Belinda Carlisle "a friend of yours?" Cancun, grueling youngster cruise, will he ever make it home? Who can skip the most classes? Photo-mania, love letters written in crayon, tag-team wrestling, "make love, not war (censored)", T-bird under the table at the Dining Out, Halloween, drinking "sprite" en route to Army-Navy. When are you going to break up with Laura? Dragonslaying in Jamaica. Einstein in the Burg. What afternoon classes? Insta-party tailgaters, road trip to Georgia, Gazelle the herbivore from Baltimore, Pat Benatar, SAY what?, "Dan, is that you?" Male bonding at the Colorado dude ranch. A great friend and roomie, THE FELLAS.

Jeffrey Keith Krause, Jr.
Allentown, Pennsylvania
Navy Pilot

Jeff "L" Krause the 27th, Mr. D&B, Mickey Krause, The Happy Plebe who always had cookies from home. The Omniscient One always had a stapler "WITH MANY STAPLES" or an answer to any obscure question that would normally take an almanac or encyclopedia. Jeff's bright, teethy smile and happy-go-lucky "Hi Guys!" could cheer up the most grumpy victim of the Dark Ages or annoy even the Pope. Chemistry was his only pothole as the obnoxious brainchild History major cruised right through his studies. Remember the Cel Nav test and kidnapping Omar? Over the crowd at football games, you always heard him, the lively D&B Super-Star "Screaming Sop." Crossing over to The Dark Side just before the Ring Dance, Jeff found true happiness in his now- Fiancee, Vee. Jeff, you're a great friend, a lousy basketball player, and soon to be Cousin-in-Law. Best of Luck, Cuz. JDC

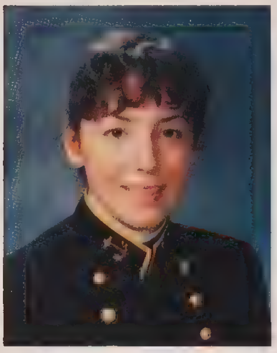
Kirsten Michele Krawczyk
Syracuse, New York
General Unrestricted Line

Krackowitz, Krawchick (i.e. Goody), Krafchick (ala Rachwald), came to USNA, but spent the next 4 years applying to Duke. Kir perfected invisibility as a plebe except for that squad fry which caught Yahya's eye. She managed to spend 2 semesters and a summer with her favorite Middle Eastern mid (NOT!). Her summer perked up on YPs thanks to Chef Smitty. 3/C year she followed her heart from ESE to FPS, despite her 3.0 QPR. Friday nights at Jeri's will be a fond memory (HA!). After experiencing an FFG-7, she **KNEW** SWO was out! Detail was also fun with the **D**-ynamic **D**-uo. 2/C Ring Dance brought butterflies that never went away. Kir always took the best trips: Jamaica, Europe, and most recently the one that earned her the title of SKY GODDESS! Remember? Inspirational letters from Mom, smoking cigars, Calc 2 in 1 night. Good Luck in Key West (What a 2am decision!) We love you! AL & MO



Michael Alan Kuhn
Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania
Medical Corps

Kuhn Dog Rexx, as he is known by his better friends, came from the pasture of Pennsylvania with girlriend in hand. Dog expanded the minds and social lives of Fatpo and Sweaty by introducing them to Hood(or at least one dorm). After being expelled from that institution of higher learning and ending his love life there, K.D. concentrated on a high schooler from the heartland (PA). Next came the Tennessee connection, many random numbers, and a spoiled nerd from Hopkins. Dog's luck changed on firsty cruise when he got a 2 for 1 good deal in Charleston (that's when he became brothers with B-man; he was already cousins with Lil M). With sights set on Med School at Bethesda, he found his wife, a little woman in Maryland with a pet goat(at least Sweaty saw it). Graduation brings Kuhner (as he is called by his E-town aquaintance) a promising career, but with the bottle of Dom, he must part! MMM (Sweaty) MLB(Burdman)



Andrea Laurie Lewis
Chester, Virginia
General Unresticted Line

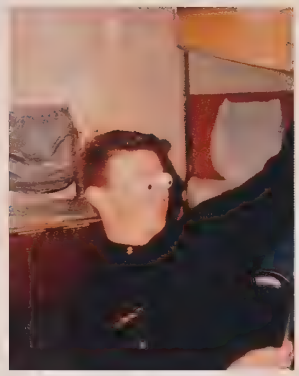
She called her roommate "rich girl", but soon became the Bank of Lewis leaving $1100 in her drawer. She still owes a care pkg for that 1 time **(NOT)** she left the locker open. 4/C year brought a new challenge "The Roommate from Hell." She sought refuge in NATS (an addiction beyond words). She was the yellow rose of **TEXAS** (a very early bloom), luckily, Lord Byron stepped in. 2/C year had her hot on the trail of plebes, but she soon found a new track. She showed persistence (8 mos. of EI) in the quest of a certain hurdler. Six mos. 'til engagement, huh?. That sure was a nice dress and shoes for Labor Day wknd, but he 'forgot' the ring! Her roommates wanted to strangle her for never studying, but by 1/C year the wizards and fairies sprinkled some Supt's list dust on her (Hope that book gets published some day). Two months after serv. selection, Andrea was billetless. We heard McDonald's colocates. ALL THE BEST! KK, MO, MM

Mark Matthew Manno
Bristol, Tennessee
General Unrestricted Line

Sweaty left the fraternity life at Memphis State to join the brotherhood. Plebe year brought success on the basketball team and a company commander position. As a team, Sweaty and Rexx took on youngster year, Dr. Campbell, and Hood College. How often can one boast making the top ten list. (Ironic) With ambitions of a career as a Navy pilot and Top Gun crushed, Lil M started a three year journey towards NPQ and countless visits to Ortho. Second class year started out with the 21st at the cellar and trips to Baltimore's finer establishments. Being an Economics major, Brother M quickly found 101 ways to turn a quick buck and then spend it just as quickly. After being voted as Steerage's Most Valued Customer, he decided to become a frequent flier on the Memphis Express. With Hooptilator in hand, Sweaty single handedly raised nearly 100 G's for his company mates. ETL.VC forever! When we met again, you better bring the Dom. MAK, MLB

Maria Sesaria Marina McMillen
Craig, Colorado
Marine Corps

Ree-er, Capt. Forehead, Marushka--Maria found plebe summer was a breeze (it could have been her classmates fanning her during an SIP). She was stuck with a MisConception that made 4/C year exciting to say the least: midnight mag readings, all calls (with SWO), no Herndon night (but what a night before!). She was fried twice: for fun at her Squad Dining out, and for not waxing her deck (sp?). Waxing the back of her neck soon followed (ouch!). 3/C year brought time on Sesame St., but she soon decided Hospital Pt. was a better locale (with a Flintstone). Maria was never at a loss for admirers, but the Beast turned her off to cyclists, and she opted to change sports to Squash (she's still trying to beat The Boy). If she gets dissed anymore, she might get violent:Spring Break '93, etc...Where was it he lived in DC? Best Hair At Bulldog Award! She was always loyal friend. Good Luck with USMC! ALL & SS



Edward Davis McNulty

Whitestone, Virginia
Marine Corps

Smilin’ comes to us from the jarhead state of Virginia and returns as one. Plebe year brought two new roommates and junior year took them away. How many drunken cribs can one man take and still wake up? Senior year started as C.B. tried to diss his buddy Birdman. How much does it cost to purchase a phone number? Ed is an individual with a unique way of reading palms: he burns them. With claims to a share of the drinkin’ spot, he has vowed to uphold the pounding tradition. If a career in the Corp does not work, Ed has plans for the sport of barroom brawling. Within a few years, someone will figure out what that “hot, flashy sportscar really is.” Maybe someday, Fatty will pay him some attention. With stereo and D.J. equipment in hand, Smilin’ will depart into the jungles of the unknown. When our paths cross again, make sure it is not in Atlantic City. MAK

Maureen Erin O’Dell

Farmington, Michigan
General Unrestricted Line

Mighty Mo, Modell, and dubbed Pokey--despite her unnerving efficiency. Her roommates now have high blood pressure, but we know in 20 years she’ll still know how many black socks were issued. Mo’s most traumatic experience 4/C summer was when her toy dog hung from the rafters during a room formal. She was known for her inspection clean showers (3.55 to 3.35?)...except for those Jolly Ranchers! She taught her roommate Calc 2 in 1 night (the tears worked!). Playing with globes? We knew she had to be a geek! 3.6? GEESH! 3/C year, Mo spent alot of time on the catwalk, but there’s no tanning after taps. “Maureen, Maureen, the YP Queen”...sound familar? Though Mo swore she wouldn’t say “Yes” ’til after 26MAY93, she wore more than one ring to Ring Dance. 1/C striper duties included touring 9th wing regularly. 21 going on 40, enjoy life in the Navy, Dr. Farrell! We love you! ALL & KMK

Brian Roland Perry

Fullerton, California
Navy Pilot

It’s been a rough four years, but Brian survived with his Salty Dog zeal for the Navy intact. Listening to his family tell of BP being reprimanded for reading submarine books in the 3rd grade lets you know that USNA was inevitable. A bonafide Lee Greenwood Proud to be an American late-comer to country music from Fullerton, CA endowed with the zest of a ten year old on Christmas morning, Brian has been a good no-nonsense friend. Youngster year almost got him Ac-xed, but didn’t slow him down. Like all problems BP tackled it head-on. Living by the motto “Nothing is above my paygrade,” BP had more contact with the Sup and Dant than most of Smoke Hall. I’ve been blessed to have you as a roommate. See you in P’cola. M.A.T.

Jon Crosby Perryman

Springfield, Missouri
Surface Warfare

The frog comes to us from Maui via Springfield. The youngest plebe in history and the original surfer-snowboarder-haoli. JP spent plebe summer/year with sweaty and the general’s son. “I’m gonna throw you out the window, Todd!” Singin’ Hotel California. “Perryman, brush your teeth!”-Grover. Youngster year with domer and domer. Missed 150 classes easy (combined). Montana-“you’re tooooo young son” Is he Redskin or Redneck? The original BAD dresser, positive change by firstie. The drive from hell to CO with the Pfife-man and einstein. “What road are we on?” Livin with Slaight-dog. Nice closet!-“got a bean burrito?” Millions spent on TACO HELL. Turned 21 and finally hit puberty firstie year. Eleven phone-calls with the bigot--longest relationship. What happened to Maha-la-wanni-ka-eha? Bonding in the Dude Ranch. Paula's health? A great friend and roomie. THE FELLAS.

Edricke LeMoyne Peyton
Yazoo City, Mississippi
Surface Warfare

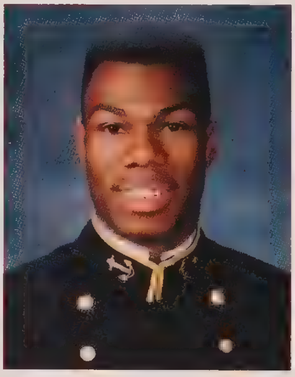
The self-proclaimed 'Chosen One' has managed to maintain the Brigade's most unique personality. Sometimes considered a radical, a person with no scruples, or just a confused nut, who cares? It's all relative. Edd led the way in the search for knowledge about our race and ourselves. "Knowledge is power!" One day, he'll eventually answer certain questions that inquiring minds want to know. Will you stop looking for love in all the wrong countries? Was that kiss on her doorstep worth the five hundred dollar ticket we got thirty minutes later? (I'm glad you drove!). The guy with two pink body parts was born to be a Marine, but somehow Ships and Aircraft and its black and white pictures won him over. Thank you, Mr. Polmar! Ed will be a capable mariner and more. I love you, my brother. Peace!! C.L.M.

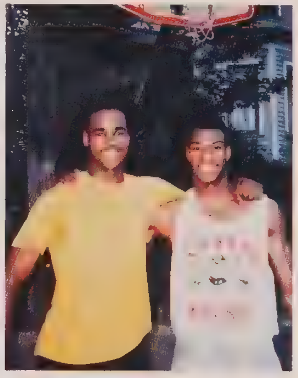
Werner Johann Rauchenstein, Jr
Fairbanks, Alaska
Navy Pilot

Santa Claus landed in sweat city to have a good time. Before the fun starts let's have some blood, wake up Werner. Stalag down, Stalag down, you want MORE? Plebe summer is over, time to refocus, what a misConcepcion! Enter Bouck, what a Sense of Honor, two year old kid. Class of what, say it again! 93 minute chow calls. Beat Army! For a good time head for the Cool Ranch. Let's not forget marriage. Plebe year is over and we're ready for good times with the Goodboy, our Bud. Got your finger caught in a mouse trap? Melody is gone. Fun times in Arizona. We're heading to 24th company to be flamers. The plebes learn that where there's a Smoking Rock there's fire. Here's pie in your face. MUTINY. Melody's back and don't forget about Lisa, Sabrina, Valinda, Elizabeth, Marge, and Suzi, fast and firey. You chose Navy Air and you wear the leather well. I'll see you in Pensacola. Five.

Charles Edward Robinson
Woodbridge, Virginiace
United States Air Force

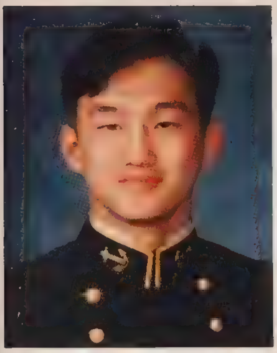
It's been 4 years already?! Praise the Lord! Four years by the bay...NOT!...By any means necessary--absolutely! Man you have a lot of "friends!" Keep your journal in a safe place. I've rented out the Capital Centre for your graduation party. I'd need extra fingers to count how many times you were told you wouldn't make it. At least no more summer school, parking tickets, or 40 yr swim tests! Peace to the Navy hoopsters! Shouts out to K.D., the Johnsons, David Jr, LT Momz, E.P. and all the brothers and sisters in the brigade. Stay strong! From a brother who is Low-key, chill, private, even paranoid, but most of all misperceived, since perception is everything! C.Rob 23

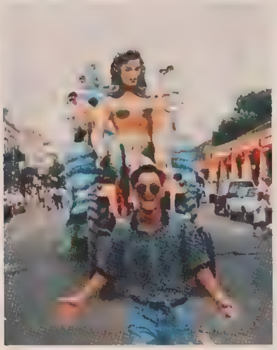




Susan Schwartz
Turnersville, New Jersey
Supply Corps

The former prom queen came to us from Jersey with a nack for hairstyling (her true calling). She spent the next 4 years defending NJ, BHD, and guidos. USNA taught her a few things like how to dust & that there were no frat partys. The Taylor made plebe finally stopped sweating at Herndon. 3/C year saw Paul exit and the Paul II infatuation began. She got a new knee, and made the mate go get her Chinese food at gate #3. She gave herself car and civvies privelges (even if she did hide under the car seat.) She never got caught but **WORRIED** incessively anyway. 2/C year brought a REdiscovery of crew, an obsessive football player and a 21st b-day. With her ticket to Crabtown she redefined nightlife, found a 'civilian' but was shocked to discover a complete turn-off. Has she found love at last with a jarhead? or is he merely a check on the varsity sport list. LETS PLAY THE GLAD GAME! GOOD LUCK! MSM





Daniel Minsok Shin

Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Little minsucky came to us fresh off the boat from the big Seoul via Mee-la-wah-kay. Weighing in at just over a buck-o-five (wet and with his golf clubs and beach towels), perhaps the smallest man in history. "Domer" spent plebe summer in bed. "Ahhh, have you got the sniffles?" Plebe year spent with a lizard and the most uptight plebe in history. Moved in with the West-coast "cool" connection youngster year. Did they ever go to a single lecture? "Doo, lemme sleep foh nother howah!!!" Missed 150 classes/semester combined. Wrestling with meatball. "Get that #$$%@*^ Korean music outta here!" Loudest typer in Bancroft. God or Buddha? Billions and billions spent on Street Fighter--"doo, let me get a dollar!" "Hot and cold as crazy" Finally spent time with his whitey friends in the dude ranch. Gonna marry the "Terd". A great friend and roomy, the FELLAS.

Vincent Junia Sibala

Manila, Philippines
Philippine Navy

"The Great Sibala" came to us unable to speak English (at least when answering rates.) Plebe year roomed with JFK and Zulu. Always a freak at the splashdowns. King Hall connection--thanks to Jerry. First President of the Dockside\playground club. Cisco versus Mad-dog, what a choice. Always changing rich girlfriends. Escaped summer cruise multiple times. Pre-lunch shuffle soap. Ultimate nerf basketball player--75% win record! 1480 LINES--Greatest TETRIS player to ever walk the earth--"who will challenge him? No man for he is the Great Sibala"--Georgia trip. "I forgot what she looks like!" Slave wars. Cover war combatant preparing for his dictatorship. Pie fights. Red shirt club. Stole herbivore from Dan at Baja's. Always com-fort-able. A great friend and roomie.--THE FELLAS.

James Carroll Slaight

Fairfax, Virginia
Naval Flight Officer

Straight from the Underground, Jim spent most of his time in the rack plebe summer with pneumonia. Sure, "Skate", we know how it is! But he'd never "skate" as mate, right? After Jim was rid of his phoney British accent and we started to understand what he was saying, he instantly won many friends. Luckily some of us never had to live with the jinx (only 5 out his 9 roommates remain). Jim ran the full gambit in academics, from Plebe year's axe board trip to the tarnished star (Dean's list) 2/c year. Speaking of tarnished, we all laughed when Jim bleached his hair Muppet-orange. Airborne?! "Where's that 2/C drill officer?" "Nice care package, cool magazine..." Road trips to the rockin' little town of Athens to see his little Buckeye. Slaight-dog's SHO, aka the "Beemer-eater". What Batt DAPA?? If "Clean" can navigate a plane like that car, the Navy better watch out. JCP, RJS, PJT

Richard James Sullivan

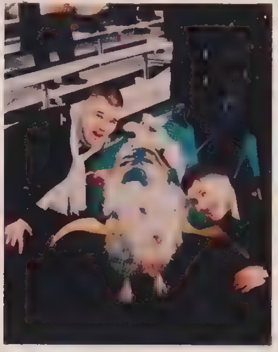
Superior, Nebraska
Naval Flight Officer

In dire need of a 3rd roommate, we gambled on the quiet guy from NE. Rick started plebe year with late night discussions of bathroom wall literature, a pumpkin pie in the face, and too many lip smackin' honey-glazed donuts. Teasing Rick for his shyness was too easy. Thus, our search for Sully's single flaw began. It was difficult to find fault with his impeccable body since he has never had a zit or body hair (maybe you'll hit puberty in P-cola). He does have small feet though, and you know what they say! Come to think of it, he's got a puny chest too. Thank goodness he made it to 2/c year during which his many sporting injuries made the precom wall of fame. We sometimes laugh at his idleness, but Rick has taught us how to enjoy the little things in life (no pun intended). What started out as a gamble has ended in 4 years of friendship. Good luck friend! NJF PJT

Patrick John Tangney

Hillsboro, Wisconsin
Navy Pilot

P is for the PERFECT roommate Pat has been to us
A is for the AWESOME time we've had since becoming friends
T is for the TOWELS he used to wipe off his worried sweat
R is for RICK, his good looking roommate
I is for his many INEFFECTIVE, although well intentioned, plans
C is for those CHILD bearing hips that made us laugh
K is for the KINDNESS you alwasys show to everyone you meet
T is for that wild TANGNEY family, always the source of happiness
A is for the ANDROGYNOUS Pat from Saturday Nite Live
N is for NICK, his other good looking roommate
G is for the GREAT state of Wisconsin, of which he always bragged
N is for NEVER firing a weapon before you ask your mom
E is for your EYEBROW, so long and continuous
Y is for the four great YEARS we spent together NJF, RJS



Matthew Allen Testerman

Visalia, California
Naval Flight Officer

Coming to us from the land Down Under, Matty the intellectual had a great concern for the Navy's future but little for the pro sport circuit. The year flew by and ended with a Herndon Overnighter restricted to 7-2. Was the night before worth it? How far did the taxi take us, 2 Blocks? 3/c year brought the DC scene too bad the fat chick didn't work out. 2/c year Matt did a stint in the Army along the banks of the Hudson. The "crucifiction" began with a shaved head. After the Point USNA never looked so good. Ring Dance was a trying time for all. We soon learned the "true" definition of mutiny. (Hows it go again?) Despite being forgotten he eventually made it to the Baltics. 1/c accountability was moot "cuz" of Batt staff and VGEP. USNA soon become a pit stop on the way to Ohio at least until his unfortunate encounter with a Dump Truck. Weds at Griffins.. A friend to the end. Fair winds and following seas. MM, BRP

Robert Scott Thomas

Charlotte, North Carolina
Nuclear Power - Submarines

"Skeeter" hails from the deep, deep south. A true-grit from the happy basketball family. "Pig-pen" got his room condemned during plebe summer. Lived with the lizard and domer plebe year. "Doo" A step up?-youngster year with YP. Mrs. YP-"Jerry? Jonny? want a beer?" Road trip to UNC-how's Shin's chin? Knifed by his roomie. Started his quest for stripes. Set-up with KC the cow-babe from Kalispell. Spent 3 Spring Breaks with Perrydude. The only person to speak in tongues whilst consuming beverages in bars. Mamushka the wonderful. Ring Dance-vodka, King Hall and Dan.What booze cruise? Star of the "weird team" a bunch of great new friends. Real power, firstie year with 4 stripes. "Send up a proposal"-yeah right! Mr Neat. It's just basketball, "Scotch". "No non-food items on the table!""Can we borrow your car?"-see we asked. The Dude Ranch. A great friend and roomie, THE FELLAS.

Thomas Peter Wypyski

Smithtown, New York
Naval Flight Officer

The crusty old sailor (YP,Wypski,ThomasPedah) hails from the Island via the Prep School. Brought some extra baggage (J.L.) but unloaded. Squad party at Riordan's led to time in the big house. Road trips to UNC and Notre Dame/ "Mo"ledo. Tough cruise in Waikiki. Became a member of the Squires Club. Where the hell is Bucksnort,TN? Played lax for 4 years (on the team for 2). 2/C Year: Boardy Barn-I'm fine occifer, the Burgs of PA, surprising Greene and the Rocket Scientist, SAY What? in Jamaica, G'town-new friends in Joey and Malcolm, how was the Ring Dance? Firstie Year: come on back to the Polo Grounds, Johnnie v. Jack, Luna-that's Italian, The Cellar-we're authorized, "How am I supposed to know?", what do you need that bookshelf for?, Mario Andretti, Fridays at LULU's,relaxing week at the Dude Ranch-drive from Hell (two other great drivers). A great friend & roomie, THE FELLAS.

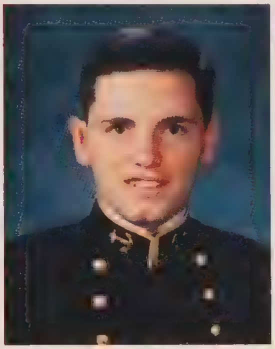
Twenty-Fifth Company

Jeffrey Isaac Barr
Newark,New Jersey
Naval Flight Officer

"Good morning sunshine!" JB came to us from Newark,NJ and he's damn proud of it. The five year plan sent him to NAPS and many memorable nights at The Copa. JB's brother Rob, Class of '91, passed away Plebe year. He was ready to punch, but we're glad he didn't. "Nelson" or was it "(Skid)Mark" pedaled his way on to the USNA Cycling team. Would you believe the Youngster year Aqua-Rock ended up making it through Pre-Mini-BUDS. The switch from Aero to Oceanography more than doubled his grades, going from a 1.4 as a Youngster to a 3.72 and Supt's List his Firstie year. JB, aka."The Parking Czar", was responsible for the infamous Annapolis Parking Scandal which got us 20 & 20 for Usurping and the Mayor... well, he got off easy. Don't forget the bowling parties on restriction. JB's ideal: If man could live on banana pudding and milk alone. MPJ

James Richard Boss
San Jose, California
Surface Warfare

Jim "BUTT-CHIN" Boss came from the sheltered town of San Jose, California. MKL asked, "If you quit, can I have your printer?" Now that's classmate loyalty...but I mean, really, BOSSMAN betting...and losing the whole rooms arses? When plebe year ended, he thought, "O.K., nowhere to go but up. Ahhh... Electrical Engineering, yeah that's the ticket", great idea ...WHATEVER! One of Burns' boys, he became one of the two muppets who sit and criticize constantly....EE mainly. A great sports fan, he never once worked out. "I wouldn't want to get so big that I couldn't move, besides, my muscles are already too strong for my body". With the aid of his blue magnet, Jim learned to sleep more than a three-toed sloth. The TIME*** survey stated that it is impossible to sleep as much as this man. All of this sleep led BOSSMAN to one single question: "If I have 20 hours and I sleep through half of it, will I have 10?" By the way--my stereo knob is way bigger than yours. LWK&MKL



Joseph Philip Bozzelli
Arlington, Virginia
Surface Warfare

Boystown's Mayor. One of the few children who ventured into the dark. La Chiquita para tu. This isn't the closet folks. Not that he didn't spend many occasions there (asleep), even as a first class. Forget not the hanger, the only casualty of the great war. Sand, surf, sand, PT and sand a summer to remember. His spring breaks could be described by wine, women, and song. O.K. I lied scratch the women part. He spent the rest of the year filling his chest with skeleton bones. Bozz ventured to little school by the river undecided, but senior year he found his true calling, donuts and coffee. As he heads off to the fleet we're all hoping he takes his eyesore car with him. As you watch the wave recede the shore and your hairline, when you feel sick, that slight tint of green that enters your complexion is just one step closer to being a frog.ALC

Marc George Carlson

Crystal Lake, Illinois
Naval Flight Officer

Marc, also known as "Walks with a limp", was undoubtedly the greatest rack master of all times. Need Marc? Look in the rack-he'll be there. "Don't forget to wake me up", except Marc never did. Marc originally intended on going nuke subs, but the flyboy syndrome hit and he subsequently obtained his "cool" jacket and chose NFO. Academics? No sweat, just sleep on it. What about the Piper Cub at 32000 ft.? Outer Mongolian wombats-what was that noise they make? Maybe someday I'll yodel for you. Marc was also a great outdoorsman-What about wet sleeping bags and blueberry delight? A little 151 and Five Alive goes a long way. "I was only doing 68 MPH". Hey, cerveza mas fina, si, mucho cerveza. Did you ever kill that bug? I'm glad we found you before you died at McGarveys. Alley cat, Hardees, "feel my knee", "It's a floater", "Ford Bronco II, I'll buy it". Fly navy, backseater. TJM-Go SWO!

Christopher James Cavanaugh

Convoy, Ohio
Nuclear Power - Submaries

Chris came to us from the tiny town of Convoy with his dry wit and big ears. Plebe year introduced a new superhero: FINGERMAN. The 3rd law will strike fear in our minds forever, along with the teddy bear pictures of Chris and Kim but, grades saw a 4.0 and Going... Surviving Strengths and Co CDR, Chris streaked through youngster year without a scratch. (Still Going...) 2/C summer. High school girls & Ocean City...TNA's here. Halloween food fight. TNA's gone. Guido Mobile, Easter...2for1 ? You're a stud (Hee Haw)!! TNA's here..nope, gone. Choosing sides was tough! Short 32 or long 30? Need a Ring Dance date? No problem. Sleepy? You're not her type anyway. "The Cooker" tag-teamed on detail. (Still Going...) 1/C saw Thomas Hardy, dribble spots, getting dragged out of McGarvey's with nuke bonus in hand. "Attention to Orders!!" Good Luck at Berkeley or MIT or wherever. Go Nuke...Run Silent, Run Deep...JP RP EH KV

Seri Chumchuen

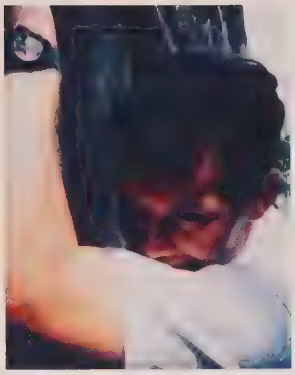
Bangkok, Thailand
Thai Navy

Seri "Bob" Chumchuen, a.k.a. Coconut Willy, Splinter, Chum-Chicken, Timber Thai, and Brickman, will be the first person from Thailand to graduate from the U.S. Naval Academy. His talents include: dirty dancing, soccer, football, b-ball, sword manual, computer games, and, of course, racking. Starting out as an Aero, he was forced to switch over to Mech-E since his Navy doesn't exactly have a huge carrier fleet. He managed to get by though, barely...(being on Supt's List every semester here). Words of wisdom to Seri "Bob's" future roommates: make sure you ask him to use his phone and **never** wake him up (especially if he's in the rack with "Frenchie"). Don't forget: knee-pads, Seahawks, three holes, steaks on the grill, Batt Champs, hydro-sliding, crabbing, "Eeek-eek," Brandy, "watch your back I got a knife," and "da Chinese downhill." Fair winds and following seas. MGC

Aaron Luke Crespin

Denver, Colorado
Marine Corps Pilot

Aaron Crespin attitude child. He came from Denver without a clue about navy and the past four years really hasn't changed that. But now things are going to change, he's going corps where he'll fly high and complain constantly. Before he disappears into the wild blue yonder there are a few things he shouldn't forget. The plebe year pie, feeding the fish off the Eastport bridge, your good buddy the mayor and the form 2, the time you introduced your navy friends to your home town friends and almost got them shot, the amazing Crespin and your seagull buddy at BUDs, and who can forget your ring dance date. Well Padre that about sums up four years by the sea for you. Hopefully these haven't been your best of times but rather your worst. Figure it this way, your luck with girls can only improve, but that eight hours of sleep for aviators might not be enough. I wish you all the best of luck and God be with you. JPB.



Dennis Quigley Cronyn
Annapolis, Maryland
Surface Warfare

Thank you Brian, Lynne, Pat, Tom, Kerry, Seri, Mark, Jason, Chip, Aaron, Dave, and everybody else! Beat Army!!!
Dennis

Ruth Annette Dalton
Cumming, Georgia
General Unrestricted Line

Our Southern Bell came to Plebe Summer with the idea that at the beginning of academic year we were recognized. The shock of the year long training really depressed her. Youngster year brought a couple of new loves into her life. The first was her squad leader, the next, lasting relationship was with sailing. Although for two year we all thought eventually it would be RADF. Second class year had Astro track and EE. Lonely days and nights debating if TDF was going to work out. First class aviation cruise finally decided that fate. NG, no go! Then back for the best and last year here. This new year again brought new found friends, but don't try to find my Roomie. She's out with what's his name. Then TTU. Deza-vu, Huh! Best of luck getting into Space Command. My roomie forever, SCM

Brad Behring Davidson
Zelienople, Pennsylvania
Navy Pilot

Brad left his sheltered little-house-on-the-prairie life to fulfill his dream of being a Navy pilot, and every woman's fantasy. Through dedication, hard work, and no small amount of self-induced stress, he has more than achieved the lofty goals he set for himself. Founder of the "Punching Bag" school for meeting women, Brad became a pseudo-Annapolitan by marriage to KP, earning a stool at McGarvey's with his name on it. Despite his domesticated nature, he still managed to get out and play Mr. Hyde occasionally. The infamous trip to Maryland, countless meals at Chili's, Swishers on the ledge, many nights in town, and an Eagle with three different rear windows all attest to his hidden barbaric nature. Brad, you will no doubt be a star in P-Cola, and eventually an exceptional aviator. I look forward to flying with you, and will especially enjoy habitually waxing your posterior. BAA

Eric James Hawn
Phoenix, Arizona
Navy Pilot

Eric "Goldie" Hawn, came from the Andover Dark Horse '88 New Englands championship crew and was one of the original pinella twins (#2). A true lightweight, our "rail" had to move around in the shower to get wet. He was also a member of the "Father Christmas" crew and that same year attended the infamous "Kelly" dance with one of his own. During 2/C year (or before), E-Hawn volunteered for K.P. duty--a Russian interest which may last. Eric even survived cables despite hearing "No.. No, that's not right" on more than one occasion. Matching rings turned the pinella twins into the wonder twins. Despite 2 years on detail, he was the "nice guy." If asked to lend a hand, he was sure to reply "Hell, yah ". 1/C year, E became a valuable member of SRC. Currently involved in developing the cox-box of the future, Eric will be found in Craftsbury Vt. when not in the cockpit. MK CD KV CC

Michael Proctor Joyner

Costa Mesa, California
Naval Flight Officer

MJ came to us from the sunny west coast of Cali. MJ, "Mr.Organization", has a lot to offer our Naval Service. He is asystems major who should prosper. At the age of 22, MJ has alreadybeen through four cars, three of which will never run again. Goodthing this future aviator won't be in the pilot's seat. MJ'sexperiences as a mid include: beating Army in golf and being #1 on the team as a plebe, a fun filled 3/c cruise (how about those K¬bars in Pearl!), becoming probably the only mid in history to have paid $ to get on restriction just before his 21st bday (but we hadsome nice bowling parties in Bancroft), and going from the middleof the academic pack to making Supe's list 1/c year. Famous Navalsaying: "Sir the main course is BBQ Midshipman sandwiches, Sir!" MJ can be found enjoying the outdoors, on the phone with, writing to, driving to, or daydreaming about his girl. JIB

Lucas Wayne Kerley

Watertown, New York
Surface Warfare

We knew that Kerley was hopeless before we had even met him: "Where the ?#&% is Kerley?" Luke came to us from Watertown (Where they make water?), New York a very sheltered child...or so we thought. Plebe summer was a blur...mainly because," Oh, Kerley, were those your glasses?" Learning to drill, "Kerley, say a cadence." "Sir, a cadence, sir." We didn't know what Luke was here for until, "But, sir, I run a 4.4 40." And then the lights came on, "Is it morning already?" Then there was youngster year: red-bellies, upper rack fights, and search parties. We never will know what motivated Luke to go EE... BOSSMAN? T he blind leading the blind? One of Burn's boys, Luke plans to emulate his lifestyle: ties, suspenders, and all. Brian, you can print it in the morning...just go to bed. And now the journey is ending...watch out for those trees that go bump in the night (but I was only going 30...Sure!) MKL&JPK&JRB

John Patrick Killacky

Downers Grove, Illinois
Surface Warfare

J.P.'s four years by the bay have not been very boring : Plebe year saw John as a D & B blower, poly sci major, aero major, and air wanna be. Herndon party, J.M., that old flame burns bright. Youngster cruise, Nuc Subs(hoo-yah), salty sailing dog. Youngster year brought out the beater in John. Civilian select, She's the greatest...The mighty Tarzan took commissioning week by storm - waking up with the company commander. 2nd class year brought J.P's famous naval sayings, "Just take me out and shoot me", Mech E., Marine Corps, NFO, Poly Sci (finally finished switching), bruised hips, still beating, falling in love with J.M. - AGAIN! Firstie cruise John took to the seas again and hit Bermuda by storm...Firstie year brought more famous naval sayings: "Why didn't you guys shoot me the first time?", "Where should we go tonight?" The voyages to Columbus, see the light? Only for dinner!! Texas looks great on a minesweeper, Go SWO...RP&CC

Kelly Suzanne Kinsella

Falls Church, Virginia
Navy Pilot

With swimming offers from other schools, Kelly (thank God) chose Navy! Plebe year brought Joe(the watch guard), unsat grades, and true love (NOT). Youngster year grades improved and REAL love was found! There he was in 10th company players-life was never the same. Kel, did you really want me to come get you? Rain or shine, there were always motor-cycle rides. 2/c year-Oh my God! Major Dilemma!-The company change! New problem was living with BC--Kel, I'm so proud of you! (Thanks, I've been waiting for your approval.) In a desperate attempt to alleviate the striper headaches she decided to move in with a 3/C (female!) in Boys Town where Kelly proceeded to show her the ropes.-SoCo and dip? Capt. Kel spent her 1/c year swimming, something new! What you mean just because shes my sister doesn.t count? Can you really study EE at Griffins? Yup. Good luck with flight and Los! Love ya! MJ,SS,RW

Dean Richard Kinsman
Raleigh, North Carolina
Naval Flight Officer

Dean arrived from NAPS with the squadron ready to make their mark at the Academy. They may not all make it together but "lumpy" and his pals had a great time trying. Dino will be in the air eventually even with the 20/40000 vision he snuck through medical.Football didn't work but Rugby was a good substitute besides the parties were crazier. Each year brought something different, if it was the VW bus or Key West (both times) everything was fun even the old stand by-West Street with Duke. The hook has gotten Dean in and out of alot of trouble over the years and right now it looks like he just might win the race but it's not over yet. Well Dean doesn't leave much behind but he likes it that way besides if anyone ever gets their hands on the film or videotape over the years he might want to leave where ever he is as fast as he wants to leave the Academy. Best of luck Dean and take care.

Chris Walter Lewis
Florence, Alabama
Naval Flight Officer

Boots... Stetson...Quarter ton o' fun... What can you say? This rebel without a clue was actually a northern transplant. Hailing from the central plains of Ohio, he claimed to be the original Alabama Crimson Tide. Unfortunately, the only waves he caught were due to Hurricane Keri. He burst onto the track scene, but realized he was stretchin' things a little too far. Second class year saw a change to intramural sports and an increase in grades. In pursuit of the perpetual chit, he always reasoned out of physical conflict. After testing waters in other areas, he finally selected NFO. Hangin' out with Good-boy, trips to the Ram's Head were fun, but nothing beat a "cut session" with the trio . . . JPK, JLS, Wags P.S. Thanks for a great four years at the boat school - we'll always think of you when we hear a "Rebel Yell."

Andrea Lindenberg
Winter Park, Florida
Surface Warfare

Andrea, your 1st love was volleyball w/the Wandas. MANGNA Wanda,you kept the team laughing (knee slappers) w/episodes like "pink"and Judy Tenuta jokes. You played left bench tackle when not on court. Don't forget those "cram sessions" at Steerage to eat uh, I mean study. But the crew in you won over all. From the undefeated champs under Latham and 2/c year w/ Marty and stroking the Vw/Laura (nice knees!). You could bench more and eat more thananybody on the team. We saw the Charles twice, but the best was theBagel Row. Youngster year Peggy & Mara took you under their wing and wow what a party. 3/C Spring break beer for breakfast, lunch, and dinner how did you make the 1st boat? But 2/c year as BC, you were locked on Lindy. 1st female 4/C Reg.Cdr. you did awesome! You set the example, SWO Lindy (hungry is she) you will do great and go far in the fleet. I'm proud to call you my friend and teammate.SAD

Matthew Kneeland Lobner
Manhattan Beach, California
Nuclear Power-Submarnies

Matthew 'Super Genius' Lobner, the ideal midshipman? Anti-Mid is more like it. Who else could get away with so much, care so little, and do so well. To describe him in one word 'skate'. 4.0, varsity letter and a total of two stripes over two semesters first class year, go figure. The only EE major I know who would kill himself changing a light bulb. If it wasn't in a book it couldn't be done, at least not by Matt. He made up for the lack of common sense with ability. Non-chalantly deciding to change from varsity baseball to varsity volleyball. Maintaining a 4.0 while taking first class weekends every weekend, since youngster year, that he wasn't on duty or m.o. Having the desire, drive, physical prowess, and class rank to go SEALs, until his s.o. decided that it wasn't a good idea. Well, no doubt he will be the best at whatever he decides to do. LWK, JRB, ALS(a.k.a ALL)

Shaun Colleen McAndrew
Plymouth, Pennsylvania
Navy Pilot

She finally found the right roommate the end of her 3/c year-a southerner. Between gymnastics, Lucky Bag, and helping dumbbunnies with EE, it's amazing she still had 3.0's. After 2300 you couldn't find her because she was under her fuzzy blanket. Lets not forget the creatures in the night bothering her valuable sleeptime her 3/c year. Between her bears and dinosaurs, there was no more room on the rack. She was an Indiana Jones going to Detroit with Gene and risking getting shot at. A pilot she will be-only after sweating those pilot measurements -twice. Always remember-Beat the beep. RAD Stolen away during the seminar and a semester later, WE DID IT! Thank you. Their will always be a place in my heart that only you can hold! Don't ever forget that no matter how far we are, I love you. Now to new horizons and wings of gold. May ALL those dreams come true (maybe together) ERB.

James Arthur McGrady
Hyannisport, Massachusetts
Navy Pilot

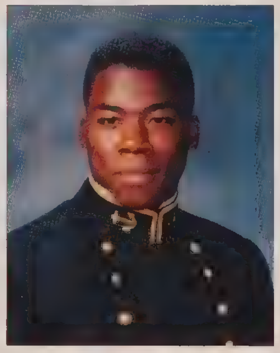
There's entirely too much to say about this Mass____. In his four years he has played every role from Rastro to The Mayan. He gave his best $1.45 pitch to a cute, earringed (x9), teen softballer, but she K'd him en route to a perfect game (or was it a hat trick?) The bosak of his youth came and went and came again ... and again ... But we mustn't speak ill of her, for Jim esteems her tenfold higher than all other women - except for "Ma!" and the Virgin Mary. So I guess Wetz will always be number THREE on his list. His Key West kleptomania and his bike ride in Newport betray his abilities as a player far more than his accompLECHEments on the rugby pitch. Rugby magazine will vouch for that - but they put him on the cover anyway. "Boys' Town" will always remember the fivehead and the case of Heffenreffer that could have been - if the race had ever ended. As always, "ONE FOR ALL AND ALL FOR McGRADY!!" MJS

Thomas Joseph Mills
Yokosuka, Japan
Surface Warfare

T. J. Mills, swodog from afar, came to us from the distant orient, stopping briefly at NAPS to nab a spirited girlfriend. As a plebe, the salty warrior outgunned his upperclass and drove the legendary D.D. to his knees. Youngster year brought new roommates, Frenchie and Splinter. Second class year he stowed his gear with D-Bear and "Walks with a Limp". Surviving that ordeal he graduated to firstie year, car insurance, and life without E.E. Four years of back breaking effort, stonewall stubbornness, and late night marathons earned him his first choice, the USS HEWITT. Tippacanoe and Tim's Left Arm, The Banner Incident, Jenny merely intrigued me, Little Philly, Do you have Abs yet?, Awesome Sponsors, Trisha Yearwood, Ford Fanatic, Queen reveille, I'm Not Stubborn, 3rd Roommate, the Demon Theory, Swimmers Backs, Late Night talks, Frenchie and Debbie Sue, Cajun John, Elle, Badminton. Womb to Tomb DQC MGC KV

Thomas Hayward Muldrow
York, Pennsylvania
Navy Pilot

NWSD and now HNIC, not that the first no longer applies. Tom came to us from the land of pepperment patties and barbells. While visiting the zoomies he learned to sunburn as well as the purpose of a bat and the accelerator pedal. His taste in women is let's say varied if not pallid. From the psychotic to the neurotic, Tom found them (THICK). It must have been his Yugo or our VW bus. Hopefully, the up grade in transportation correlates with taste. His desire to fly has always been true, even when it came to volleyball, jumping ten feet in the air to call the ball. Innocent to the end, well almost to the end. His lack of conduct offenses were quickly compensated for with 60 days left. That , of course, was my fault too. (Thanks, Bill.) Best of luck in the air, hopefully you'll never use those airborne wings. Just think, you almost picked ground. BOOYAH!!! ALC

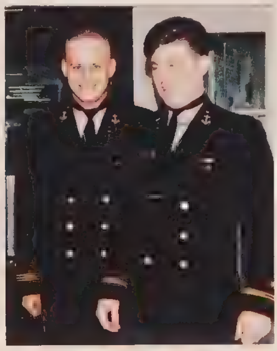


Mary Joseph Neenan

Charleston, West Virginia

United States Air Force

Mary Joe, the Air Force brat, left her cousins and wandered out of the back woods to come to Annapolis. Plebe summer brought all of reef points, "I would assume...", and 2nd set from hell. Sailing -who was that and where did those marks come from? 3/c year privileges started out with civvies, extended taps, beers, and cigs. The Easter Bunny brought the Century Club and video (did you see it yet?). Grad week: Fish Mkt, a white jeep, morning jogs (NOT). 2/c year: EE, JD, & MJ don't mix, but what about THE gate guards? YP's-the good first impression along with the Grand Marnier was flushed down the drain, while the donk made her bonkers. 1/c year MJ wandered back into the woods (have you seen my shoe?) and wondered how do these panty hose work! Warning: MJ & JD don't mix! Last, but not least, Key West: wine-time, beach, scuba and JOHNNY. Good luck in the AF. We love you! Remember us squids! SS,KK,KB,MM



Richard Eric Petersen

Santa Maria, California

Marine Corps Pilot

Golden Boy hailed from Southern California, dude, and by smacking up to everyone and impressing no one(Ha, Ha), he survived the wrath of Dan and came out plebe Co CDR. BZ, CZ. White gloves with SDBs??? A mediocre swimmer and subtly ratey, Casper managed to keep out of serious trouble. Then came K-E-L-L-why?? Why? Missile crisis?? Oh well, X-mas came early that May (HO-HO-HO). After a brief bout with ALS, (which he conveniently passed on to MKL), Rick found true love in TCR. repete "So?","No. But definitely next weekend..." until x=60. What about CH? Airedale turned nuke turned snake-eater turned devil dog, Rick never could make up his mind. Service Selection Night: Cancer Boy visits a City of Two Tails. True to form, Rick smacked his way to 1/C Co CDR. Spring Break in P-Cola and Blizzard '93! Go for it Leatherneck! Good Luck...JP, CC & DM.

Brian Lee Pilger

Boulder, Colorado

Nuclear Power - Submarines

Brian "Pilt-down Man" Pilger, a.k.a. Relvis, Pilgman, Moody-Roommate, Funnyman, and Howdy, will be graduating with a B.S. in Marine Engineering. His talents include: singing, test-taking, birthday clean-up, joke-telling, avoiding drill, and, of course, racking. 2/C year he formed the dynamic duo with the Lukester. After enhancing their cultural live (by going to the Metallica concert), they were temporarily restrained by some E-mail messages. Firstie year, he came to room with me and SC, looking to tame his wild nature. I don't know if we tamed his wild nature, but we sure honed his cleaning skills. Words of wisdom for Brian's future roommates: don't pick-up loose change on the floor and watch your step in the shower. Don't forget: ZZ-Top, Nazis, gorilla woman, stalagtites, white-wings, Diceman, whip-me-daddy, Simpsons, "true warriors," and tie-score. Fair winds and following seas. MGC

Gregory Eugene Selfridge

Marieetta, Georgia

Civil Engineer Corps

Flaming Selfridge; Raised in Georgia. Now ya see Greg fits the profile of a televisions evangelist, strong religious beliefs but a mouth that lasts longer than the energizer bunny. Greg's love life is another story. He spoke of his romance with a foreign national as hot, but when she moved to the U.S. it was nothing but freezing. Then came Karen his "Friend". She cooked more meals for hime than my mother did when I was a kid. I thought he might be embarrassed, but he actually brought her to a grad party. Not Bad! The Geek. Greg birched about being an engineering major, but still unlike myself he is now going to to Grad school. Unfortunately his CO at Oregon like to schedule mandatory training during the schools spring and Christmas breaks, just so no one gets tooo much leave. Greg, I'll miss all the late nights of you preparing lab reports, refusing to turn the lights ou, and not getting to the rack until 0400. NOT!! Have fun with your new CO. Good luck CL.

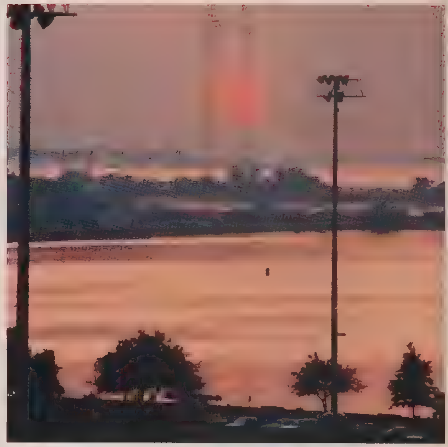
Twenty-Sixth Company

Maxwell Jenkins Shuman
Rockville, Maryland
Navy Pilot

Max already left before most of us even thought of service selection. VGEP was the way to go, click, click. Even at 180 lbs he still managed to make a top rate rugby player but he never did land the good looking chicks. Grady led him astray early and with no stripes possible, Max tried to enter the ranks of dirtball. After the "only one" he dabbled with a few including something very large from AU but then he found the 2nd only one - a dirt muncher. At last Max has found the 3rd only one who he lululus. The most important thing he left with was The Record - 48 seconds - hard to beat. A legit mark. S.B. '93 gading,gading,gading, walk it off Shudda - deep snow. Rugby practice wouldn't have been the same without your famous jellies. Some day you'll see Lumpy frolicking in the surf in that thong. Even though he was never in The Race, Max always wanted that last lick. JAM

Christopher Lawrence Vallhonrat
Haverford, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

Straight from Main Line Philly, Kit got named quickly: Van Hornet, Rat-Man, Rat. "Cities" was not reason enough to pull for Navy due to a strenuous pleber year, but serious dogging as a youngster finally brought him into his element with the lightweights, starting with 3 timed inners--talked crew 24-7 ever since! This ultra staunch conservative flamed his way through 3/C year, 2/C detail, 2/C year...Kit Kat Vallhonrat found better times in the fall on his home course in a double and later on the Schuykill and the Charles. Plt Cdr Kit on 1/c detail (ANY DAY...) later found himself running through the quigley for 4 weeks and then eating wake twice at Independence Day. As a firstie, not in the wardroom? Try Philly, as there was much ado about Ms. Chiquita. 93 Potomac and SRC 4 really kicked. Despite the Gravest Mistakes: Bachelor at heart. UVA? A Surface future & a quick catch EH MK CD CC



Edgar Fabila Arnaldo
Virginia Beach, Virginia
Surface Warfare

Ghetto B, Swonaldo, Little Joe, Ernie, down with brother BOZ. I'm a man right, don't play a nut role. Payday, meet me at gate 8. Personal invite required. Where's Lisa at? Love those Niagra Falls women. Vices-Dipping and Diet Beast. More than once a year could be too much. Match Box Alfa. Great Swonaldo sayings:"If you sleep 12 hours a day, you're only here 2 years" and "Man who lose key to woman's apartment get no new key." You could do better than Melissa. Pure Unbridalled Funk Master, the man who just wants to do his share. No Joe oppression week. We're gonna trim the fat off of this steak. 1st--Salve Reggina. No skeleton bones, the closet is empty..sniff whose boxers? Call me. #!*# me if I'm wrong, but is your name Cleopatra? Lights out-Gymnast nate-and the computer. Pea sized kidneys. 21st B-Day, 3 boots to the wind, what a Champ! Audi 5 grand, Peace and Humptyness. -- THE FELLAS

Daniel Taylor Baulig

Cardiff, New Jersey

Marine Corps

For someone from Southern New Jersey, Dan turned out to be a pretty normal guy after all...well, almost. Always one for a good laugh, starting with Plebe Summer, and Dan laughing at himself in the wall mirror he held in front of him while we all tried to keep a straight face, "Ho! Ho! Ho!" Some great immitations, Al Minnick and Gunny Rosenfeld among others. Youngster year, road trips to Jersey and E-town to see his honey (she never had it better). And then those great stories. "I've been here 2½ years and I haven't learned a damned thing." After all that work with the Ring Dance cruise, we still drank the barge dry. Spring Break camping in the snow... "I'll never do this again." Wrestling, mountain biking, and surfing, but no snow skiing. A bruiser and a thinker (well, a bruiser at least). Let's go Marine, Here's to future years of friendship and fun! MR, HDB, SDS, GAW, KID.

Clay Anthony Berardi

Rochester, New York

Marine Corps Pilot

Clay has bucked the system and shown that graduating from high school isn't necessarily a prerequisite to college. Lucky and lacking underwear he was able to snatch a Marine Air billet. He thinks it is completely normal to sleep all day and stay up to 3am, whether he is in the Lucky Bag office or avoiding trees thrown into the room in the early hours of the morning. Memorable events: Suzy Q's, new uses for plebe socks, rock climbing, parking tickets, loss of driver's license, "I should be able go at least 80 around this corner", Towson, cappuccino, cough syrup, refrigerator, no a TV and microwave would be overkill, funeral pants for Army-Navy, restless sleep, squeaky racks, climbing yellow planes, 'sleeping' in the men's head at 'The Last Dining Out", lacrosse (ball-magnet), and hockey games. Thanks for the four years and have fun with the short hair, YARCH!! - DMD

Henry Daniel Brown

Rockford, Tennessee

Marine Corps

Hank "Belligerent" Brown. That's the tone you set plebe summer. The letter didn't help much either. "Brown what are you?" M.G. sure had a way of making you feel positive. Chem was a real delight, with a capital "D". You demonstrated your Marine Corps stealth when you became the only plebe we know to be fried for dragging. Youngster year sent you off to see "her" every weekend, a trend that abruptly came to a halt firstie summer. During second class year "chastity" kept you in line and looking over your shoulder. Old R.T. didn't improve the situation. Firstie year brought the boat and the "Nazi". We know it was only your job. You changed (digressed) from pilot to Ooh Rah somewhere along the way. After a stint in the Corps its off to law school and Tennessee politics. Remember there are wild Russians in the mountains of South Carolina aching to be shot. SDS,DTB,WES,GAW,BFR

Eric Thomas Bruns

Lakewood, Ohio

Naval Flight Officer

Hoops claimed Cleveland as his home (why, we don't know...), but we always knew he was a KGB spy. Plebe year he sweated blood and the entire UCMJ for a monster named McCreary. Spent 3/C cruise with the CO's daughter in search of Fantasy Island (Bermuda). A white gi and a black belt kept us from killing him for effortless 4.0's. Reggae and dreams of Jamaican spring break ..the SI "Wall of Fame" ..drinking a beer worth 4 grand ..2/C year: marathon man? - ArE yOu CrAzY?!? "Gnarly feet dude!" ..learning the ABC's of life (and death) ..talking to trees-- BAM!! --"Where am I? Who am I?" ..1/C year brought a cruise to the motherland...dinner with the CO, huh?. ..Miss Ohio- "she's not bad." -WHAT?? ..headcheck! OK, your an NFO ..Cancun! We couldn't have asked for a better roommate and friend. See you in the sky! - JLS & Ziggy. P.S.-- Are you ever gonna set me up with your sister??

Bryan Joseph Buljat

Pasadena, Maryland

Navy Pilot

Bell Biv DeBuljat in his 5.0-a girl's best friend. A.L. Gator's and Dem 'Dena women, a real minute man. A gymnast and "cut troat" EE, BrIan spent many romantic nights in the Lab with Matt,GSR,DJ. New Years+ B'Day+ Yagermeister+ Tierney's=BIG Skeleton Bone. Dirty D., Julie, the King of HammerJack's and an O.C. early morning surprise, then came Jennie O. I have a girlfriend? Ski+BJB= Odd Couple. A Vet. of Operation License Plate, Bryan is the most professional man we know. Always ready to strike a GQ pose, his house is only 15 mins from here - beckoned by a Wolf call. Sally the cute nerd @ JMU. Arnaldo's resident psychologist. A trainer of athletes. MR.PEP-1st & Last Company Commander. Glen Burnie's last bachelor. Prior chief. RW&TN free ball. Friends forever-Mert & Sam; Memaw,Dottie Jewell, Osbornes,J&D - ultimate sponsors. Mom, Dad and Tammy thanks for not giving up on the college reject. -- THE FELLAS

Cameron Wayne Coates

Spanish Town, Jamaica

Foreign National

"The Rude Bwoy" straight off the boat from Ja. constantly enriched our lives with his dancehall reggae. AYAH! was Air Jamaica's cry down the middle of King Hall as he battled 1/c Byrd's enemies. "No ganja smokin' allowed!" As an Aero major, Camo soared like he was doing a flying back kick. We were just the men livin' with THE MAN! Only THE MAN can have no money, no clothes, no ride & still have constant companionship. Ziggy was never outdone when it came to the dating game. Why did U diss Michelle "my belle..."right before Ring Dance? Go figure?!? Only THE MAN can do that! Seven hours at N.D. and you threw it all away! Always the top dog, the Mr. Loverman held class for his 2 young pups; and every Sunday, another smiling face. You always had a friend in Heineken at the Carribean Club at Howard. Hope the civilian corps is not too rough. YOU ARE THE MAN! Love, peace and hairgrease--- GSRIII, wes

Joseph Lloyd Cox IV

College Corner, Ohio

Surface Warfare

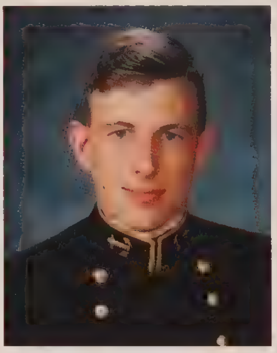
J.C., Quad, was truly the Billy Dee of the Academy. The pursuit of girls proved to be the pursuit of happiness at USNA. J.C. was always "in da House" With his smooth rap and good looks J.C. had Maura girls than we could count-M,K,M,JG,S,LB,A,SM,..etc. Never forget living with IB and TOYIM. 2/c year came 190 Mercedes- Do you want to ride in my...The most anti-Ghetto B.(Never been there). Southern uncomfort after Herndon (good slap on the back does the trick). Yacking in Philly after A/N. Sir Mix aLot was truly the King of Scams. Who's going to finally land Bancroft's most eligible bachelor? Speechmaster, N* barber, fastest of the fellas, 60m Highs (Navy Trackx4),1/c year 150s (undefeated). G&S. Never forget the memories and laughs at John and Donna's. (Thanks) With your friendship and the memories we had, never forget that we'll always have your back! Gin and Tonic, Peace and Quadness. -- THE FELLAS

Daniel Michael Degner

Folsom, California

Surface Warfare

"Hey is that Sausage-Head in the porta-john?",epiphanies during all-nighter breaks on the roof, 'flying' the sea-plane...er almost, the hapless gerbil, 'resting' in the shower, the first evening with a cappuccino maker, hundreds of bets: the green balloon, throwing a bucket of ice and water over the stall Woodbury was in, water winger parties, fireworks, FIVE board appearances and an alcohol offense...go figure, camping in the mountains, climbing anything vertical, alley antics before "the last" dining out, service selection evening... "You're too beautiful to be a ..." and the morning after, pretending to sleep while I "stayed up", "Wake up little Suzy". The secrets you kept for me!!! (I still won't let you watch my kids). - CAB

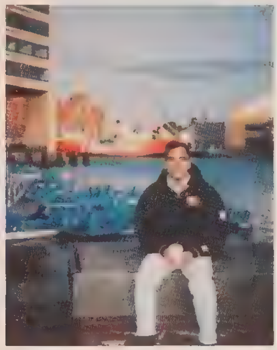


Steven Harlow DeMoss

Austin, Texas

Surface Warfare

A story & lesson. It is 1976, USNA becomes a serious thought in the mind of 6 yr old Steve DeMoss. 13 years later this sensitive man enters C-7 on a quest into the darkness. He ends up with a girl who dips. Youngster year his devotion turns to the interests of the Brigade, a true performer. But, without warning, his love throws him to a different home. A friend invites him to play darts one evening. "No, they're good this way". He is changed. Second class year: 50's baby. 7 out & 100 on black, a new skill is aquired. Lost with a weak stomach in Pittsburgh while hunting piles, eating brownies not eggs. "This is America. We treat people with respect!" EE nearly sends us on the rampage. He enters firstie year with a STITCHED scratch on his lip from surfin' at Baja ("I had to. I'm vain"). At last he outdoes Vader, & has to beat them away. And through it all: Piles. JRE, DEW



Ray Marvin Hendrix Jr.

Pacifica, California

Naval Flight Officer

On his arrival at the School on the Severn from the foggy shores of northern California, Ray immediately was given the nickname Jimmy. Plebe year was tough but his secret (??) stash of tapes and the use of his walkman helped ease the transition. Youngster year found him with a new "friend" down the hall and the true reason for being issued a computer- computer games! With the move to 26, a new Jimmy appeared- the flaming man. Though he may have been a tough guy in the p-ways at first, this old bear became a "positive" leader in no time. Plebe detail was a true leadership challenge which challenged this leader. Firstie year brought libs every night and, unbelievably, stars at the same time. Weekends were spent in Springfield dancing the night away. Now he's off to go help those poor pilots fly in P-Cola. Wishing Ray friendly skies and following winds wherever he goes! SAH,RMH

Jeffrey Brian Hill

Colorado Springs, Colorado

Surface Warfare

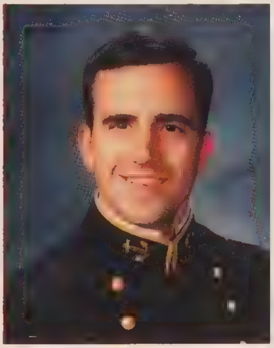
The Chief came to USNA anxiously awaiting an opportunity to cultivate his first layer of salt; he was always finding ways to develop his sea legs. There was detail: "Go back to your spaces", and G.Q. alerts with "OBA's" Ah, and living with the Chief. The LM2500 computer and extra noisy reading habits. We redefined the proper use for an issued desk. In his last stand, Chief muscled a spot on the Brigade Training staff. Who says you have to be on the list to get an interview? Ne'er we forget, "Academics are not worth losing sleep over". The U.S.S. O'Brien has never seen his likes. Though he might have been happier at the helm of a wooden hull firing broadsides at the British, Jeff will do just as well as our modern-day Stephen Decatur. "Non Sibi Sed Patriae" -SKS, CAB

Raymond Marciano II

Cleveland, Ohio

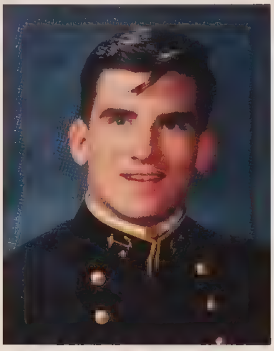
Navy Pilot

"Rocky," sometimes endeared as "Cherry," came to USNA to become a Naval Aviator and to receive a degree in Electrical Engineering. He succeeded but met several pitfalls along the way. Some of you may have seen him around on his many days of restriction and months of lost leave earning his Black "N" star, but there is a good side to him. "Rocky" will help out anyone at anytime but please do not ask him to box. This talent seems to have been used up by another member of his family, and coming from "Little Italy," the Family is very important. However, after four years at USNA, Ray is still unable to tell anyone what his father does for a living. Once on vacation, Ray and his father were known as "Little Ray" and "Big Ray"-- Ray, what did happen to Mikey D. in order for you to get Spring Break?-- My only advice is to be nice to Ray and do not ask him to adjust your name tag. MEP



Richard Neil Massie
Houston, Texas
Nuclear Power - Submarines

"Cows will become extinct if we don't eat them...eventually", "She's on the road to recovery...let's keep her there", a Hockey player from Houston?, the notorious water-winger, "the last dining out", showing your little brother the most exclusive alleys in Annapolis..."finish the bottle", hey!...that's our classmate's sister isn't it?, sky-diving connoisseur, three...two...one...BUNGIE!, climbing the sea-plane, living with Chief (ahhh!), hey Rich...who's drinking what in the kitchen (X-mas 91), next time you go tubing...bring a porta-john...they really send people to jail for that?, Max setting the land speed record in your new car, warm Red White & Blue...in a can...in the hall, liberty in G-town...the urinalysis afterward, what's URI...ugh, thus ends four years by the bay...aoogah-CAB, DMD, BFR



Kevin Joseph Patrick McCloskey
Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania
Supply Corps

Ski, King Crab, McG... nah we wouldn't do that to ya. A man who had instant success with female upperclass. Compatible with all roomates: CAB & BJB, matches made in heaven; Linus could eat more chocolate (he had a bigger butt). Streakin' the halls with Linus and JT. A/N f-ball parties on the home turf, whose got the flask? A potential gold medalist in chair throwing. Kleenex after the shower..stark naked sleeping with a teddy bear...Greenpeace.. recycle, one earth...GEETTTTT OOUUUTTT; LEEAAAVVVEE!!!(Love ya RJ)...Dibs no flibs...shotgun...I call no...Eagles. Peace to MA, our connection in medical. Lightweight crew done eat all you want. Kirwan following in footsteps. Mr. Payday weekends in Lehigh, you know da' one. The supply corps will never be the same. The Irish boy from da' hill got your back anytime anyplace...Time to leave this brokedown palace...c'ya.--THE FELLAS

William Esa McCulley
Marlborough, Massachusetts
Marine Corps

Our introduction to Bill during Plebe Summer was a bright faced kid with a strange Massachusetts accent whose pet hermit crab died when it was fed Fruit Loops. Since then we have discovered a few more facets of the man they call McSkully. He is of Finnish heritage, but speaks Spanish fluently, grew up in New England, but thinks he is from the South, majored in Electrical Engineering, and is sold on the Marine Corps. At first glance, some people might think this is a confused individual. One need only to dig a little deeper to find someone who truly loves the Lord his God, someone who cares for his classmates, and someone who has dedicated himself to military service. He couldn't be further from confused. He will forever be a beacon for his classmates. Bill, you're a great friend, a most-excellent roommate, a true brother, and a terrible guitar player. - Steve (muna-paa) Proverbs 18:24

Charles Fredrick Megown
Jacksonville, North Carolina
Marine Corps Pilot

Chuck is the kind of guy that everybody (CRESSA) likes. He would do anything for a friend (CRESSA). He would drive fourteen hours every weekend just to go bowling or to see a movie (with CRESSA). He would swim in the sub-freezing, jellyfish infested waters of the Severn in late January just to retrieve a soccer ball (that CRESSA gave him). He would even take up cross-stitchery (for CRESSA). The only people that don't like Chuck are Sam Adams, and anyone that has to deal with his smelly feet (except for CRESSA). But all these good deeds paid off for Chuck in the end, with the very last flight billet for the Class of '93. Now its time to hit the old FTS button and get out of here. Good luck to you and Cressa, we wish you the best. True Bra's. MDM. --GES, EMW, CDM, MDM, SKS

Charles David Minifie

Simsbury, Connecticut
Marine Corps

"Dave" was a quick-witted Young Republican from the rustic and idyllic town (or so he thinks) of SY-sbury. Call him C.D., Cid, Kak or many other names, but never "Chuck." Identitiy crisis continued as stealth-plebe acquired alias of Pinella #1 of LWT crew fame. "Is that sickly little thing your stroke?" But we sensed that this "rude dog" would become captain. Our Honors English major's ties with his SHS sweetheart gave rise to the "Minisy" shuttle USNA-U.Del 24-7. Name game escalated 2/c year as LWTs dubbed our loquacious cynic with the acronym to cover all: CCCSFXBTMP... Pinellas became the "Wonder Twins" with matching class rings. That all night pancake house at Camp Lejeune left our "little marine" with plenty of reason to stick with the green. Future looks bright for our young hero, especially if he stays quick at the catch and with SRC 4. EH MK KV.

Michael Dennis Mulloy

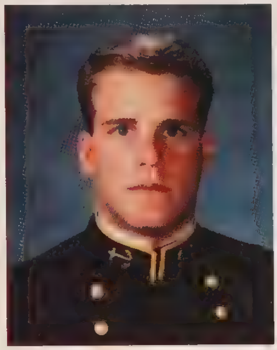
Truckee, California
Navy Pilot

The highlight of Mike's four years at the academy came early in plebe year, when he and his classmates discovered that his ego had attained statehood. This is quite an accomplishment for the former juvenile delinquent (we know the truth about the french toast, and so does mom). Youngster year, Mike learned a valuable lesson, at the expense of a dislocated thumb--even your own roommate will fight dirty when he's in a chokehold. 2/c year Mike used Ring Dance to show that brother's truly do share EVERYTHING! Then came 1/c year (or was it fourth class year?), who knows? When you never have a weekend, you might as well be a plebe. On the other hand, being a firstie is at least 1.95 times better. Now, Mike is off to the real world.Remember to respect your superiors. None of this "whatever, sir" business. Stay out of trouble. We will always be brothers! CFM And we will always be friends EMW, CDM, GES, SKS, CFM

Mark Baldwin Nelson

Island Heights, New Jersey
Navy Pilot

Red eyed Marky Mark with the Calvin look, MAARRRK was loved by PR scuba women. Abused by his brother (baseball bat and swimming lessons) Half Nelson SAILED thru Plebe Year and three more varsity LASER years. "It's not even a challenge anymore" T.O.Y.I.M. Wanted in three states for head butting vans, refrigerators, and bar fights in DE. "Am I fat?" Had many with T.K., none A.L. Mark's reputation as an All-American wrestler(when drunk) told everyone he had your back. Scuba, spec ops, Mech E (made it but doesn't understand major as well as BJ.) On duty mechanic. Minny Mouse waitress, under O'Laughlins (Wed night special on 21st). Midnight swims with Jeff (racquetball/drinking partner), N Orleans, Key West Video. Late nights in Dalghren with L and comforter. Weekends without sunlight. Mark's future holds a LONG career in Navy Air, Spec Ops., or CIVLANTFLT. Thanks mom, flood insurance.-- THE FELLAS



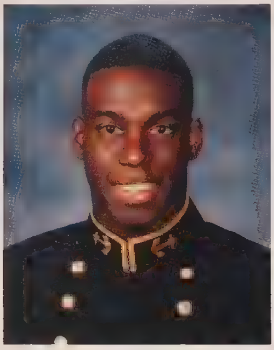
Michael Edward Prall

Valrico, Florida
Naval Flight Officer

My 2 earliest memories of Mike from Plebe Summer are that he came from Mechanicsville, VA and after painting anchors on his forearms, he was referred to as "Popeye" by some, "Swee' Pea" by others. Our third year saw him spending his time in the wardroom and the tatoo parlor - who was that girl you took to the Ring Dance, anyway? He returned Firstie Year with a different hair color and a new hairstyle. The remainder of the year saw him frequenting the local pubs until he met his "true love" and began spending time with her. Throughout all four years, however, two things remained constant - his ability to "count sheep" and his distaste for cleaning the room. Academics were no sweat until things got a little hot under the collar around Service Selection. Best of luck to a true friend and thanks for all the good times. By the way, we both need more dance lessons! RMII

Bruce Frazier Robinson II
Kingwood, Texas
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Max, Robosmack, or Maxcellerator-anything but Bruce. Chemo-Kid made quite an impression Plebe Summer after Parents Weekend when he and his parents were mistaken for the family from Aledo. You must look like the Parcheezi type. Then there was that motivational flat top from Mr. Hastey to make him look like the wet-rat type. Robinskin?? Max can usually be found "desking", which helped him miss plenty of mandatory evolutions and earn 4/c privileges 1/c year. He's either wired or in a near death sleep. Not to mention his sunny, teeth-bearing disposition at the end of every EE test. Max didn't let service selection interfere with his sleep either- "wake up, they just called your name on the radio!". His endless quest for excitement took him freefalling, surfing, and boogieing into the night. How many middle names did you get that night? Whether accelerating atoms or taking her deep, good luck. You're pretty big for a little guy! DTB, HDB, SDS, GAW, KID, SKS



Geoffrey Sterling Royal III
Houston, Texas
Nuclear Power - Submarines

G-money hails from the great mistake of Texas. Being from 5th Ward, Dark Gable's best friends were the Geto Boys. 1/C Byrd plebe summer: "I ain't no damn drunk!" said Crown Royal. Nappy Ned the Wino: We knew "Goldenrod" would leave his mark on the Brigade and Worden Field, just like the one he left plebe summer. After breezing through plebe year, GSRIII went against conventional wisdom, majoring in EE. 21st Bday in downtown 'Dena, she couldn't dance so she got the BOOT! Lip trick. Study with BJ,MTP,DJ. 150's + Stick'em = catch = Letter. In his pursuit for excellence, and that perfect woman ("a LADY with 304-like qualities"). Special D. caught the attention of THE MAN, & next thing you know, 6 big ones, and a suite around the corner. So you took the sub bribe. G, your our brother from another mother. -Camo, wes.

Sasan Kevin Sabet
Dale City, Virginia
Marine Corps

Sasha arrived at USNA with his smokey the bear hat and his USMC Officer's Guide. Plebe Summer went smoothly for him. "Babbet" had all the Laws of the Navy memorized by I-day, so he was able to excel in all of the plebe geek rate competitions. He also got away with things, like eating cherry cheesecake after taps. At least he took his Code of Conduct seriously:"What is your major malfunction, butt-head?" Two summers later, with his Gilbert inspired megaphone, he was a terror to all plebes. He even got so stressed out that he was forced to take the day off before he killed some-one. 2/C year, MIDN Rear Admiral Upper Half Sabet carried quite a load. Things seemed to get better when the love of his life called. Too bad she was married, Sash. But you didn't need her, since your new love is 95 times better. Good luck in the Corps, drill stud, and stay away from the Jaegermeister! Your eternal roomies --CFM, GES, BFR

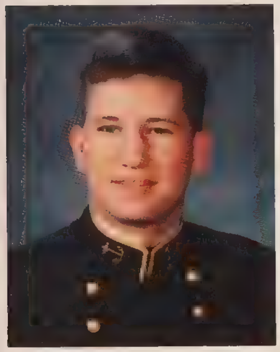
Glen Edward Sabin
Clemson, South Carolina
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Glen made two discoveries on coming to USNA: store-bought shoes and prolonged conversation. Stealth said about 15 words during plebe summer and 10 of them were "Yes Sir!". What is roast beef Aw Juss? Then plebe year and our favorite nasal 2/c: "Sa-a-a-bin!" Youngster year was pretty uneventful, but 2/c year came in with a bang. We never would have PEG-ged Glen as such a lady's man. Then 1/c year, after spending his nuke bonus, he showed to which service his heart truly lay by taking to the drill field and leading a platoon through platoon drill comp. The only mid to come out of the nuke interview unscathed, Glen should be back for his own Submarine Hero's Reception. But we all know his outlook on probability: Good luck in the future Glen. Your best friends for life. CFM, SKS, BFR.

Scott David Smart

Greeneville, South Carolina
Navy Pilot

"Not-So" Smart crept up here from the foothills of South Carolina. To the uninitiated, he comes across as just another Clark Kent, but we have seen the devil within and know that he's "swamp-wise" Until recently "Not-So" would have rather been hiding from the humane society after his 37 cat killing spree or going on one of his infamous drunk & destruction nights than doing the average Mid thing. You gave J. Reagan a nice wake-up call on YP's. Try to find the head next time. But thanks to the "Nazi" & "Baldi" his resocialization has begun. He even goes to the Gap now, but won't admit it. Though he may be caught flirting at Furman, or doing keg stands, he'd rather be blending fish, brooming mice, riding the high seas in the "Nymph", or making Casey go on the carpet. Squirrels Beware, he needs meat for jerky. Happy Easter, just leave it in the Sunday School room. "You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink" HDB, DTB, KID, GAW, BFR.



Stephen Owen Sprague

San Jose, California
Naval Pilot

"Friends are friends forever if the Lord's the Lord of them." And as the Lord wills, I pray that I will be able to keep friendship with Stephen as close as it was here at the Academy. In spite of his seemingly easygoing California attitude, Spragueness has done his Navy family proud. Not content to be a one-striper, he proceeded to assume the job of a three-striper, after the unfortunate conduct demise of one of his plebers. "Boy, Bill. If I fried you I could be Brigade Sub-Commander by now..." Now he has found his place in Navy Air, even though he seems to forget that he lost his cookies three times (once in a helo!) at P-cola. Speaking of cookies, how about his grandma's great oatmeal raisins? OCF at USNA is going to miss a true brother and servant in the Lord, someone who truly exemplifies what is to be a disciple. God bless you Steve. You have taught us so much. James 3:17,18 - Bill

Jonathan Lyle Still

Quincy, Illinois
Naval Pilot

Still-born (Sausagehead) hailed from where? in Illinois, with what he was sure was the love of his life (strike 1). The ultimate airdale-wannabe led several assaults on West Point and even flew the Phantom. 1 porta-potty, 2 USMC Marathon times and 12 grand of now obsolete regs blemished Jon's record. But that didn't quash his desire for a good party..The SI Wall of Fame. Goin' to Jamaica, mon? ..Smugglin' Keystone into Canada. 21=27 in 3.5 hrs + 1 bodacious bartender. Old one eye. Beware the Vampire (strike 2) and the visitor in Main O. But Jon always had a problem making up his mind. "Hey - I'm in love!..No, I'm not.. Well, maybe...I guess not (strike 3)." Navy-USMC-Navy-USMC-Navy..? Jen-Jen?? After Ring Dance, Jon caught the garter and found true love at Bucknell (yer out!). Since then, we haven't seen him much, so that's all. Good luck, flyboy. Get Jets! -ETB & JP. "Game Over, Man!"

William Eric Suber

Wildwood, Florida
Surface Warfare

William "The Kid" Suber can best be described by listing a few of his more famous sayings: "Hey Plebes!---Lets get that food go'in!"; "Let me hold that Ketchup!" "At ease!-- If I wanta put mustard on a pancake and wrap it around a sausage, that's my own damn business!"; "I'm fix'n to put my foot in your ___!!!"; "Hey man, I got a dime---you got 35 cents for a soda?" "Hey Swonarldo---You got any dip?". "The DOGS!!!!!!": "Randy Rhodes Rules!!"; "If you aint listen'n to Heavy Metal, you aint listen'n to music!" Without a doubt, The Kid is one of a kind. No matter where he goes and no matter what the future has in store for him, Eric Suber will always be remembered as the snuff chew'n, beer drink'n, Fender play'n, good old southern boy from Florida. GAW,HDB,JBH,SDS P.S. OHHHHHHH NOOOOOOOO!!!!!!! P.S.S. Ozwald (The Chosen One)

John Anthony Tierney
Brightwaters, New York
Naval Pilot

JT, #1 Boot-Knocker, Lax Captain "29", Rasta Man, The Last Mohican. Another Bay Shore Boy gone bad - Go Marauders! Always doing it "cadillac style". Aussie hat & hot tub under the stars - what a rap! Flaunting the spotted helmet, streaking with Linus & Ski in the hall youngster year, roadtrip to JMU/W&M - Beat Army, cage girl in N.C. during walk-about, bathroom in N.C. lax frat, Fire Island, Musacchio nuts. A true Ghetto-B 'till the end. Sherry's loss. The ultimate family man who never forgets his roots - New Year's Eve on Long Island, Mamma & Papa 'T' with the party van & missile silo of Fosters, military sisters, coaching Mike, cousins E.J. and Paige. Poli-Sci ... Fly High. The past 4 yrs have been an absolute blast, but their just a hint of what's to come. Good luck, Buddy, we'll be seeing you. Thank you B&S/ J&D! Go Giants! Erin Go Bragh! Fly Navy! -- THE FELLAS

Gary Alan Walker
Middleburg, West Virginia
Nuclear Power - Submarines

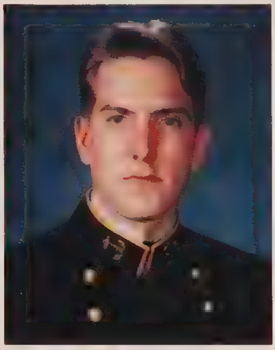
It's the man with a thousand nick-names. G-rider, Ricky, G-Man, Sarge, Luke, Skywalker, Skyman, Wheels, to name a few. When we see the printing of this it'll all be over. It's been four long years and we've both complained enough for 10,000 midshipmen, but maybe looking back it won't seem so bad. No, it'll probably seem just as bad. But, on a Friday night you might think about beers at Harry Browne's or Joan Jett concerts at Hammerjacks. Whichever way you look at it we've made some pretty good friends. Good luck at Nuke School and long live the Sethman. See ya later. KID

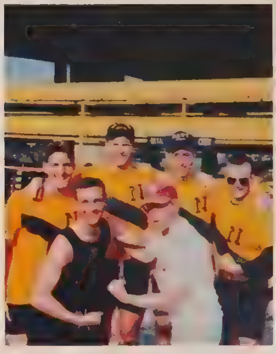
Curtis Leonus Wesley II
Randallstown, Maryland
Naval Flight Officer

This homeboy was the founder and acting president of the LGA until he found wheels. Always good with the gift of gab, except for the five and ten minute calls and menus. Where's your rack now? 4ever sleeping because he had it like that as a polisci major. Wes was a demon on the court; "I Got Skillz!!". One day he'll get a handle on the rock; until then, just pass it off. He drove stick like Mario Andretti's grandma but still managed to run into a few people in Florida. Molasses liked to hit the clubs and party, but that road trip to Hood was ridiculous. Make way for the next Jesse Jackson or Mike Espy! Hope there's a barf bag in the back seat! Peaceout ...GSR3. HU, The Ritz, reggae parties! We had some good ones. U never did learn how to kick it to a Caribbean honey, though...oh well. NuffRespectDue2 a chill roomate. Don't drool all over your-self while TAD at GTech. Peace..Camo. "Boogey Down Randallstown!!"

Eugene Matthew Woodruff
Addison, New York
Navy Pilot

Woody came to us from Corning, N.Y., you know- the place where they make the dishes. His high school had 10000 people (or was that his mother's?), so coming to USNA took some getting used to. Plebe year, Woody made a name for himself with his Woody logic: "Robots are stealing my luggage" he would say. He had a tendency to over-exaggerate just a little, though we all believe that the rats in Addison are as big as dogs. On occasion, Woody would even under-exaggerate to help his cause. How many cupcakes did you really eat Woody? We all took it easy on Woody (Not!) because he had recently lost his girl AND REAlly was upset. It's OK, though, because now he is hooked on the love of his life. Woody will always be a simple guy. He will never be one of RC's boys or president. At least not the president of IBM, but we still love him. Good luck Woody, and always check the chalk dust. Your best friends, CFM, MDM, CDM.





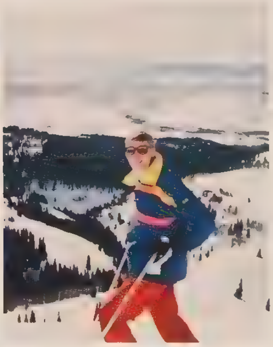
Twenty-Seventh Company

Todd Robert Arneson
Youngstown, Ohio
Surface Warfare

Todd arrived at USNA with his last reg haircut on I day. After a year of Pixies, Quigs still won't admit to liking them. Shaving 3 times a day must be rotten, just remember plasic surgery can fix that fence scar. Go SWO! SPQ,CEH Four years at group 3, Todd was convinced in the bull, should have been a Johnny; hair, sandals, music. He could always be counted on for the quick and dirty on Billy Shakespeare's rambling. The colonel tried with no avail. DAP Todd's firstie year was full of beads, incense, and the psychedelic 60's. He had an affinity for granola, Rocks, Middleton's, and long hair, "I liked everything about him." He tripped on Beat poetry, protected the environment, and baked in the Soul Kitchen. He loved being mistaken for a civilian. Todd always said, "I got hair on my chest, I look good without a shirt." and "You must try some of my purple berries...probably keep us both alive." WAGE PEACE! PMR

Brian Charles Bender
Camden, Maine
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Q-man descended on us from the metropolis of camden- also known as "the town with no women". Sliding into d&b (drum & bender corps) early, he escaped drill until firstie year. A model student, bri cruised along in the top 200 for all four years. Exam periods were tense for his roomates, heaven only knew his reaction if one of his exams might fall into the dreaded "mid 80's". Well rounded, bri's youngster room should have been made the sample room for tourists. He's also mr. Outdoors- being a fine snow and water skier as well as hiker. After a brief fascination with nfo bri found his calling with the nucs. The only problem facing him now is weather the 688's reactor will put out enough power to allow him to run his omnipotent quattro spreadsheets. Firstie year has seen bri powering around in his black beast- his only lapse in fiscal conservatism. No matter, he'll be a millionare by 40. Good luck. -Bpr



James Brett Blanton
Alexandria, Virginia
Navy Pilot

Quite a unique individual, is Brett. Captain of the Diving Team, aeronautical engineer, stellar performer; he is all this and much, much more. Quick with a joke or a fantastic story, Brett was always on his toes. Though he was never seen on the weekends, he was never without wine, women, or song. Short on relationships but long on confidence, the current squeeze better hang on tightly. However, she has outlasted many whom have preceded her. We'll see just how long. To the first of the triumvirate to wed, his pocket will be $100 lighter. Might as well write the check out now, Brett. To know Brett is to befriend him, to date him is to worship him, to have to live with him is a fate only the eternally damned should have to suffer. Only kidding there compadre. We have all benefitted the experience. Never succumb to the system. - TP

Christopher Lee Clark
Page, Arizona
Marine Corps

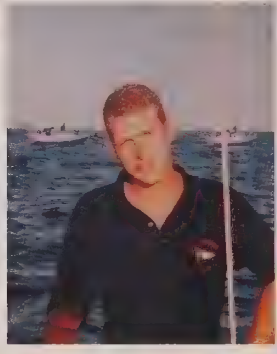
Teddy bear came to the U.S. Naval institute of technology riding the rapids all the way from the grand canyon state. His starting was rough but soon found excellence through dedication and hard work. Undecided in what sport he wanted to dominate (he went out for six club and varsty sports in all), he became a fervent competitor on the company fieldball and softball teams. He was always ready to help a friend out whether it was academics, or matters of the heart. During firstie year the usually docile teddy bear would transform into "unforgiven" on weeklend trips into d.C. And baltimore (don't worry chris, t-john doesn't want you to kick that guy's ---). After much thought theodore discovered that the marine corps was his real calling in life. Chris' inner intensity will insure success in any endeavor he undertakes and we wish him the best of luck. May you always work that ___. --Sukes and t-john

Andrew Daniel Danko
Kennewick, Washington
Navy Pilot

Spanky arrived ready to "turn and burn" in his F-14. Plebe summer is long gone, but we'll never forget hunting for the Kennewick Kid one night after taps, 'cause he ate too many dried apricots. Thank goodness for your sister's beloved Monster Cookies--they certainly pulled us through some evening hunger pains. Spanky was a mild-mannered lad, but MEF and BCL forged a feisty, strapping, young buck out of him. Unfortunately, they never harnessed his notorious rage which accompanied an unsuccessful showdown with his trusty computer. Spanky was also notorious for his ability to embarrass classmates, teachers, and (unknowingly) himself with his "million dollar" question. Professor Star Trek has never been the same since his run with the Spankster. Yet, whether he was plastered on a golf course at 3am or spotting you in the get huge room, he would cover for you with the best of them. Just make sure he gets first pick!

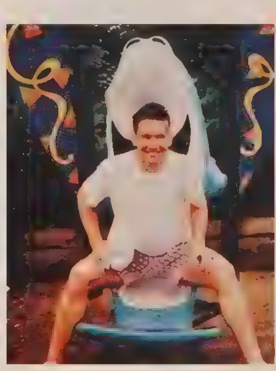
Steven Joseph deLazaro
Cranford, New Jersey
Marine Corps

Gonzo, Zorro, Scrappy(My 4 yr roomie) showed up on I-Day with a new set of batteries in his watch ready to study into the wee hours. "I am right, you are wrong...Oh, maybe not!" was frequently heard. He entered youngster year as a Mech E, nuke sub wanabee - maybe not, two Ac Boards later he was Gen Science. "What the F#%@?"(Not a good way to make an impression on the CO!) A 3,4 and 5000 caused him to think maybe I'll "toe the line." Charter member of the 100 Beer Club. he never met a beer he didn't like or a bottle he didn't keep. 2/C year brought the headache of the Southern Belle(his head is still ringing.) Bulldog convinced him to be a Marine, he always was a stubborn a%%! As a firstie, he built "The ARK" and somehow a sword got into his hand. Ding,Ding ## arriving!(What's up with that?) A little advice, "No! No Steve! Don't do that!" Otherwise, Ring, ring!! Clue phone! and it might just be for you...again! -JAS



Erik James Eslich
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida
Surface Warfare

Sleech came to USNA from the sandy beaches of Florida. A swimmer by trade, erik quickly overcame lou's rejection. He then decided to take up running and was always the one who picked up the pace. Gossipmaster of the severn, erik quickly became the grapevine of 18th co, 27th co, 3rd batt, 5th batt etc. Etc.. He liberally spread his intimate knowledge during his nocturnal foraging. Youngster year found erik earning his light saber quals- no luke, once you start down that path you can never come back! No, erik, we never believed you were just friends. With 3 striper libs in hand firstie year, erik was a regular traveller on the norfolk express. Moving on, sleech's new love was the "whale" in a neverending search for women. An all around good guy, erik even left a parting gift for the supe. Go swo. BPR DAP JFM



Michael Edwin Fenton
Columbus, Ohio
Medical Corps

Michael E. Fenton was born in a small suburb of Columbus, Ohio. His maturation was not sound causing him to stray and pursue higher education at Depauw University for one year, before righting himself and heading for Annapolis. Fentonian sought challenge for his thirsty mind and body, and found much more in the bosom of Navy Crew. Hubbard Hall nursed this young sailor from a timid, midwestern, conservative character into a fiery, tumescent, go-getter who never turned down a friendly conversation with a lady. He had arms like oars, but his vast strength was no match for the force of the white name tags.

Mark Joseph Fernandez
New Orleans, Lousiana
Surface Warfare

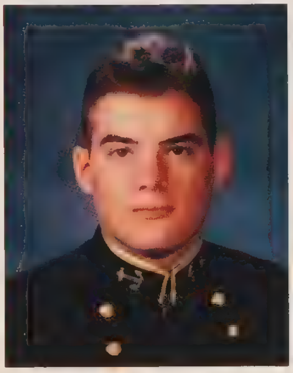
This guy has had so many nicknames, I don't know where to start...sure I do..."Weasel" was always my favorite. As a plebe, he was always well "loved" by upperclass. "Willy" had a real plebe year (nothing that a little quality time in the locker wouldn't cure). Youngster year brought the infamous stereo, the Bronco and the beginning of a long and distinguished career of majoring in his native tongue with a little Spanish thrown in. 2/C year brought a new definition to the term Dark-Ages. Firstie year had alot of time spent at W+M and an "economical", cultural expedition to the Highlands to sample the local brew. What the future holds for Mark is uncertain, but I don't think it'll be Charleston. Anyway, we'll all miss ya'dude and I'll especially miss all those King Cakes during Mardi Gras. If Mark ever misses home all he has to do is click his heels together three times and say, "Ed...I just fainted."-JPS

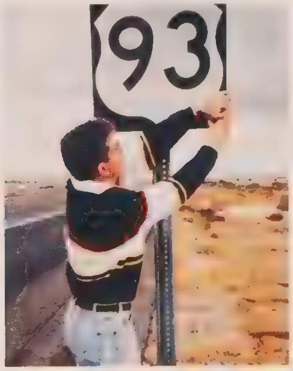
Aaron Greene
Ventura, California
Surface Warfare

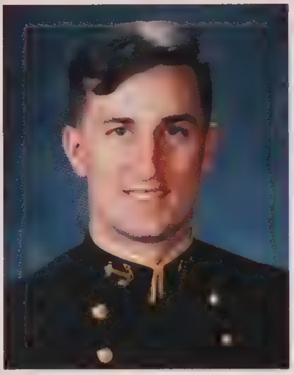
NAME: Aaron Timberlake Greene (A.T)
BIRTHDAY: 23 Jan 71 BIRTHPLACE: San Diego, CA
AMBITIONS: If unable to command my own warship, I would like to work for Disney, doing something creative.
TURN ONS: four-wheel-drives, particularly my 4Runner.
TURN OFFS: Revielle; Insecure, immature, annoying, stupid people.
FAVORITE PLACES: Ventura, CA; Reno, NV; Fells Point; Disneyland.
PASTIMES: Building models and things, drawing, creating Halloween costumes in haste. Anything can be done with hot-glue.
MY DAILY SCHEDULE TWO YEARS FROM NOW: Out at sea on DD 990 USS INGERSOLL, or working inport at Pearl Harbor Hawaii.

Edwin John Grohe Jr.
Milford, Connecticut
Navy Pilot

Ed, my roommate of three-and-a-half-plus years, looked worse for the wear when he reported to USNA, but, as time passed, I learned that "Meat" was a pretty remarkable dude. Plebe year had the "God, I should have gone ROTC..." spell which eventually passed. Once I weaned him off of listening to Bon Jovi and Skid Row and LET him steal my date, there was no stopping him. This guy could balance an Astro major, sports, and many "extracurricular" activities. On rare occasions when he wasn't tearing North in his fire-gutted Daytona 500 to visit "The Family" on Staten Island, we were blessed with his presence. After his musical renaissance got under way he was even closer to being perfect. If only he would play fieldball and learn to drink Wild Turkey... All I can say is watch out P-cola (if he ever gets there). Seriously, take care and good-luck, bud. "As they say in olde Mexico...A.M.F.!!!" - JPS







Casey Hannigan

Galveston, Texas

Marine Corps Pilot

Rainman-YagaMan-Casey showed up here on the Chesapeake straight from the Gulf Coast-- not sure what to expect. Plebe year he never ceased to amaze us. He had memorized the lyrics to every Cure or Police song ever recorded, but the menu for noon meal often stumped him. Nothing could rattle Casey. I never saw a flaming 2/C bother him as much as the way he freaked out when he missed The Simpson's and Cheers once we were upperclass. After Plebe Year, since he wasted little time working out, he primarily occupied his time in three ways. He was in his office (the wardroom), on the phone for one of his 3-hour marathons, or playing Tetris. His racking prowess was simply legendary. Once, during 1/C year he was unconscious for 24 out of a 36 hour period. Studying was generally unnecessary. Finally, after being roommates since Day 1, I can safely say I have laughed a lot, and learned little. Thanks! See ya' buddy. SPQ

John Wayne Hopkins

Albert City, Iowa

Nuclear Power - Surface

John showed up on I-day straight from the shores of Okoboji. His stories of fun in the sun and inland lake sailing seemed remarkably familiar. After spending a few days of "quality time" together during plebe summer we realized that this wasn't the first time our paths had crossed. As plebe year continued, John found an escape on the Chesapeake with the sailing team. This brought new focus, new friends and, of course, new parties! Sanity was also saved by spending his precious Saturday afternoons with friendly Hoyas of Georgetown. John frequently joined me on trips home to Wisconsin. Madison can be a very fun place but watch out for Mr. 151 and the burning popcorn! Along with all of the fun, John always found time to study. He is very disciplined and has excelled in everything he has done. I am sure this trend will continue in the fleet and beyond. Good luck and thanks for everything. -DJK

Daniel John Keck

Oconomowoc, Wisconsin

Navy Pilot

Dan came to USNA from Wisconsin, the Land of Cheese, prepared for the rigors of plebedom from years of sailing on Lac Labelle. G-town, and sailing were common modes of escape, We drove didn't we Dan? Next...Wow! Weekends, unlimited, Right?! If Sailing wasn't enough, now Hockey, a glutton for punishment I guess. On leave, many trips home to UW. BLOW IT OUT BEFORE YOU TOAST IT! DUH! How fast can we really drive? "MAGIC 21" arrives. Tombs, Cellar, Fell's Point, Griffins, etc. Where would we be without the Flight's?-Crappy pool players anyway. Look out for those toilets! OUCH! Uh Oh...New Development...The Girl! Suddenly, a new man, even with the arm twisting of HOP,RAS and CHOP to name a few. But that's O.K. we like her too. ServSel: After a short bout of Sub Fever during 3/c cruise, Watch out Tom Cruise! Best of Luck to the Keckster. What are these guns everyone keeps playing with? HOP,roommate from hell.

Brian Christopher Lantier

San Francisco, California

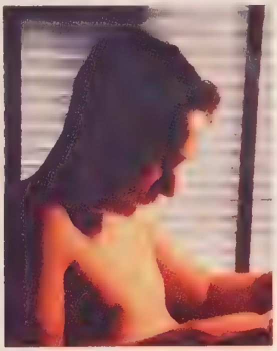
Supply Corps

Well it took him awhile but he finally made it here. After five years of high school and a year at NAPS, Brian successfully maneuvered his way through four grueling years at the Academy. Brian liked fast money, fast cars, and fast women. All of which he was able to easily obtain. His silver tongue fluttered many young hearts and closed many successful deals. Like lightening on the lacrosse field, Brian dazzled many opponents with his unorthodox California style. His pipes were awe inspiring and his goals were plentiful. As Brian prepares to set sail as a member of the elite Navy Supply Corps and I his roommate watch him depart, I know in my heart that he will reappear as a financial wizard on Wall Street. Finally, Brian, or should I say "Disco", lived his life for his friend and mentor Michael Jackson. -MEF

Chester Lee McMillon

Houston, Texas
Marine Corps

From "Houston, Texas via New York City!", Chester is known for his southern drawl and unique expressions like: "You can't read, you're illegitimate." He's undoubtedly the loudest most boisterous Midn. Who needs a 1MC when you have the 1CM? Billed as 93's original ROCK, Chet wore FIVE floats in swimming sub squad. Nothing keeps him from going down. Chester is most famous for his dedication to his woman. When we were out cheating on ours, he'd counsel us. Without him, we'd have no conscience. Though taken in the first round of the engagement draft, he still found time to hang with us. Without Chester to keep us laughing, USNA would hold no memories. A TRUE BROTHER... Black Men come no stronger. E.L.P.



John Francois Miller

Layfayette, Louisianna
Nuclear Power - Submarines

"Chipmunk aye," was the battle cry heard from this "vertically challenged" cajun when he came to USNA. With his heart set on becoming a doctor and wishing he was back home sucking on crawfish heads, he experienced a rude awakening with statics youngster year. Spending the next five semesters as a born again oceanographer, his second home was the basement of nimitz. Hard working, dedicated, a lucid dreamer and a one time scary philosopher, he joined the nuc power community (good luck- hope you don't glow). T-john always had a quick witty retort ready in hand. You could always count on a friendly boxing match (watch those punches). He was also a good travel companion, as long as he was awake (even if his french was limited to oui, non and ok). After the baby came of age, he was always found at the "whale" in dc, sipping on a casual brew. Thanks for all the memories. Good luck. -Suke.Chris.Ben.Suhaimi.

George Teruhisa Nagatsuka

Ocean View, New Jersey
Surface Warfare

Oh, where to begin. Oh yeah, and she was naked. George had theoretical problems with EE but was quite familiar with it in every day life (oh my god!, The current ran through my chest!). He was also unmatched in study habits and it was easy to tell when exams were approaching due to his rapid and wild mood swings. Overall, though, george was usually Mr. Congeniality (especially after he downed a few). Good with the weights, george was one of the strongest guys in company, even if he did have a little "nagatsuka". A dedicated upperclass, george took pains to see that his plebes were trained well, that is if he was awake (berr..Gerrr, shove...Off, sign off at taaaaa..Ble.). A romantic, sukes fell in and out of love daily, but his true love for a good bowl of rice never waivered. A swo all the way, sukes has already drank more coffee than most master chiefs. Good luck on the sea. BPR JFM CLC

Gregory David Newkirk

Medina, Ohio
Navy Pilot

From Ohio's Finest comes "The Pride of Medina." Everybody's buddy, every women's fantasy, and every officers' nightmare; he survived the Medina crash of '91, the yellow letter sweater, and four years together by the water cooler. Quick to point out his bi's and tri's and washboard, he wasn't called "No Guns" for nothing. The envy of all who knew Greg, he was by far the most copied individual since Elvis. Always being penniless never hurt his lovelife, since Newhu--- never met a man whom he wouldn't borrow money from. The New Orleans incident behind him, he charged on the social scene at Penn State, Maryland, and Georgetown with unleashed fury. Frustrating the ladies with his chastity, his commitment remained strong. It would have been nice to receive some from home, wouldn't it? Success is yours, my friend. You've earned it. TP

David Alan Pliske
Miami, Florida
Supply Corps

Dave Pliske, the hulking man that he is, was really a very gentle fellow (except for an occasional friendly fist in your chest and a smile). His sense of humor was subtly twisted but jovial. "Big Dawg" as he was known throughout the Brigade since NAPS, can easily be pictured slowly sauntering down to team tables after a formation sporting a perfectly old, yellow set of White Works with a blown out upper-inseam, faithfully clutching his latest medical chit. All who knew him must be able to imagine this familiar sight, and if you weren't of Big Dawg's acquaintance, he probably didn't care! - BCL

Tony Alexander Prete
Ocean City, Maryland
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Tony Pr-eat, the man with the largest cranium known to the free world that is filled with every sports stat known, is by far the hardest worker the Academy has ever seen. He came here for one reason and one reason only: MONEY. He spent plebe year studying all night in the shower, youngster year regretting he turned down the Maryland scholarship, second class year waiting to turn twenty-one, and firstie year trying to find a chick. Yes, Tony will be paying the other two amigos a hundred clams for this mistake. His psyche eroded daily by the grim reminder of a championship loss from a holding call. Maybe this is why he is a perfectionist and a natural coach. He is amused by the simpler things in life, short one hoppers, 25 foot treys, a perfect spiral, making par, and above all: long legged redheads. Congratulations on your dreams coming true, SUBS. See ya in the "Fortune 500." Peace. JBB, GN.

Sean Patrick Quigley
Lugoff, South Carolina
Marine Corps Pilot

Well Quigs (does any body even know your first name?), you came to us after a year at NAPS all ready to go. That is until you read one of the names of your new Plebe Summer roommates. I was one of your other roomies and you haven't gotten rid of me yet. Good thing for me. There have been plenty of good times. From putting up with the girls over at the Lord's to relaxing by the Ramon's pool. I've never seen anyone who is able to eat so much. It's also never been too hard to drag you out for a couple of cold ones. Not to mention your own attempt at a "home-made" Bloody Mary. Cruising the town firsty year in the "Quicker Chicker Picker Upper" lead to even more good times including, unfortunatly, the loss of your reign as Company Commander. I know you'll have a super career in the Corps. You will have to say good-bye to those white uniforms which lured you here in the first place, but oh-well. Semper Fi, Sean. - CEH

Paul Michael Rasmus
West Palm Beach, Florida
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Ahh, the Stories We Could Tell....Straight "A"s and #1 in Purdue NROTC weren't good enough for Paul--he knew he was supposed to have been a Naval Academy grad. Smiley's sense of humor survived plebe summer, but BS emerged after a Good Fight with Schief. Sunday afternoons with Steve & Amy helped Razz survive repeated volleys from the SAW. Youngster year he found Christine--she wished she was a Big Rig! Another summer, and Skate got command--and a guitar! Paul enjoyed Firstie weekends as a 2/c until his Stars Fell on Indiana. Finally, Firsties! Who let that dude drill with a sword, anyway? Margaritaville **was** our destiny--rollin' down A1A. PKS

Paul always wanted sand between his toes with a board, waves, and a crystal ship sailing the waters. He somehow missed his generation, fires burning somewhere in the past when peace and the real kind of love were among things most yearned for. Peace! TRA

Benjamin Paul Richmond

Lowell, Michigan

Marine Corps

The wayward farmboy came to USNA from the mighty metropolis of lowell with a staunch idealism of the way military life should be. Disillusionment with usna came early in his career, but his love of the marine corps kept him motivated. Farmboy's vast knowledge of trivia quickly impressed the plebes, and he rapidly became their favorite upper class. Ben was always quick to promote the dairy industry through his posters and enlightened us all with his unique stories of life on the farm. Ben was the adventurer of the company. As a result of his journeys from the bowels of bancroft hall to the wilderness of alaska, and from the plains of europe to the deserts of israel, he was dubbed the great wanderer. While we will not miss ben's odorous feet or ultra-conservative renditions of current events, we will miss his upbeat antics which brightened our lives daily. Good luck on the farm -- bri, sukes, jfhoosi

Suhaimi Bin Sani

Selangor, Malaysia

CANOERON-6

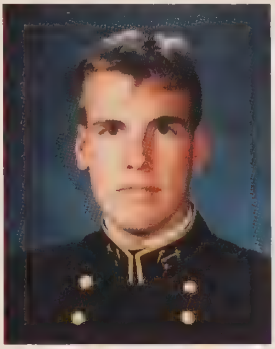
From Malaysia, where's that? He came to us a wide-eyed naive little brown man stammering his way through the English language and plebe year 12,000 miles from home--to start his "American- ization." Hit from all sides--the Rugby team, his roommate and friends, spaghetti and wings took the place of rice, a brunette from Indiana replaced the hometown sweetie and swear words filled the gaps once stuttered. Yet he remains a simple person amused by simple pleasures. Fleet of foot and gifted in the athlete's world, he was at home on the rugby pitch--best scrum half east of the Mississippi to dazzle crowds weekend after weekend. He's an artist an avid sports fan, a world traveller, a weightlifter, and a best friend with a big heart. Four years later he leaves us all wishing his stay here was for good. America will never be the same without him nor will Malaysia with him. Good Luck, Buddy. Keep in touch. GN

Peter Kenneth Schiefelbein

Oshkosh, Wisconsin

Marine Corps

Pete came to us from the Great White North, complete with accent. In his 4 years, he's been educated in more ways than academic. If not learning how to two-step, he was with one of his many chicks strutting the 'VETTE, one his fortes. Yet through it all, he managed some excellent grades. Now he's taking his ME degree and putting it to use...Marine Ground. Who would have guessed on I-day the Schief would go Corps? Well bud, we wish you the best of luck in whatever you do. SRS Plebe year in a word: Fred! Youngster year consisted of philosophical walks to Nimitz and the search for a social life. Next Schief heard the call, "Shag a little a@#, it's FUBAR FRIDAY! His dancing evolved from doing the unforgettable "Schief" to moshing. Firstie year he loved smoothin', shaving his head, and losing 4 hours at a time. I knew him to be a Parrothead, an urban cowboy, and a seaside philosophe. Go elephants! Peace. PMR



James Allen Schnelle

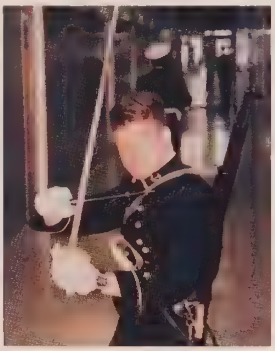
Missoula, Montana

Marine Corps Pilot

Plebe year was a tough one -- between bitching at the Second Class and working out with Firsties I'm surprised Jay had time to educate the rest of us. I still say that half the time he didn't know what he was talking about -- oops! he's dribbling again! My 4 year roomy and partner in unsatness, my cohort in Southern expeditions -- I felt he lacked the total Academy experience and filled him in (the hard way) on the conduct system making up for it a year later with a ring-dance date. His talents with plebe detail, trap and skeet, color guard, and ,yes, even Shank's aptitude in the EE field were surpassed only by his woowing the fairer sex -- watch out, MOMMY'S GOING TO GET YOU!!! He had a financial standing comparable to the national debt yet drove a bitchin' Explorer and was NEVER short on beer money. A good company commander and a great friend (when we weren't arguing). Fly high/ski hard/ Semper Fi! - SJD

Scott Robert Seyfarth
Papillion, Nebraska
Navy Pilot

Our suburban Nebraska boy was poised to play and party at a real college, when a late June phone call took it all away. Only days later, our Air Force brat's visions of frolics and fraternities turned to the realities of chopping and chow calls, not to mention a little RIFF-raff. Two cruises in San Diego turned out more like a Tijuana trolley excursion. Youngster year--our daring EE major retreated to the safer haven of physics. You needed the extra time for the Ultimate team, right Sky? After a year of terrorizing plebes, our flyboy earned himself his aviation vacation in Jax, with--what else?--a Hornet squadron. Firstie year with Cinderella libs ensured use of his hot, red, classic sports car--the Toyota Celica. Homework? What's that? Nevermind--Scooter still walked out of the 'Dant's office with a flight jacket. At last, The Reward. Yeah, baby! Best of luck, always. You deserve it. PKS



Joseph Patrick Smith
Sandy Hook, Conneticut
Nuclear Power - Surface

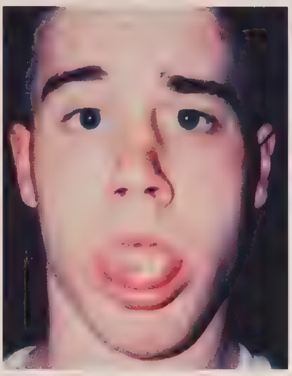
Joe came to us after a 12-month vacation at UConn, amid the cow pastures and mental hospitals of that Big East powerhouse. Plebe year brought about many miles with Navy Track and one very unfortunate inspection in the fall. Joe was down, but not out, and he bounced back quick with the help of two of the major food groups, Jello + Sustacal. The marathon was youngster year and then again (just for fun?) as a firstie - unfortunately he dragged me with him. Third class year also brought about his 21st birthday - look out at the Turtle and the Whale. We all saw some strange things at those places - Joe has some talent. Remember Spring Break in the Keys and Colorado (watch out for that Jersey barrier). What more can I say about my roommate of 3 1/2+ years? He's the best. "I don't want to work, I just want to bang on the drum all day." EJG

Brock Andrew Spradling
Houston, Texas
Nuclear Power - Submarines

"Sprocket,"Chopp'n Brock-alee,"Sprad," or just "BROC-A-LEE!" Brock earned a reputation as King of the Rack. Blue Magnet. People entering room 6047 were often surprised to find him upright and standing, or in his chair, instead of deep in slumber. He just does his best at whatever he undertakes, and he wore impressive holes in his bedspreads! When active, he sometimes windsurfed, almost being blown into the icy Chesapeake one afternoon when windsurfing was not authorized. Brock got one of his best times in the 1.5 mile despite being a hungover wreck from his 23rd birthday the night before. Birthday quote from that night: "I may have the coordination of Eslich (famously clumsy), but I have the strength of a Gorilla! Ahrrr! In his last year, Sprad traded his Rack for a ball-and-chain, spending more evenings in College Park than at USNA. Hey Penny's! The Flight's. Good luck in the Silent Service.

Brian Salamat Talicuran
San Diego, California
General Unrestricted Line

Brian was a prominent member of the 'Unsat Room' plebe year, but a visit to his advisor's office and a switch to the Political Science Department abruptly brought a glorious end to that nickname. Four years by the bay taught Brian several important lessons. Second class year, Brian learned never to take an early morning nap with only his cotton briefs on. A year later Brian learned to terminate any relationship that could come between a man and his weekends. So what? It was only a class. Many considered my beloved roomie the quiet, shy type. That proved to be a grave mistake for several men whom believed they were involved in a strong relationship. And she says he's just a friend. Brian was rewarded for many months of uncertainty with a three year vacation in Hawaii. Best wishes, Brian. Catch the wave and ride it. - C.L.M.



Mark Warner Tankersley
Odessa, Texas
Navy Pilot

This "top gun" wannabe came to us with visions of being hurled from the deck of an aircraft carrier in a hornet. Tank's ability to chug a canteen of water earned him instantaneous fame plebe summer. His legendary talent to guzzle water was severely tarnished by inability to retain it. His frequent trips to the head do not give credence to his nickname. Physics brought tank a variety of interesting friends. Whenever there was question as to tank's location in the hall, "check greenspan's room, he's his personal sidekick" would be the most common response. This quickly changed second semester of youngster year. That's when tank met sue- enough said! To this day, we are still confused with his amusement with inconsequential things and try to avoid his sarcasm. We bid farewell and best of luck to tank. - K-john & chris.

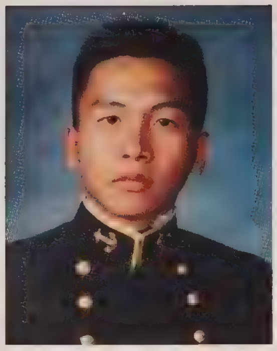
Twenty-Eighth Company

Brent Addison Alfonzo
Poway, California
Navy Pilot

Brent, the lumberjack (and he's o.k.), was rudely awakened when he first arrived at the Academy already in a flight suit, but found comfort in weekly visits to Taco B, Za Xpress and the Harbor 9 Double Feature. So are you an abomination or are you just glad to see me? Yes, I assure you. Firstie year found Brent looking for gears and defying Newton's Law stating that a rice burning RX7 cannot occupy the same space as a NY state fair water-buffalo. Can I borrow your towel? But I digress. Brenny, unable to escape the ball and chain, married Annie, the fashion consultant for the pro-bowlers tour (a vast improvement over earlier wardrobe). Much to his fathers chagrin, Brent's best man will be Monter--Aaaugh!! As you will be the third best fighter pilot ever to grace the skies, we will be milking and waxing your night stalking posterior with maximum ego and afterburner for a prolonged period of time. DJW.SSS

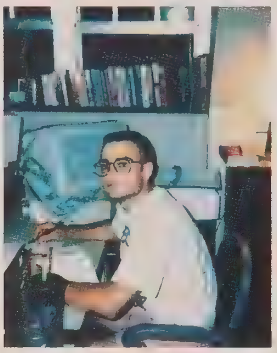
Timothy Eric Bourdon
Jacksonville, Florida
Navy Pilot

Timmy B came happily to this place since he knew the discipline could not be any tougher than The Colonial back home. Smoke Hall was nothing compared to what he was used to for underage drinking(4000), UA-drinking(5000), underclass parking on the yard (3000), Another UA(5000),white works at dinner(2000) and one still under investigation(6000). Tim and I always took the military with a great deal of sincerity and simply hated the fools who constantly tried to make a mockery of this fine leadership labratory. As Econ majors,1 night a week was ample time to do everything. Seriously DJ lets go out? Although we both loved the game of soccer, we didn't love the management. Our pre-game meals out in town caused us to take a late season vacation, returning just in time for the tourny. Most didn't know Tim from Tim,although it rarely mattered. Now is the real thing and I hope to stay out of his back seat.



Keng Shin Chong
Singapore
Republic of Singapore Navy

Keng came from the far side of the international date line to try and learn something on the cold banks of the Severn. During plebe summer, he wrote a song and learned more about the U.S. Navy than most of his classmates. He made a name for himself 4/C year as the adjutant of justice, producer of long pro reports, and a proud member of 911. Youngster summer was spent in Benning (Kmart cammies) and off the coast of Liberia. He traveled with the fellas on spring break to Cancun (unexplained leg wounds) and Panama City (BG) his youngster and 2/c years but always remained faithful to his girl on the opposite side of the globe, Lena. For awhile he had a brief affinity for decorating bathrooms. At the end of 2/C year Mario Andretti got a fine car of his own so he could drive his girl around. Kenger, don't forget about your American friends when you're back home to straightening out your Navy. DCH & WKK



Scott Allan Cooper
Casper, Wyoming
Marine Corps Naval Flight Officer

Coop you'll always be a SAC. Just enough brains to be VGEP, graduate with honors, a Rhodes Scholar, and turn himself into an ice cube on the App. Trail. A born politician whose worst nightmare is an incurable knee wobble and whose greatest aspiration may very well be marrying off his sister. Politically adroit, he stumbled and married himself off to T.A., the first woman who fell for his famous line, "Its boring in line at the bank!" A man in the arena with the potential to be the first president assasinated by a High's Grocery employee and a deadly pair of stereo headphones. A fine officer born to lead "Dose who bean dare." If they're crazy enough to stick someone behind me it better be the Medicine Man. There is no better place to milk and wax the night stalking posterior of the fundamentalist movement for laziness and ignorance (ie JT and TH). I've got 'em in my sights. Gimme the go Mr. Pres.

Elliott Todd Dorham
San Fransisco California
Surface Warfare

Zippy, if you ever slow down enough to enjoy the real pleasures in life, live them up. Despite words to the contrary, SWO is better then Corps- of course you haven't heard any of those words but... Keep the credit cards at zero and the ladies to one. Even if you were unlearnable, you still beat EE. Of course the all night "bear ___" studying before the final didn't hurt. If you ever find a bayonet as you sleeping partner, just think of me and the people who may have deserved a two edged partner. As far as the God squad, know who is leading who and to what end. No more technical classes for you, just don't lose your ability reason things out. And as a parting note, let someone else run your finances. God bless, and grow with him.

Michael George Earl
Kerhonkson, New York
Supply Corps

Mikey Earl is unusual to say the least. Could have been all those games of find the bayonet. Bringing whiteworks to a new height might not be a bad motto. Fun times and rough times, for his friends he's always been there. Of course, he isn't always easy to find. Thanks to Mom Earl, who takes care of Mikey's friends as well. Thank you Miguel for all your patience with the God squad and all their antics. Now, don't ask him about traffic accidents or ex-girlfriends. See you in the fleet supply guy. You were right, most times -- Zippy. So where is Kerhonkson, anyways? Cows on the plebe blotter?? Walks along the seawall...thank goodness for older brothers! What's an ugly cow? Jelly and toast for breakfast. Fire fighter? Questions?..anything. Learning to trust. What does an Oceanographer do? Sea sickness -- Love, Squirt

J. Seargeant Glenn
Casa Grande, Arizona
Navy Pilot

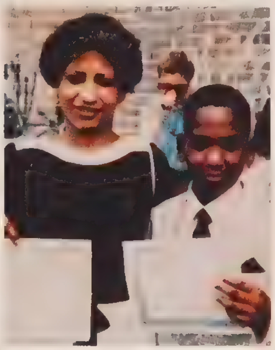
Sarge got off to a rough start, had a rough middle, and finished up rough. He only came to the Academy to make connections to help him out in his political career. Plebe Summer saw Sarge drilling with the sword of the Amorphous-Grabastic-!@#&-Lower-Half. Things just got worse from there. He closed King Hall with BRZ and made bulletin boards on Saturdays. Being 3/C treasurer, Sarge had a phone and, with it, temporary popularity. 2/C year Sarge dabbled in foreign affairs and got into home improvement. Sarge, why won't they let you have carpet and an AC? 1/C year he got to know his congressman too well, set Jack the Greek for life, and made mature female friends. Hey Sarge, does she mind babysitting at Army/Navy? He also stretched the limits of the Honor Concept (insider trading, etc.). Hey Pathfinder, we'll see you in Congress or Leavenworth. TAJ GWJ

Adam Brett Grossman
Farmingdale, New York
Naval Flight Officer

Flounder, Hannukah Harry, Grossmid, Mr. Gadget!! I'll always remember your many melodramatic moments at USNA and its environs. Yes, They did seem like cheap acting in soap operas of the third world, "Youuu Kliiingon Baaaastard!! Youuu Kiiilled my sonnn!!!" "You better be firm in your belief,..." Plebe year brought you the wrath of Crispell and the midnight bout. Could never wait for leave to end to hear your many tall "tails", we knew that they had a semblance of truth behind all that mierda de toro. In four years you managed to earn a few 4,000 level fry's I guessed you liked them. Thanx for the late night weapons marathons I ended up with a "C" in the class! The sledgehammer, the plebe, Pensacola 2-step, pelo rojo on the boat, coke ho, cooking in the kitchen. you have more black notches in your hanger than anyone else in the brigade?! "GO NFO!" thanx for your friendship. WGJ

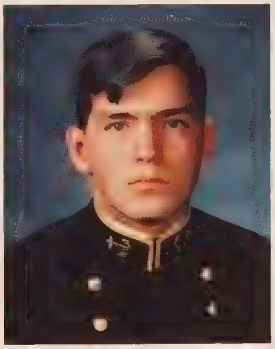
Terrance Eugene Hand
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Marine Corps

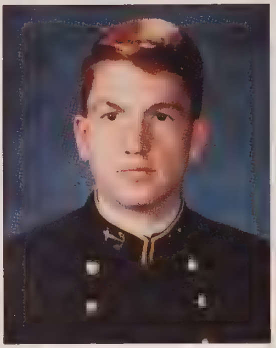
Well, after four years, are you the product of your plebe year? Wasn't that when it all began? "Don't touch me!" "Oh, I'm not takin' any more of this...!" Just walk away... How many Spring Breaks did you spend looking up at the sights from one of our racks in Bancroft? Well, it was only "One Irish Coffee..." Sorry I had to zip in and zip out of Smoke hall while you were there, but it was like Czechoslovakia man...Did you get the Black 'N'? I guess it would just get lost in the banana patch anyway! Remember, you can't see an Ugly smile in the dark...The Annapolis police were always so happy to lend you a hand, weren't they?...as long as they weren't a bunch of...Just remember, we live in a dangerous society. Never forget that first happy summer, and whatever you do, DON'T name your son Juddsonia. See you after graduation--bring your donations to the time machine, and NEVER FORGET!! ABG



Jason Dennis Hejlik
Springfield, Virginia
Late Graduation

No biography submitted





Douglas Charles Huntington
Seattle, Washington
Navy Pilot

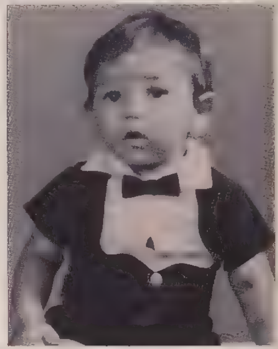
Doug, 1/16 Irish Red, came to us from God's Country with a slow disposition and an even slower speech. Plebe Summer saw an aspiration to fly the infamous DC-10. After a lil' coaxing, he got up to speed and took off like a madman. When he wasn't being hazed or losing sleep, he was keeping the notorious quote log on PCWrite. Being the gungepup that he was, he just had to do Airborne then come back and flame on his "leggo" classmates. Youngster year saw an end to his Nazi relationship. SB '91..Cancun..women w/ big red.. jet boats (not). SB '92..Panama City..rough rider..vball..Radford girls. Despite constant pt, his wisest decision was to forego the CORPS after BD. With firstie year came fast cars, endless happy hours, Baltimore excursions, and Fatal Attractions (and a Johns Hopkins rep 2nd only to WJ). "I am just providing a service." May Australia continue the tradition..friends forever. KK & KC

Gentry Wade Jensen
Emporia, Kansas
Special Warfare

Every Mormon is on a mission, Gentry's led him through the valley of the trolls and the black hole in his wallet. "I only ordered a water...Here's my dime." Atlas went through a slew of roommates before finding a brother that could put up with him in the morning. With the exception of Quiet Storm, they found a strange equilibrium between sultry ballads & WHFS. Yet one too many love songs forced him to sell out his boys. But remember, stay true to the game for rabbit season's coming. He had an extensive wardrobe when combined with everyone else's. So there was no halfstepping unless he dressed himself. Gentry pioneered Ro-Pa-Sci for shotgun. "Have you used hedge clippers in Maryland yet?" Gentry always tried to make drill fun with swimming and the Name Game. "Is Ned Percy really a band?" What's in a name, just kick @$$ at Coronado. You've definitely gotten enough sleep for Hell Week. TAJ JSG KNM

Winston Gabriel Jimenez
Bonner Springs, Kansas
Marine Corps

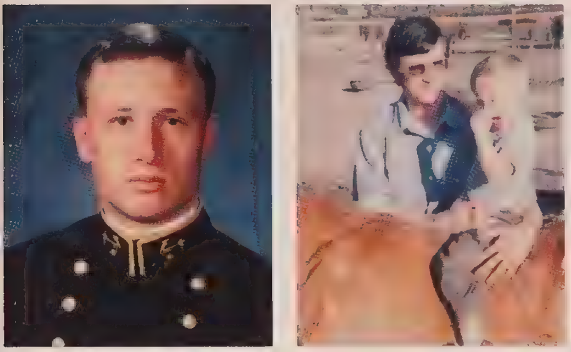
At NAPS Juarez started his reputation as the International Party Animal In Slightly Outdated (Early '80s) Clothing (IPAISOC c.1980), in the bitter cold of Newport, RI, and on the ROAD TRIPS. You should've seen Rodriguez rotate, gyrate...on 42nd street, and become invisible at Smith. All of this while making rank at the Notell. Well the grand ole corporal Hernandez beat Calc and gained the rank of Midshipman and international renown. Maybe it was that genuine European cereal!? No challenge was too great for Valdez. He was even willing to answer Plebe rates in the men's room--"Sir, would you like to take this into the head?" Where's your cover, Professor? And NEVER mop the deck in your sleep! Annapolis will always remember the early eighties because of Sanchez. Rosa, dress him up! Winst ol' buddy, keep loving her the way she should be loved--always. TAKE CHARGE! --The Best Man



Timothy Alvin Johnson
Cullman, Alabama
Navy Pilot

Tim fell right off the turnip truck onto T-court. He came in saying that the only thing he didn't like about the Academy was that it was north of the Mason-Dixon line. Over the four years, Tim told everyone who would listen all about his heralded high school football career, although he has been an intramural king since I-day. He was not real fond of PT though. As a 2/C Tim was quoted as saying, "Dude, I've got a good looking girlfriend and no more PE tests this semester. I have no reason to workout." Even though his major was systems engineering, none of us who witnessed his gas funnel design will ever put any faith in his skills. We all enjoyed TGIF's Friday happy hour, but Tim made it his mission in life. SNL came in a close second.

"Hey Tim - Move the Turkish blankets off your sponsor's couch. Never mind...just pass me one. I'm freezing!" JSG GWJ



William Karl Knox
Kerrville, Texas
Surface Warfare

Karl came to us from a small town in mid Texas. His plebe summer education started with his roommate who entertained him with stories of WestPac liberty which gave him ideas for his later years. 3/C summer was more fun with a CSTS cruise and a BB out of Long Beach. Karl started putting lead down range early in his career and didn't stop for the rest of his tenure at the academy. He had a run in with Al Pacino, but this was not why sunburn called him the shacker. 2/C summer wasn't motivating enough for him so he decided to complete both Bulldog and Airborne his first class summer. At the end of 2/C year, Karl had a '92 Ford Mustang, a girlfriend who outranked him, as well as a plethora of nicknames. Karl finished out his time at the academy with trips to Baltimore with the fellas and plans to go to a Spruance in Norfolk. Karl, don't forget, your face will give you away every time. DH & KC

Karen Sue Kroeger
Schaumburg, Illinois
Supply Corps

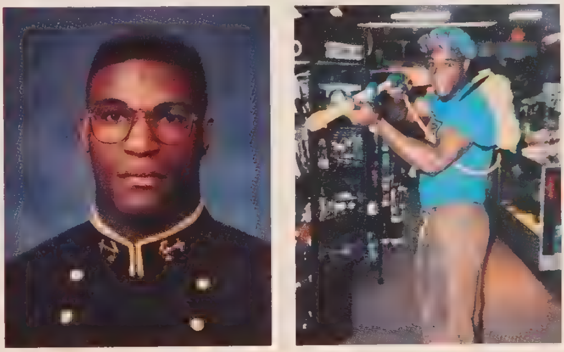
Shuttup!! Go hard or go home. Sure. Hailing from the midwest, Smiley was ill-prepared for the intricacies of Navy life with swimming and the uniquely alternative lifestyle of her roommate. Once Porkchop was cleansed of the chlorine, she learned to appreciate study-hour air-raids and avoiding the fine line of good taste in Steerage. 2/C year brought a new top & stereo to the rabbit and trips to Dairy Queen, not to mention a certain dashing profile of a future pilot. 1/C year, Yogurt was appointed as a striper on 6-0, and realized the benefits of Cider (5,10 times, tops), and the hazards of brunch. Always one to be tolerant, Sprout threw logic to the wind and braved the hazards of appearing in public with the likes of JGG (often accompanied by BAA). Luckily Kelly was there to restore order and bring her back to sanity. I look forward to your successes in the future (i.e. Nov.). DJW

James Edward Moonier III
Pocatello, Idaho
Naval Flight Officer

James arrived at the Institution with a potato sack on his back and a tennis racket in his hand. He was always a bit abnormal, but we knew for certain his elevator wasn't going all the way to the penthouse when he exercised his own brand of table etiquette and said, "Classmate, please pass one individually wrapped slice of American cheese." He was dubbed "Snake" because of his youngster cruise dry-docked on an ammunition ship in Brooklyn. He met the girl of his dreams and was so swept with blind heart-throbbing-gag-me-with-a-pine-tree emotion that he forgot how to get back from Baltimore like most good weekend-duty firsties. Luckily, the CDO promised she wouldn't fry him, rather odd that he did the Smoke Hall Shuffle anyway. You're a great friend and we wish the NFO world the best of luck with their potato-plucking newcomer! Friends For an Excruciatingly Long Time, KD, BB, & P.

Kwame Nkosi Moultrie
Conyers, Georgia
Surface Warfare

The Ancient Warrior from South Carolina, or Georgia, or Pittsburgh, or Wherever, came to the Bastion of Rabbits on a football scholarship. Time and the boards however guided him to other pursuits, like learning how to stay off the bottom of the pool long enough to go on spring break. It wasn't easy marching strong when the rest of 28 was halfstepping. The Man With the Plan exposed you to Ice-T and reggae, I don't think we're in Kansas anymore. You cannot live on hip-hop alone. 1/C year Kwame Collateral Duty Moultrie spent much time flowing with the fellaz in the grip to G-Town to work all the fine honeys. A few strong sisters even returned the numerous cellular phone calls. Don't forget to give Timmy-B his 1/2 G. Peace out to all the brothers lost along the way. Peace, my Nubian Brother. It's been four long years bending to the will of The Man and watching your brothers sell out. GWJ



William Thomas Murray
Quakertown, Pennsylvania
Supply Corps

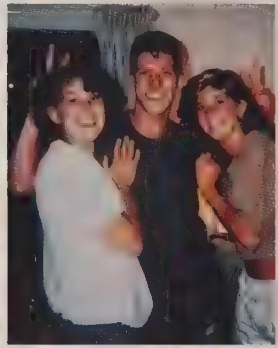
Medical Murray graced us with his presence after plebe year was finished. The first strain he took was at the bottom of Herndon. Youngster year he educated us in the area of stereo technology. Believe it or not, crushed coke cans under the speakers and t-shirts on the tweeters do enhance sound quality, even when using technicolor 3rd generation James Taylor demo tapes. He was always one to expose KSK to the vulgar behavior of young men in their natural state, but always polite enough to ask first. 2/C year, Billy continued to date girls from his high school and became a committed Ditto-head by taping Rush everyday. He also went to his first come-around, a traumatic experience. 1/C year he again worked the medical system to get NPQ'd and bought his dream car - a 4-door Saturn, complete with the Club (a necessity for parking in rough neighborhoods, like 8th wing). Best of luck to you, Billy. DJW GWJ

Daniel Lee Nyenhuis
La Mesa, California
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Dan, you are the most pensive, laid-back guy I've ever met. Plebes in the same squad-Why do you have civies on under your sweats-Why are you wearing sunglasses at night? I wonder if Jeff ever knew? Not! Watch out for the foot long drinks in Cancun, because next time, the Mexican taxi drivers might run over you. Have you been stuck in your shirt lately? I thought Germany was land-locked? By the way, isn't a starling a bird? Try not to let people buy you Gorilla Farts; I wondered what you were looking for underneath Sharky's dock? I'm so hungry! Mr. Policeman had pity; "It's only a sprite!" as I carried you back to the room. Does TOPGUN bring back any memories? Only five times, Dan! I can't believe you're going to be a nuke. Whatever happened to you being my NFO? I hope they teach you in Nuke School how to tell time and blow out candles. Best of Luck in your life, you're a true friend! RAP

Robert Allen Petrick
Loysville, Pennsylvania
Naval Pilot

I've fallen and I can't get up! Rob, whatever happened to these past four years? Saluted, sunglasses, plebe year finals, is that my upperclass? Get in quick! Cancun excursions in the sun. Pizza Hut mexican style. Dancing and inebriant aplenty. Who is that swinging from the ceiling? Roommates 2/c-1/c year, start of a glorious friendship. Heh Becky! Oh my God Becky! Pennsylvania, true cow country. Plebe summer detail and nights in Baltimore. Baha Beach Club. Bachelorette scavenger hunt. Have you any red bikini underwear? Sorry! 75 mph? Nine Inch Nails. Front 242! Florida road trip from hell. All we have is King Hall cereal! Sharkey's and Spinaker's. Yes we are for real. Fond memories of sawdust pits and horserides at Fort Benning, GA. TA-4 ride at TOP GUN. What is that smell anyways? Nonstarter. Brigade striper. Good luck Rob, in all I know you will accomplish. Best wishes - D. Huiz



Kristin Marie Phelps
Chester, Virginia
Supply Corps

In August of 1989, I came to room with "Kristin Phelps from Chester, Virginia." Little did I know that this tall Plebe summer squadmate (who just looked like she was rolling her eyes) would become my best friend at the Academy and the best roommate anyone could ask for. During plebe year, she sweated out Chemistry, learned yard Gouge from BRZ***, and lost a good portion of those ever popular (with me) care packages from Mom. Youngster year saw that characteristic plebe stress pop out only where Statics and a certain horseman were concerned, but the rewards would come in the end. With the second class year came new interests (especially on the deck below) and perhaps a little more leisure. As a firstie, Kris learned a lot about life, made some big decisions, and held out for the last Supply Corps billet. I wish you the best of luck in the years to come. You deserve it. NLS

Danielle Andrea Picco
Annandale, Virginia
Surface Warfare

Midnight plebe picnics -- Winnie and T. RDVRX. "Ma and Pa" Drill. Bermuda Partly Cloudy. Coach Pops. Naviguesser. Promises 'til Liberty. Hackey sack navigation. Vermonsters. 2/C Recons''Just sign me up for anything but the Conn''"Umm...Hey Jus?.."-- Justin. No luck with Angel Fish. Keifer kids! SWO Mommy. Manomet August Red Moonset. Newport Thumb Coronas. Pebbles and Bam-Bam. Kare-Bear XOXO Rhino. Gin-Gin. Underwater fireworks. Low tide. Mikey fact. Hills Gold. Walks around the yard. Kerhonkson piglets-- Mikey. "40 foot waves, 60 knot winds." $400 Nantucket Island shopping spree. Eddy?? Famous B.I. volleyball games. "Navy Sailing..Can I throw your darts for ya?" Marblehead china-- Ruthie. Princess of Hearts-- Mook. 5-4 to 6-4. Jo -- Jeff. Army/Navy March-On w/ Villanova NROTC. '93 Liz-n-Bob. Victoria Secrets. Real girls(twins) -- Kimmer. Dandylion

Timothy Steel Pione
Pickerington, Ohio
Naval Flight Officer

Timmy P came to us from Ohio. Some how we were cursed with being roommates, teammates and companymates. Soccer practice got pretty old, but he soon showed me how to avoid being a plebe. One day he turned the locker room into Franny O's. By youngster year, we were completely absorbed in our economic courses. He often wondered if he should have chosen one of the lesser challenging engineering majors. Most of the time, he could be found on the telephone. I knew I should have bought some stock in AT&T. Professionally, his hands off, eyes closed military training was the best. During soccer season firstie year, you could always find him at Griffins talking about his dediction to the sport. Coach Myers didn't agree, and suspended him until the tourny. His only true devotion was to Sara, and after meeting her I understood why. For the good of the Navy, I hope they don't put us in the same plane.

Natasha Leigh Smith
Hazard, Kentucky
Civil Engineering Corps

I never would have believed we would have lasted four years as roommates when we were thrown together plebe year! That shy scared plebe turned out to be a great student and an even better friend and roommate. She even went so far as to become the "Damn Exec" of fifth Batt this year. Somehow we made it even with the monster that seems to have run off with all of our towels and shirts. I had to promise not to mention any of the things Tosh had to "sound-off" or anything else she did plebe year, but as I know Lisa will agree, Tosh has become a different person since then. There are several of us who wouldn't have made it through Chemistry, Statics, Dynamics and EE without Tosha the "brain-child's" generosity. So, is it off to Guam, or have you decided yet? Wherever you are, you'll make a great officer. Good Luck!!! KMP

Jonathan Paul Taylor
Kingsport, Tennessee
Marine Corps

Midn. 4/c Taylor, report to platoon cmdr. as ordered! Aye classmates! Groovy dance step there Travolta. Your own drinking fountain. "You grab a line, I'll grab ...." Jon, how could these past 4 years have gone so fast, and so slow? Varsity track star in your own right. "Christmas time's a commin'..." By the way, have your neighbors shot at each other recently? Perhaps shotgun duels from back porches? Salt loaded guns at close range. "He was lookin' in my sister's winder..." Bird dogs to big dogs. Just to think a chilly walk in the mountains could change your life. Who kissed first, anyways? Does it really matter now? You saw stars then, and diamonds later. I hope Christy Lee brings you all the joy in the world. May you always remember Him who is our strength, confidence, and security. As we keep Him first, we will reap the rewards of His blessings and wisdom. Good luck Jon. Best of wishes - D. Huiz

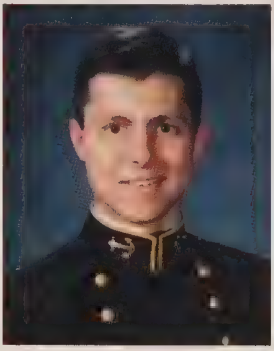
Dennis James Wagner
Syracuse, New York
Naval Pilot

Schwank took the scenic route to Navy, by way of BU. Cured by his "mentor" of his rowing dreams, Freen was left only with fond memories of the Brotherhood. Dr. Rosennoodles is the only person to ever come to USNA not wanting to fly. Being an English major, bedtime was all the time, and weekends were free to take the Batmobile for spins to Marley, the Bell, Jumpers, and Baltimore. We kept Za Xpress in business, and tried to bankrupt Harbor 9 with the "Midn. Double Feature"--I assure you. 2/C year brought the surprising to no one bloom of romance with KSK, and a major case of reticularius mariocuomos. Should be a hoot to bring our twisted ways to Florida, and you must continue my snowboard training or I might fall to the dark side and ski. Best of luck to you, Dennis Mahatma Wagner, and I'll meet you at P-Cola Beach with a cup of hot fat, the head of Alfredo Garcia, and a Swisher. Dittos, Rush. BAA

Twenty-Ninth Company

Max Josef Allen
Pleasanton, Texas
United State Air Force

What do you think about when you hear Max? A sloppy room would be a good answer. Max seemed to never get over his love of a messy room (it reminded him of home). Plebe year Max learned that cleaning your socks in the sink was a big no no. Max came to USNA in the height of the TOP GUN generation with dreams of flying next to Tom Cruise. After second class year Max met up with the likes of QAS, where they spent many nights consuming beverages of barley and hops. After the whiskey wasn't working anymore, Max focused his attention on the ladies. It was here that Max found his calling. He now spent more time with his cowboy hat and the women than he did with his friends. The biggest change of all was when Max gave up his Navy blues for the Air Force blues. All I can say is, Max I hope you enjoy your silo from QAS. P.S. Your not on land, your in it.



Tarek Sami Chbeir
Ghosta, Lebanon
Foreign National

T or T-bear for those of us with a better grasp of the English language. Did you pull another allnighter? "Yea, I lost my program again!" Are you jumping this weekend? "No, they lost all of my hours at the loft." How did you get those Gold wings anyway? The first Lebanese to ever graduate from a U. S. Service Academy, and probably the first Foreign National to wear as many stripes. Aren't we at war with Lebanon? Where is it anyway? Mr. Chbeir can I have your dessert? "#*%*&^&*.." So what are you doing after graduation anyway? Who's driving? I don't care as long as its not T. Get your driver's license yet? How old is Cybele? Hey T, I guess its O.K. if that's your culture. T let's join the HairClub for Men. Oh, I'm sorry! I didn't know you just shaved it. No T, that's called the tail bone. What language is he speaking now? I'll see you in the U.N. in 20 yrs. MLH

Robert Chesser

Grand Rapids, Michigan
Navy Pilot

I guess it all started with one too many drinks, didn't it? Bob will always be the "teddy bear man" in my heart!—R.O. Bob came to us from Michigan absorbing more pro-knowledge than any of us could stand. Except, Baltimore is not the capital of Maryland. The only 4/c to be paying for a flamer's car. Try not to fall asleep next time.—M.H. Surprisingly enough, for whatever the matter, the same conclusions were so often drawn, despite such differences. The best part is that those same differences could point out so many similarities. Follow your dreams.—J.C. I hope to hear from you on the radio as you provide air support for me! The question is, will Kim let you come out and play? See ya around.—T.S. After numerous adventures, Bob finally found happiness in the arms of beautiful Kim. Best wishes—T.C.

Jeffrey Scott Conklin

Livingston, New Jersey
Naval Flight Officer

Jeff found his way to Annapolis from off of exit 15W on the New Jersey Turnpike. Straight from the gates of hell, Jeff's honors Plebe year include: the tool award, one of two prestigious 4000s, and a full semester under the clock. Despite an illegal (not to mention lucky) bout in boxing, he continued to keep his head high. DING! Jeff is most likely the only person here to have been a company commander 2 1/3 times..."There the boys now!" Youngster year, he flinched at being caught with his hand in the cookie jar. "Dude, what the...???" Happy 21st Jeff-we bought your first legal beer! Jeff spent 2/c year with stars(outta here!), chicken pox, and on his cruise after the Ring Dance. Firstie year was highlighted by the RV disaster, service rejection(which changed daily), tipping at Griffin's and, of course, all the responsibility that comes with losing liberty (whatever!) MED/RFD/SCR

Lonnie Lee Crawford

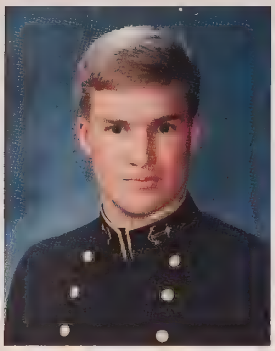
Arvada, Colorado
Marine Corps

Lonnie came to us via the BOOST program. A suburban guy with streetwise attitudes,(NOT!), he found plebe year easy sailing. His talent for cheerleading kept him busy all four years, although it did cost him a knee. We joined up youngster year after TC unfortunately went away. Lonnie found love on the hallowed grounds of St. Johns. He risked life, limb, and liberty to maximize his time there. But it was never meant to be. A firm believer in "L.L." meaning "ladies love", Lonnie kept on his savage quest for romance. Our many trips to NY and DC left the love fiend hungry, but Lonnie found true bliss w/ BS firstie year. A lover of poetry, classical music, and all things unusual, Lonnie beat the system every time. Do the right thing in the Corps, and don't let love cloud your thoughts. To a great friend, roommate, and all around smooth guy, we wish you smooth seas. SEMPER FI. AAM, SSL, MES.

Timothy Martin Crawford

Long Island, New York
Supply Corps

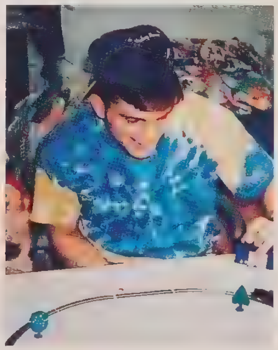
It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all going direct the other way--in short, the period was so far like the present period, that some of its noisiest authorities insisted on it being received, for good or for evil, in the superlative degree of comparison only. Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities*, 1859



Cory Lynn Culver

King City, Missouri
Navy Pilot

Well, four years sure went by fast. Cory came to us all the way from King City, Missouri-Where? All Plebe Summer I only knew him as "the guy with the horrible blisters on his feet. Never seen anything like it. Little did I know that I would end up living with this guy for two years or that he would become my best friend. I learned some interesting things about Cory over the years. He is the only guy I know who worried about getting a flight billet even though he was ranked somewhere around 100. I guess you could call him a sweat. (I did.) But I realized that here before me was the hardest working individual I had ever known. It's a good thing because being Honor Chairman this year kept him busy. All the hard work paid off and he got the flight spot. (I don't know Cory, it was a close one.) Can't wait to get down to PCola with you. Good luck and remember-speed is life. AOH



Ralph Frederick DeWalt

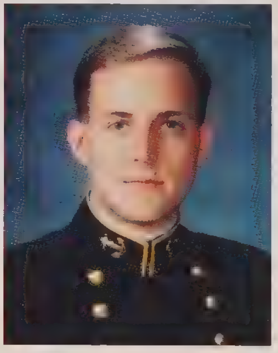
Fairfax, Virginia
Navy Pilot

Chip came to USNA on a one way ticket from DeWalt Travel and sponsored by DeWalt Power Tools (guaranteed tough) destined to enter the family business. Neither 90 nor 91 mph Hurricanes could keep Chip down at meal Plebe Summer. 2nd semester under the clock primed Chip for continuing his Plebe experience well beyond the Herndon party. Chip was never very good at dancing but through it all he has managed to keep his toes tapping, on the carpet and even in the ring. 3/C year brought steak knives and just a few other appliances to Bancroft (thanks Steve). Thanks M & D, you haven't missed a tailgater in ten years. "Chez Ralph's" premiered with a specialty for room formals-Spare Ribs and Apple Brown Betty. 1/C cruise left Chip with six Youngsters a week and 5000 more reasons for drooping. Hang onto your drawers and keep up that positive attitude with a few liquid lunches at Ram's Head. SCR/MED/JSC

Marc Edward Drobny

Columbus, Ohio
Navy Pilot

The Stealth Plebe showed up sometime after the summer and landed in the Smart Room and ran some track. He enjoyed Plebe privileges so much that he couldn't live without them until 2/C year. Pitt took care of you, O's, Colin, and early to rise as a Youngster. A 4.0, Cancun, Duke, and a "good deal" to go with his stars landed him on Plebe Detail. Plebe Privileges weren't enough so Marc passed GO at 97 mph and went Straight to Jail in N.C. $200 later and a road trip to Padre helped'im, helped'im, helped'im to a view from the Penthouse and an imaginary date. Firstie Cruise Marc met Herb in CA for some flying and looks forward to the next visit when he might get in an aircraft. A 5000 left Marc holding the keys for Spring Break as he exchanged his ticket to Key West for an N-vitation to Smoke Hall. Best Wishes, Tau Bate. SCR/RFD/JSC



Anthony Mark Ellis

Wakefield, Virginia
Surface Warfare

All that matters is truth and loyalty. Know yourself and your friends. Wakefield was black and white (no gray), Navy is a rainbow and unfortunately gray also. Gray is a confused state. THE QUESTION OF U, who am I. Who do you think I am, do U want 2 know. So many opinions by so many people. If U don't know Mark then your opinion doesn't count. Speaking of opinions: -U will never make it through that place, it is tough. +If anyone can make it, U can. All wrongs will correct themselves, Right G.C. -U are 2 small to play college FB. +Son, before you graduate, all of college FB will know of you. -Anyone w/a heart, conscious and a belief-N-GOD would not do what U are doing. +This is your life, I support your decision. STILL WILL STAND ALL TIME. M.E.

Timothy James Gallagher

Summerville, South Carolina
Naval Flight Officer

Having spread his sunny disposition and athletic ability from MD, to SC, and finally to CN, TimmyG decided to show his wares at USNA. Plebe summer he amazed his classmates and upperclass by being lost continually. Speed was a crucial factor is his performance; be it typing, or getting dressed-"if you rush me I am only going to go slower." Always a one for variety Tim decided to try a major in each group-Ocean Easy (I'm going NFO), to Chem (I'm going to be a doctor), and finally to Gen Sci (I'm definitely going NFO-I think). Grumpy's athletic skills have improved: from Crew to Sailing and to Head Football Manager (he can even catch-sorta). The king of all-nighter's, Batman has made a name for himself with his nocturnal habits and R2D2 lamp (it really didn't need a 200W bulb). Remember, April showers bring May flowers (the Harvard Muppet- Gonzo). Good luck and thanks for 4 great years by the bay. KJZ

Monty Lane Hasenbank

Adams, Oregon
Navy Pilot

Pissed off, Pleber? "YES SIR!" AND WHY IS THAT? "BECAUSE YOU'RE WASTING MY TIME, SIR!!": Only Monty would be so bold. Three years of prior service; what an attitude! Strong smell in the room! must be a new coffee discovery of his. Grandpa of the company. Would make a good HairClub For Men President. Straight, and mature: Dinger loved his cadences. Room with Monty, and he'll get your act together. Perfecxtionyst end especciallee gifted inn spelin...nuf sed. Funny and outspoken brother around liquor. Innovative too: "1st Platoon, PORT MARCH!" He set a record this year: didn't chew tobacco for 2 hours straight! What time is the alarm set for? "0515". Remember the walk back last night? "Back from where?" Why switch to aviation? "I decided to have a life!" It'll be a great one, Monty. When the time comes, remember to greet the camera for me. We do get CNN in the Middle East. T-bear

Albon O'Neal Head

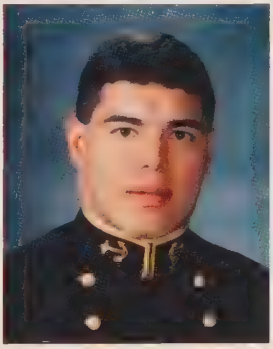
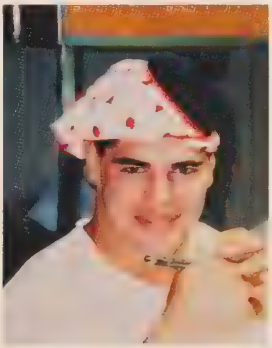
Ft. Worth, Texas
Navy Pilot

Albon...the Man, the Myth, THE LEGEND. You've lived through the ex-girlfriend experience, summer school, and kept your eyesight despite all that studying. Pensacola will be a piece of cake, I can't imagine anyone more destined to fly (That's a Buffalo... GREAT plane!). I finally got to see that Big Desert Area that Mexico paid us to annex thanks to you. Incredible seeing that we come from such different backgrounds, but I can't imagine having a better roommate. Compared to the Menace to Society and the Crazy New Yorker, hell, you were perfect! But, having to put up with your living habits for two years, surviving with you through two Plebe Summers, and spending leave at each others houses, I figure I've gotten to know you pretty well. Pretty amazing that I had to come to Annapolis to find a best friend.

Steven James Himelspach

Littleton, Colorado
Marine Corps Pilot

Ftball at S. Cal. wasn't nearly exciting enough for Spock, so he decided to join us here at the Land of Makebelieve. Steve was quick to prove that he could rack under newspapers and that TV's don't work without antennas! While Spock wasn't repossessing his clothes from Soho(or tossing his cookies) he could be found in town at Franny O's with teammates, friends, and loud obnoxious women. Youngster yr Steve found himself brutally whipped by the love of his life(well occasionally he forgot-what's her name?). Spock's pastimes included electric jello, hall marguritas, inhaling subways, painting the shower yellow, and romantic nightlife on Hos. Pt. 2/c year brought Buffett and the booze cruise-Lips off! KZ's not your date. The past 4 yrs have been too much to endure: self help, Charlottesville, nightmares after G-town, and dancing w/your sister-that's wrong. GTFO's now past tense. Best of luck. CDM.

Mark Aaron Imblum
Salisbury, North Carolina
Navy Pilot

Oy! Ano ba, Markie Mark! Flim! A true Southern Hillbilly, like CDM, from a small town in NC. Yet the biggest fan of the Skins. Geez, u really came far since plebe year: Detail CO CDR, Batt XO, PLTN CDR...told ya Ur spoiled! Just don't forget me when Ur that next T.Cruise Lawyer & I'm living in the projects. "10-hut! There's an Officer on deck!" What-evverrr! How 'bout 'My cover is gone. I'm sad. Pls help me, pls!' Or Ur love thing with AP & how we drove by her house...oh no! & Ur idea of betting with Lakers v. Celtics! & us at the mall in uniform! U & all your casualties...& late nite talks. Then the goofiness: no i didn't..yes u did..no i didn't...or see, Ur so rich! or Ur so smart!...or the ultimate, "Would u .... for $1 million? Then your Karate and Kim Soo. & big bro to michele...BOOMER! What a library geek u were too! Geez, who'd ever guess...Pilots! We'll have a blast in France & Pcola w/ dave....once a roomie, always a roomie...& a friend....JRV.

Sean Glen Kelliher
Eagle River, Alaska
Naval Flight Officer

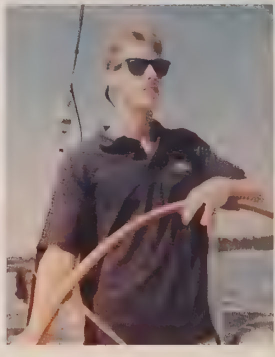
After graduating from the Academy and spending a year at DIC, Sean Kelliher finds himself without a flight billet due to budget cuts. Calling up the NATO Supreme Commander, a plebe year acquaintance, he gets Mallybogus reopened and is stationed there. Following in his father's footsteps, Sean meets a German girl at Schwimbadd and is married a year later. Upon returning to the U.S., he resigns his commission so that he, his wife, and his car can move home to Alaska. After 2 successful terms as mayor of Eagle River, Sean seeks and wins the office of Senator of Alaska (defeating Reker in a close election). As senator he passes legislation to make automatic weapons legal and remove all speed limits on interstates. KRK

Kieth Russel Kintzley
Houston, Texas
Navy Pilot

The CAPITAL K established his "temple of Q-per" plebe year. Dazzling all with repeated 4.0's and an undying dedication to Nimitz and the pursuit of perfection. THE ever increasing POWER OF the "mother of all computers" was an experience to behold as bytes became megabytes and 286s became 486s with more options than a new car. Kieth's frequent camping, hiking, and skiing excursions turned him into a cross between Oppenheimer and GRIZZLEY Adams. At the beginning of first class year Kieth got out of the library and established his reputation as the PARTY monger and wildman we all knew he was, yeah right! The endless flow of K's individualistic attitude was refreshing in the dark and despairing TIMES. Kieth, may you have all THE NORDIC BABES you can handle and it has been a true pleasure and joy being your roommate! GO NAVY AIR! *K-ROD

Christopher John Kipp
Albuquerque, New Mexio
Naval Flight Officer

"Defeat hung heavy in everyone's heart, any more of this and consciousness would soon depart. Then, as I began to resign myself to my fate, the mighty Kipp stepped up to the plate. 'A quarter pound burger,' he cried confident and clear, and somewhere within me a small voice began to cheer. He's got it! He truly knows what we will eat, any minute now and we shall be on our feet! Then, to my dismay, the mighty Kipp swung at one high and away. Silence fell over us and the air grew still, did he say sweet, or was it dill? In the front leaning rest it appeared we would stay, and there was no joy on 5-3 that day." I'll simply call that My Life with the Toilet Paper King. By the way, what's a nice guy like you doing in a major like systems, anyway? You must be doing something right because you sleep and I don't. Will you ever be able to fall asleep again without the comforting glow of a desk lamp?



Steven Sooup Lee

Herndon, Virginia

Surface Warfare

Steve came to Crabtown as a lacrosse recruit from the quiet suburb of Herndon, VA. Steve was the stealth plebe, until he got caught in the rack by his 3/C, but still managed to breeze by without being noticed. Youngster year, Steve learned that there was life outside the wall. Although alcohol consumption was not his forte, his shoes managed to hold what his stomach could not. All the girls he dated seemed to have the middle name SEGA because that's how much he played them. But one girl played him like a SONG. He continuously fell for the old one-THU. 2/C year, Steve turned the 40 year swim into the 200 year swim. Let's hope his ship never goes down. Firstie year, multiple trips to D.C. and Baltimore with AAM, QAS, DC, and MJA. We all became distinguished members of the roundtable at Camelot. We will all miss him as he heads to Newport, R.I. Good guy, great friend, we wish him fortune and smooth seas. AAM, QAS, MES

Jason Granger Linley

Hazel Park, Michigan

Marine Corps

Just as it had for years, the glare pried open his eyes, forcing them to focus on his white surroundings. "Oh...what a pleasant color," they explained to him as they shut the door and locked it with an echoing clank. He reached for his nose, it tickled, but his arms were restrained by the jacket's seemingly endless sleeves wrapped tightly about his waist. They told him it was better that way. He pondered enjoying a stroll in a park on a pleasant spring day, breathing the fresh air while taking in the world's loveliness, though he knew his existence was confined to within the six bleak sides of his cell. "Just follow the rules," they once said, "and do what your told. It's really better that way." Left only to his imagination he closed his eyes, concentrating, fighting...his thoughts drifted to whenever. NAWANDA

Mark Norman McGinnis

Monroe, North Carolina

Marine Corps

One of the rare good things that ever came out of the South, Magoo came to us from a tiny dot on the N.C. map where churches are loud,people are too friendly, hangovers are painful, and eyebrows grow clear across your face.His personality is disgustingly friendly and his charm is overwhelming to all girls who cross his path.He's the only guy you'll ever meet who'll swear he's met the girl of his dreams every day of the week.If you're lucky you might meet him. You may catch him doing shooters with Meier in Maldoons, or "fixing to go down to dinner" in Newport.He may be holding up Ron's legs in Philly or decorating the halls in the hotel.Then again, he may be funnelling in Myrtle or slapping hi-5s over a southern bell playing "who's my daddies". Hell, he may even be in YankeeLand ordering coors light! Wherever he is, find him. You may get lucky and talk to him,or really lucky and become his friend.RTM

Anel Angel Montes

Asbury Park, New Jersey

Surface Warfare

Anel traveled down the New Jersey Turnpike to join SSL, QAS, and MES in Annapolis for four years by the bay. After he conquered plebe summer, he allied with MAI to ward off the likes of Baquer, Dungan, and Personale. He was an outstanding watchstander. Just ask him about the night he was CMOD (Army-Navy Week '89 and GD!!). Youngster year, we spent many hours congregating at CINE-MONTES. After two summer schools, he made it to 2/C year only to ask himself, "what is this, a sissy school?" Missing in action for the ring dance when his brakes gave out along with his dates bladder. After relieving SSL for Plebe Detail, he was convinced that the future of the Navy was dim. 1/C year, he was given two stripes, and was knighted at the roundtable of Camelot w/ SSL and QAS. Lulu's and Hammerjacks were frequent stops. Anel will depart us en route to Pearl. We wish him all the best in the world. SSL, QAS, MES.

Charles David Morgan, Jr.
Statesboro, Georgia
Navy Pilot

Diamond Dave came to USNA from one of the few towns able to make crabtown seem fun. After a year of cultural and language re- education, he could finally be understood by the rest of the world, well almost. This Southern boy rapidly showed his Achilles' heel off, always equaling his roommate's consumption, and made the first of many mid-night trips to the sink. 3/c yr was spent lowering his ranking by hanging w/SH & KZ, waking to KN, painting the town red(not to mention the walls & quilt green), garden maintenance on SW, and w/last minute runs from C&R's. 2/c yr brought 21 B-day(medical parking?!), a flurry of attempted romance in prep for booze cruise, and the first of many parties w/KE. 1/c yr brought a dramatic dip in his love life(perhaps from hanging w/Elvis), dancing at A.L.Gator's, ski trips to UVa, and camping w/MI. 4 yrs together by the Bay makes a best friend. God bless. SH

Steven Carmine Roberto, Jr.
Wakefield, Massachusetes
Navy Pilot

Robes, #3, or Stevie came straight from THE hockey Mecca of Mass(Sorry, Fogs). After validating 22 hours and induction into the Vorn Dick clan, this "super" found himself playing Hockey (chicks dig scars), video games (way too many) and scraping for gravy. Youngster year the Chemist (his true calling) found the meaning of life-RACK! A `D' in perf and EE left him few options: more video games, stupid pet tricks (the professor, flying squirrel), and more rack. Spring Break in Cancun was TU much (Anybody seen my shoes?) 2/C year began with 2 for 7 laps around the block. "You gotta be proud of your body." Army-Navy, South Padre Island- enough said. In lieu of two finals, on his 21st he went all off (I mean out). The mole returned once again 1/C year and only emerged for hockey games, the Winnebago trip, occasionally class and Friday "lunch" at the Ram's Head. See you at the Alumni game! MED/JSC/RFD/K-ROD

Timothy Andrew Scharck
Houston, Texas
Naval Flight Officer

Ode to an old room-mate, or how I learned to live with Akula logic. After all the years of politicizing, griping and miniature foot earthquakes, we made it through: the noisy neighbors who repeatedly interrupted your nocturnal studies and my sleep and often stopped by to philosophize, the tortuous drill days, the adventures in cooking, THE cruise. Along the twisting path, you took time out to fill your boots in the steam and demonstrate your grace in the snow. You have it your way. The hello's and goodbye's blur over time, but we are strong and we live, as we dream - alone.

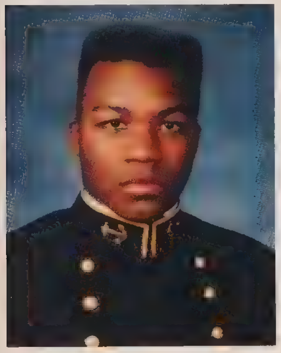
Michael Eric Schneider
Riva, Maryland
General Unrestricted Line

Mike made the long journey to USNA from the far reaches of Riva, MD. Plebe year came easy due to the continuous supply of chow packages from home. Mike's claim to fame spurned from the famous "choclate bar incident". Pistol was Mike's savior from plebedom. Then 3/c year found him in is out-of-company room with SSL and QAS, it was the perfect place for late night videos. An anonymous letter to the Batt Officer quickly ended that. 2/C year Mike found his new loves. A girl named Kacey and Glenn Danzig. 1/C year Mike, the only firstie under 21, became company DAPA. Although he is Jewish by birth, he is Oriental by nature. If he is not sampling Korean delacacies, he can be found at the nearest do-chang prcticing Tae Kwon Do. He cruised the rest of the way with his major in English and his laptop. Mike is a good friend and will succeed as a General Line Officer. SSL and AAM

Samuel Scott Scialabba

Atlanta, Georgia
Marine Corps Pilot

Hey There, What's your name...Cuddles? Kitten? Without a doubt the model midshipman, and voted most congenial by his peers. Sheathed in a rebel flag, "Mr. USNA" waged a constant war against cretins, legubrians, mouth breathers, kreplocks, lizard music, the systems department and the War Room. I know what you need--PT! A Gimme Some!!! Luckily, we had such stabilizing forces as puppies (Da Fudge), Debbie Sue (who progressed from squeaker to ropey), a Marine flight billet, and knife throwing for fun and profit (ask BRZSKI). Hailing from below the Manson-Nixon line (We got him now, Bubba!), Smiley had never heard of grunties, winkles, or vibraphones, and would never accept supreme executive power from a watery tart. I have no doubt you will be an outstanding member of the Starch Corps, except when camouflaged, and that you were born to be the Commandant of the USMC's dream/nightmare. BAA



Quwan Anthony Smith

Queens, New York
Surface Warfare

Quwan "Cisco" Smith blew in from the streets of Queens, New York and I must say he's not half bad for a Yankee. To strangers he has often been misunderstood and unappreciated. Yet to those who really get to know him he is known as loyal, dependable, and to me as a best friend and brother. While on the banks of the Severn, Q spent most of his time collecting parking tickets and in the few remaining moments concentrated on academics and underclass relations -- NOT. Over the years we have all gotten to know first hand the power of Quwan's mouth. Even though its got him into trouble, it has also broken the monotony of this place and has given everyone a good laugh. In a few months Quwan will be shipped off to Japan and will spread his charm on the rising sun. (And they thought Hiroshima and Nagasaki were bad.) Best of luck Quwan, God bless and thanks for the training. MAX.

Robert Michael Sohovich

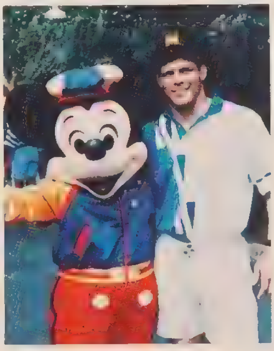
Columbus, Ohio
General Unrestricted Line

At 6'3" 265 lbs, Bobby came to USNA to play football. But, soon Bobby met with food depravation and the rigors of plebe summer. Alas, a substantial portion of Bobby will remain forever soaked into the pep field. Now at 185 lbs, only a mere sliver of the man he used to be, Bobby resolved to abandon football his youngster year. Bobby will embark on a land job in the wonderful world of public affairs and protocol, thanks to the colors: grey and pink. Does green look white at a certain distance to you too? Let me know what color the stop light is. Being a nice and caring guy Bobby had many beautiful memories while at USNA. Hungry eyes, the PRTs, U2, 12 roses (just because), many movies at Jumpers, San Diego, Trident light, Viva Las Vegas and more. In the final analysis, mind triumphs over matter and the will to win is more crucial than the skill to win. Thanks for believing. God Bless and good luck! *JCK

Thomas Daniel Storey

Coudersport, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

TOM! Plog, Grog, Unga, the link, no matter what the nickname, Tom will always be the gentle giant to us. From the beginning, we all knew that Tom was here for one reason and one reason only, and that was to WRESTLE. Tom spent more time in the wrestling room than he did in class. After Duttera and too many hours trying to put the little dot smack in the center of the screen, a few axes didn't need to convince Tom that GenSci was the faster road to EIWA and Iowa City. For most of us, the rule was half your age plus seven, but Tom usually just settled for half. Blotto always brought ice tea and pinch bread for the games. Tom had a chit for all occasions because unfortunately, for most of those occasions, Tom was unsat. By the time that Service Selection rolled around Tom was the only one who got to sleep in; he had the whole board to himself that afternoon. We wish you smooth sailing until Coronado! SCR/RFD/JSC



David Avery Vavasseur
Gonzales, Louisiana
Marine Corps

Dave arrived at USNA via NAPS and the fleet straight out of the bayou. This ragin' Cajun spent his semesters at the top of the company in performance and grades until his major sent him to the cheap seats in the EE department. Despite setbacks in school, Dave never lost his motivation or his frisbee. After commanding the Regiment at Naps, Dave returned to lead the company and didn't pull a JR until his tenure was over. Undaunted in his faith, Dave got a full course in how the other half lived after moving in with Steve and even took to enjoying a few beers more often than not, esp. Parent's WE. Dave couldn't keep all of the fun to himself so on SprBrk he introduced the crew to his family. Dad's glasses were as thick as Dave's but he could read the vans. A through Z school the Rickover way haunted Dave until he pulled a fast one on all of us. Submarines aren't the only marines, Semper Fi! SCR/RFD/MED/JSC

John-Revi Ramos Vindena
San Diego, California
Navy Pilot

The mid with the most nicknames hails from small town Chulavista, CA ('The Con Artist' claims he's from San Diego, but DON'T let him fool you). FDuring plebe summer, June Bug started a fad by wearing 20 nametags on his whiteworks and became the 1st 4/c to serve as platoon cdr during HIS OWN PLEBE SUMMER! Being the stellar mid, Revi Ramos chose systems engineering only to change to a new major-RACK, I mean Econ. A secret was never made to be kept whenever Curious George was around (excellent gossip, I might add). 2/c year he redefined Webster's definition of flamer, but professionalism did not stop the mischievous Weasel from e-mail chain letters and a date w/ restriction squad. I'd have to say 1/c year was Shepi's best. I have never seen anyone happier than Kermit at service selection. Congrats, man! I wouldn't have made it without all of our sarcasm, arguments, and laughter. MAI

Kurt Jacob Zahnen
Fort Lauderdale, Florida
Naval Flight Officer

What do you mean you have never heard of Kurt Jacob Zahnen? Annapolis certainly has - the Academy will never be the same. Ft. Laud., Fla. never produced a more dynamic character! Obviously, living his early, impressionable years on the family yacht destined Kurt to sail the U.S. Navy's "Seven Seas." Sometimes he lost sight of this vision Fate wove for him. Perhaps Florida State remains in the back of his mind - looks like Grad school to me, Kurt. Need to confirm the latest news? Update yourself with Rumor Control Zahnen. If its juicy, he will know - if not he'll make it up. Need a drill exempt excuse (ie. rack)? Try: D&B, shoulder, training, how about a knee - convenient. Four years together by the bay. Sorry about ALL the late nights (R2D2 & Batman). Kurt they still don't play Buffet on 99.1 - WHFS. Good luck ! THANX for four wonderful years by the Bay - Baggit, Spot, Z, Z-burger, RCC, Kurt, friend ... TJG

Thirtieth Company

James Britton Bohn
Atlanta, Georgia
Navy Pilot

The sole survivor of a plebe room decimated by academics and honor boards, Britt grew to 205 lbs as one of steerage's preferred customers while living with "Bad Company" 3/C year (before his Grab & Go diet). Cheers to a size 8 head guy who hangs up after 3 hours of mommie, pops, or a number of different women and then gripes about grades and no free time. We're glad he got rejected at UVA 3/C year and realized that a Dodge Stealth, 5 speeding tix, cowboy boots, and stacks of phone # filled bar coasters does not equal SWO or JAG. After a 5 for 5 football season 3/C year, "Biff" thought he found Mrs. #1 at Sweetberry. However, 1/C year he found Mrs. 2,3,4 & 5 simulataneously. If there is ever another Las Vegas pilot's convention, nobody will ever prove that he was there. From two guys who will miss him as much as Griffin's bartenders will miss his VISA card, good luck with the Wings of Gold. TK & RH

Heather Davis Brand
Chester, Virginia
Naval Flight Officer

Hoop 22 came here with a dream like everyone else determined to be the best - only she thought they meant at basketball. Four years later she is still spending more time with a ball in her hand than a book...priorities! Some memories of my four, always interesting, years as her roommate: Capt Morgan's, and take it from Heather, it's difficult to make it through the National Anthem hungover; Group 11 and the log (funny, the person who kept it appeared in it the least); the ticket in Louisiana, lucky it was just for speeding; fan fights with AS; Turbo (and I thought Boxing Rings were only for boxing); "I'll never date a mid!"; and conversations in the dark that brought me closer to a best friend I'll never forget. So now she is off to Europe (no, not the pros yet) to, strangely enough, go to school. Then, Pensacola; it's a good thing there aren't cops in the air. CAM

Walter Elmer Bridgman, III
Annandale, Virginia
Nuclear Power - Submarine

In the course of four years, Chip (When Cameron was...) perfected the art of sitting in his chair and staring at nothing. I'm so %*#@'ed! Nothing that constant rack couldn't cure, though. He enjoyed the love and joy of the first class his plebe year-- they were always gathering around him to shower affections on him (and his pillowcase). As a youngster, he brought pride to the institution by single-handedly decimating a local college fraternity (chess club?) and by climbing the highest trees at the KOA. 2/c year brought him firmly into the grasp of a certain meow who whipped him into proper shape. He saw her every chance he had and even took a few he didn't have, so he will forever be remembered as the firstie who shot from XO to wardroom rep faster than a Rhesus monkey can ..., then racked through 45 days of restriction without missing a single muster. CCC, JEP, WM

Clifton Browning Carpenter
Raleigh, North Carolina
Marine Corps

"Cliff lets go to V's." "See there's this long table..." The Peanut Gallery and late night comearounds. CHICS: the Troll, the Motel Massacre, "Who you going to call? The Box Buster!" Rules of Engagement, Orca, Livin Large. Alright, you throw yours at me and I get to throw mine at you. Lets do six under the knife. 8 alarms in 1.2 secs. Standards . 86 absences. HUMMMM. We left our can in the head, were done. The I MISS YOU tape. Hey Cliff, where can I pick my nose? Froggy-style. Coughing up rocks. "I was awesome today." Pew! she's cookin gonja tea again, her plumbing must be backed up. "I've done it in Luce, Bancroft, Michelson, Nimitz..." "Cliff pass the ball, CLIFF CLIFF CLIFF...JESUS!" A movie a day keeps the A's away. Dried hawkers in the sink-Melfi spaz. As a roommate and as a teammate you've made the grim times great and the great times memorable. NM and JH

Coley Clinton Chappell
Garland, Texas
Nuclear Power - Surface

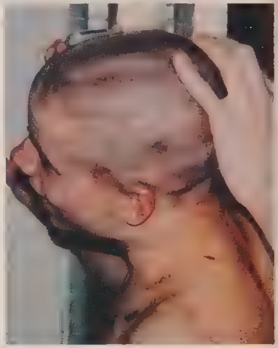
The albino rhino entered the academy with impressive credentials. As a master of anatomically correct Yoga tricks as seen in "The Silence of the Lambs" and the only Texan in recent memory to fill his nasal passageway with three dollars in quarters, he earned a unique place in the hearts of many of his classmates. As a member of the DMZ for an entire year, Coley has a great appreciation for the high standards set at the United States Naval Academy. Although intellectually handicapped by being a Physics major, Mr. Chappell learned the ways of Yoda with great alacrity. It was he who said, "Once you start down the dark path, forever will it dominate your destiny."

Christopher Joseph Chilbert
Geneva, New York
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Growing up in smalltown Geneva, Chris probably never imagined living w/ the likes of Psycho-Sweat, Fruck and the Chitmaster. The smalltown jock was exposed to a variety of challenges. The greatest of which lay not in the Systems major or the Academy regimen, but in the 3 year adventure living w/ me. Tetris, the Pit, dip spills, the line of death, Soccer Locker, Fry Shield, Band Pass Filter etc. Chris' only faults were 1) a dabble on the other side 2) his distaste for country music 3) his favorite football team - 3 time losers and 4) his bullhorn, wallshaking snore that wakes the dead. Chris carried my cross to graduation and I will be forever greatful. I will miss our late night discussions and your shoulder to lean on. Run silent, run deep, make money and find that #10. JH

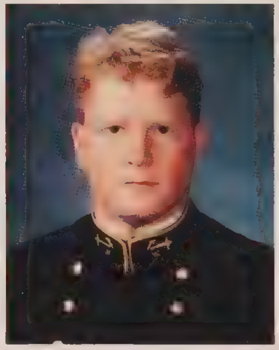
William Logan DePue, Jr.
Haddon Heights, New Jersey
Marine Corps Pilot

Logan arrived from exit #3 in NJ, with an itching desire to become a man twice his size. We alsmost sent him back claiming he had lied about his age. All the way from the BSRT, tile floor wrestling, biting showers, to firsty striperdom, his way was marred by fun. Trips to D.C., drinking, the beast, aspirin and hangovers, buckets and sponges for cleanup, Logan's left broken hearts from Jersey to Colorado down to Mexico, and don't forget Canaan Valley. Some were remembered, some weren't, what was her name anyway?; but his affinity for tall women caused problems during slow dances. His parents could teach him a thing or two about throwing a bash, A/N. Mr and Mrs D could pack the shots, JD and CR. A steel rod left his Karate career short, but opened the way for his true love, triathlons. Somehow he escaped our influence and still did well at the Boat School. MKS, RJP



Stephen Francis Doling
Canal Winchester, Ohio
Surface Warfare

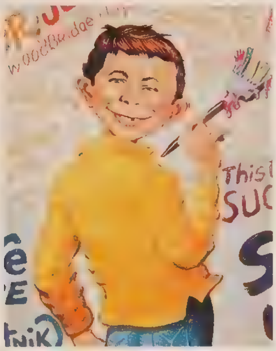
Doles is the only plebe to know all 27 Laws-Of-The-Navy before plebe summer. He thought he knew it all until he entered the plebe rate contest, it was good to see him put back with the peasants. Football is a strong point and paid off in the end with TV time, strong friendships and 1030's. And let us not forget the season of SNAPAGING. Enduring faith in God held him together along with extended periods in the sacred rack. During our many study breaks from his "pressing" English assignments we experienced Baja, The PIT, and other various hot spots. Learning to work hard came naturally, but experiencing the finer points of life proved to be more difficult. Over time, and after the Ring Return, he came to his senses- meeting the opposite gender was not our FCA Prez's specialty but once learned he became an expert. Keep up the Faith and good luck in the future. MGO'B



Dal Ho Go

Baltimore, Maryland
Surface Warfare

Beat Hahmy, Ho Navy, Sah! Guys, guys, pass me ketchup NOW! Possibly the only alcoholic never to have had a drink, he doesn't need liquor to tunnel through walls, it's all physics. The only person to gain an advantage in basketball by being too short, a tragic shoulder injury is all that could stop him from going pro. His two favorite movies are "Days of Thunder" and "Backdraft" (Baltimore style), after all, he lived through both. I guess physics won't let you tunnel through telephone poles, either. And these are the days of your lives, as recorded by Dal's camcorder (what was left of his second-class loan after his parents went Christmas shopping). Strum-a, strum-a, strum-ahhh, darn!!! C frat??? How do you put C frat here??? No way, Jose!!! This must be wrong. Keep on Grennon, Dal. JEP TWW CCC SRM RTH FCG WM



Frederic Carl Goldhammer

New York City, New York
Naval Flight Officer

Hammer came to us a street wise NYer and has since been trying to find himself in the boxing ring and on that field of dreams called company slow pitch. He is perhaps most notorious for his wrestling skills, grappling with ideas ranging from jarheads to subs to seals to air to fertilizing pumpkins and even nearly pinning a certain brand of whiskey. Hammer insured that Fun One '93 would have a real plebe year to the end, as he conveniently departed early on 3/C cruise leaving his classmates to scrape his yellow 1's off the monuments hours before Herndon. 2/C year saw Chumpy abusing Nats (Yowee! No PE for a week brigade!) and his newfound driver's license let him scare the !*@& out of drivers from MD to the Keys. It's too bad the Yanks will have to wait 20 yrs to pick him up from the Navy. He's not a bad 1stbaseman for a guy who throws with the wrong hand and hasn't figured it out yet. Hauuugghh!! SRM, WM

Jon Locke Halverson

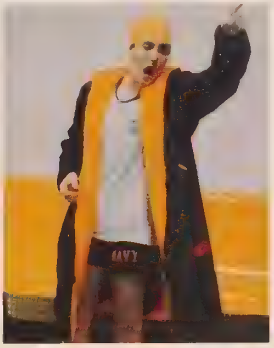
Silver Spring, Maryland
Marine Corps

Did what in a cup?? Momman Helga is gonna kill us, "25 pushups for 'D' because Mr. H is a D--------." Jono, clean up your stuff', 'Im Stowed,'".. dip wars, NM's Cake, eunuch Grandpa, MS's comearound from the rack/grave, ..1 Reefer, 1 Dip, 1 Heater and sleep instead of rates, How'd you do on physics? I got a 100! Tetris, Pool table master then a playground during the goalies sister era, Some chic in overalls that never knew what hit her, a recent slump while in search of that 10 who will take him to the alter before the Kidd or Melf, Jono's taxi service, The movie club, How many absences 1st semester 2/c year? More than The Kidd and he was in the hospital for a week, Sir..I Can't finish my boats exam -My back hurts, Apple pie w/o Apples, The toughest sweeper I've ever played with and one of the best friends we've ever had, Its not goodbye because we'll try again at TBS, Halvey!

Kelly Jeanne Hoeft

Ridgefield, Connecticut
Surface Warfare

Hey there, Goofy! It's hard to believe that the gungy little swimmer who arrived here 4 years ago is now SWO-bound and still chlorinated. What's going to happen now that the neighborhood problem-solver is on her own? How are WE going to survive without you? All the trips to your house- hot tub, tennis, mom & her cider, dad & his chairs- and the trips to NY are just fond memories. Not to forget Grandma (murder party). For having to be the first person that KSK met, you've survived nicely (helped by Bartender's Guide). White shoes, got 'em? You rid yourself from the Jeep and stepped into the BMW (no gun-rack). It's a much nicer way to cart around the chips & salsa and peanut M&M's (green, of course). You've come a long way from 3/C drill to the Honor Staff- we know who did all the work. Keep the flag flowin'. We wish you the best of luck, Kelly; you'll be a great success. See you in Nov. KSK DJW



Robert Thomas Howard
Odenton, Maryland
Medical Corps

A local hero, hard to believe "Howie's World" has gone this far w/o getting strangled by a roomate or girlfriend. After wonderful late evening experiences such as VA Beach, Alfred, Brownstain, his Ring Dance Date and attempts to win many coveted naval decorations fit for bannanas, he has chosen to wake up at the crack of dawn for the rest of his life (you would never know by the way the phone rings all nite). After 2 reigns as CC, he mastered meeting deadlines (1 minute before the absolutely last extension), especially med school applications. After adopting him 2/C year, he created NORAD in our cave (2 phones w/ ans. machine, fax, 2 comps & printer all on 1 desk). "Ever heard of Oedipus?", not picking up the check at least 2 nights a week. Howie, taps, not the start of study hour, goes at 2400! If he doesn't join Hell's Angels he'll be a hell of a surgeon. Good Luck Doc. TK,BB.

Erick Anthony Jordan
Ocean City, New Jersey
United States Air Force

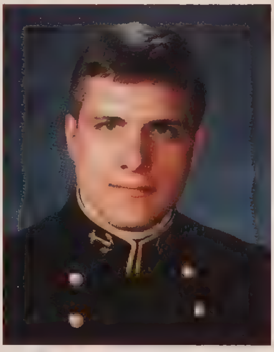
EjHAN came to us from every Spanish speaking country in the West with brief stops in NJ and NAPS but his brain was Encyclopedia Brittanica. Thus, after years spent programming the PC on his shoulders CompSci seemed the only choice but HANdom was his calling No Mid has ever known more about the BIG RING & Ej and Cycle could be seen going out when the mailman wouldn't dare- of course Ej has done more to re-surface RT.2 than MD...fortunately there was always gauze. We worked on Social Skills only to see Ej dogged by the only BIOCHEMIST not interested in ANATOMY or COMMITMENT-oh well, his only true loves were FIGS and COLNAGO-which required loans from HAN Mutual. At the wire he zoomed by us passing up the Nuke bonus. What, no criteriums under water? Hopefully they allow rollers in silos. Forever may the sky be clear, the road exciting, and the final sprint yours. AGGRO for EJIS. SD & O'B

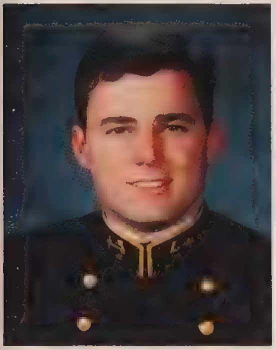
Brian Richard Jurutka
Heidelberg, Germany
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Brian "J" Jurutka chose The Boat School based on the fact that his father was an E-9 in the army. He was destined for the higher echelons of the midshipman chain of command from I-Day. Second-class year he ran into two speedbumps who took him under their wings and gave him a little life. His grades came down to that of an average mid and he even spent some time in Smoke Hall, although he should have spent more time there because of his driving. We all learned that his thirst for beer must have come from his German mother, but his tolerance must have come from his Korean father. Probably lack of an enzyme. Right! Some West Virginian coffee tables will never be the same. That was when he wasn't busy being a human canvas for the artwork of the company. Second semester first class year he became Company Commander. If he would have only known what he was getting into. MCR, MKWS

Norbert Joseph Karczewski III
South Weymouth, Massachusetts
Marine Corps Pilot

I
Have
Found
Paradise





Thomas Matthew Karn
East Windsor, New Jersey
Marine Corps Pilot

July '89, HG said, "Who does this belong to?" If we knew then what we know now, it would have been obvious. Walking Church Circle, Dahlgren, GA. or D.C. - old or young mattered not. Luckily, Capt. America couldn't catch his tieless, coverless, shoeless, phone number laden Gate 3 to 3-0 sprint. "If I'm ever gonna get caught, it's gonna be for something good". Good thing you never did 'cause there was plenty of good gettin' ("Who was that masked mid?" cried DOD Police). "C'mon, Gimme some!" Chokin at the can in Bad Co.; slap, slap next to Howie at Towson. St. Delaware was the only one to steal his heart and stay a saint. Still the best point man, he always puts up a good swordfight. Sniff, Sniff - AWWW, Cheez! Hope you find your stolen "Karn"ed stuff and plug a hole with it. Batt drill's in a class of his own: better than anyone who went to formation. Try racking through TBS. Good Luck Jarine! BB & RH

Steven Robert Maier
Newport, Rhode Island
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Possibly the gungiest person to ever grace the p-ways of Bancroft, Air Maier arrived on I-Day with a pair of soccer shoes and pack of disposable razors. He soon traded in his kicks for a squash racquet but he's still doing battle with a perpetual five o'clock shadow that has had him braced up or in the LT's office for four years. After the traditional plebe year Dear John letter he bounced back to begin an east coast hunt which has produced numerous kills. Youngster year climaxed with his selection as Fun One's Bulldog contestant which he had the wisdom to gracefully decline. 2/C year gave Steve the opportunity to show off his much envied TQL skills as he conducted come-arounds from the warmth of his rack. To finish off his sentence of four years in hell, Steve has become the LT's one and only "boy". He's still thanking the Lord that he wasn't chosen to be second semester co. cdr. De Jabba! FCG, WM

Christy Anne Martin
Kingston, Tennessee
General Unrestricted Line

This sweet, naive girl arrived at USNA directly off of the watermelon truck from Tennessee. Bambi's natural affection and sweetness won her the immediate prize of being the "Social butterfly", until the Butterfly Catcher. Her youngster year was quite a MEMORABLE one. Her knowledge expanded by leaps and bounds in the "sport" of soccer. Until one day, her heart longed for something different. Aaah yeah, hockey..this was the "sport" that she truly loved (I hate to say it but I told you so) Second Class summer found CM a new identity as "Miss Scarlet" and the newest craze...the Tennessee Bop. "Why excuse me but are those Tennessee shorts you're wearing?" Today, she is a strong young woman, so all you NIGHTSTALKERS beware (Who are you..Stop,Go,Okay) because this girl don't take no' mo'____! Darlin, you have been the best....I love ya. HDB

William McGill, Jr.
Canton, Ohio
Nuclear Power - Submarine

After stumbling out of a Columbia frat party and into a Navy recruiter's office (DOH!), Bill Fish washed ashore on the banks of the Severn. He soon realized that he was a midwest land shark, and has been trying to return to his roots ever since. His x-country career lasted only as long as plebe yr team tables, by which time he took up varsity rack and perfecting the Heisman. He kicked off his drinking career 3/c year, and after visiting many bars, on New Years he finally ended up behind some that only served bread and water. 2/C year saw Bill being traded to West Point, which wouldn't keep him. Disillusioned by military life, he began preparing for his true calling with the Hell's Angels, picking up a Sportster, eagle and a spare tire at Ram's along the way. Brigade stripes meant less work and more time at an apartment clarifying his marital status. Sell the ring, dude! SRM, FCG

Nicholas Joseph Melfi
Millville, New Jersey
Navy Pilot

I've never been on the other side Nick sayed I mean said, then Red. CHICS: IntelligAnt, Nanny, St. Maryland, Ogre, Piglet, Grandma from Griffin's, Liberties w/ a minor, Energizer from NJ. The Bermuda Soccer Locker. Yentl. I'm hungry where's Melfi's cake? Melf mop up after CH. 3 please. Why did you take that dip Melf? Catholic U. what happened to your shoes? "My pillow stinks, my pillow stinks too, MY PILLOW REEKS!" Dip disasters. What are you doing with that pillow Melfi? Can we use the mirror too Melf? 93.1FM, not Coo Mo Dee. Were getting up at 0400 to study. Big Dads & Ears, V-6000, wee? I'm just going to throw a booger over there, don't get tight. Underwear-one for Melf, one for Kidd, one for Halvey. Scraping faces on your towel. GQ to Scarface. Off you go to Pensacola where the women will be plenty and our memories will be many. Good Luck CC and JH.

Efren C. Mojica
Youngstown, Ohio
Surface Warfare

Ef, your coach called, what should I do with the note? Although he's no Rhodes Scholar, Ef sure has been to Oxford a lot. Three day weekends would see the Eagle Talon, with full ESM suite, take off for major road trips. Ef finally found a girl he could just lie around the house with and read a book[KS]; but I still say, no one ever shot someone if they didn't own a gun. Ef was in with the King Hall workers [Sunshine,more soup]. Are we ever gonna give this hot plate back? Weekend room standards came to a screeching halt, clutter, clutter. Make sure you send a forwarding address card to Adam and Eve. I think I'm gonna go get another Kamikaze. Take these pills, this is some good s@#! Are there any females you don't know? Do you think the coach wants the BEST ATTITUDE award back? Poly Sci,CQPR high-NOT! You LTM, you're one of the best guys I know, it's been a great two years. Look out Staten Island.RST

Michael Garrick O'Bryan, Jr.
San Diego, California
Surface Warfare

O.B.Han came to us from the sand and the waves after a brief interim at NAPS and spoke surferese so well we needed translators, but first we had to help him understand the upperclass. Plebe Summer was tough for our child prodigy but even in the flames the smile never died. After psycho squad leaders and a stint at MPSS-OB came back from cruise with wings ready for scrutiny. Of course, if professional life was OK academics was never OB-in fact, he still hasn't taken enough weekends for Youngster quota. Still he passed- he must have if his picture is here. Still you could never take the "Call of the Wave" from his soul and after forsaking wind- surfers for dinghys he made his way to team CPTN proving he could excel at what he liked. We'll never forget your One and Oonahly, Toffee from Tiffy, the Mallet, or the BIG RING. May the wind blow 30+, the sun be warm, and the wave be yours. SD and EjHan.

John Edward Perrone
Yuba City California
Navy Pilot

"Why do I alwayths do this to mythelf?" Whatever John. "Hey, hey guys, an'body wanna hear the Aimee sthtory?" No thanks Phoney. "How 'bout that time on the cold floor at Thaint John's?" Hey waitress, just keep the Murphy's coming until this guy passes out. "Guys, check out my pyramid. You know, everyonezout to get me." [Burp] "Dude you guys my bestest friends." Here you go JP, two more Murphs. "Sweet! You know they tried to get me with the NATS but I got out of that one. They tried to figure out the disappearing name on the '91 service selection board, but they couldn't smoke me! I am Gorthock the Mediator/Destroyer/Savior/Revolutionary/Lover! Anybody wanna go ledgin' when we get back from the Ram?" [Belch] Time to go John. "I thought you were my friend, dude. [I'm not going to talk to this guy for a week.] That's it. No more Murphy's. Where's my whithkey?" SRM, FCG, MSW, WM

Wendy Kay Phillips
Santa Clara, California
General Unrestricted Line

Squeaky came from Cali with the munchichi hair! She tried to "Support" her classmates. Wanda Rose spent many mornings in the shower, sweating the PCR! Hoover! Always having conversations with herself (Where did that come from?) and her food--she ate my last Big Stuff Oreo! Fights with ALS. But turn out the lights and she starts to talk. "Who sings this?" Wow, our own room! Pink! Dead Bug! Wanda's spirits cheered on the team, when she finally saw the floor- where were her shoes? Remember...Steerage CRAM SESSIONS and Canada! Surviving 3 years of the Dainard Tyranny, she finally became the burly girly she'd dreamt of. 0 fat, 0 calories and its good for you! KFC chicken wings Hmmmm! But I only want half! Hey RP, You coulda been cute! Gollum became her one and only, no one else would do, sorry JT. Although she never could let any of his secrets stay hidden, lucky him!! KJH

Ronald Jason Piret
Chico, California
Special Warfare

Ron came to USNA after attending Northwestern Prep school and Chico State and never lost the "party school" attitude. Plebe year he earned the nickname "Mr. Perfect" because he was never wrong, just ask him. However, we let him hang around with us because he had pretty cool sponsors. He had a pretty interesting Thanksgiving Break with "Hoover" that year and through his four years never did learn about "the force." She was pretty cool though, so we let it go. Youngster year saw the beast, drinking, diving, and what was her name, anyway? (or was that 2/c year? Oh yeah, then, too.) Pilots didn't have enough testosterone so it was SEALs for Ron. Maybe that's why he enjoyed PT-ing the other conditioning squad instructors til they dropped. First class year saw the onset of Ron's "ball and chain" and moderate domestication, but the SEALs still got a good man. WLD, MKWS

Mark Christopher Reyes
San Antonio, Texas
Navy Pilot

Mark, excuse me, Rey, when did that change anyway?. He came to us a gigolo, and after some reform we thought he'd be leaving us as a somewhat respectable Naval Officer, but a late firstie year excursion proved us wrong. How was Western Texas anyway? Rey always got the best letters from the girls, "Thanks for lying." How's the list anyway - don't worry I have pics. Champion of the pig push. He likes fast bikes, cars, women, and 12 ounce curls. Single digit bank acounts. "We Who? You got a frog in your pocket?" He is one of the few mids who actually slept through the A/N game. Mr. White Works. "Can you help?" "Yeah, I'll get right on it." MAC Truckin' and the Restriction Ball. The "NOT IT" game. Good thing for the near photographic memory, since you're the only one who studied less than MS. S-S-STUD, 3D Loser. 4 yrs of hard times and lifetime of good times. MKWS, BRJ, WLD

Akane Saunders
San Francisco, California
General Unrestricted Line

"A.K." came to USNA from an ultraconservative, rightwing city named San Francisco (via a memorable year of extra military instruction in Newport, Rhode Island) and has been living a life of conformity and restraint ever since. If you don't believe this, you probably never attended one of the herbal tea parties in her room to listen to the "Funky Worm" or accompanied the "Shark Woman" on an expedition to DC in search of a "vegetarian restaurant that also has a good bar." In addition to all of these extracurriculars, somehow in between taking unauthorized jaunts to the Canton Gardens (that she made me go on too) and making weekend trips to Canada for... Akane became a world class sailor and a political scientist of some repute. The "key point" is that A.K. is a good friend, a cool person, and will be successful in whatever she decides to do. Takusan gozaimasu, kiddo--Baj

Matthew Karl Williams Seipt
Burke, Virginia
Surface Warfare

Matt was admitted to USNA from NAPS soley on his "leadership potential." From the start he was determined to have as much fun as possible and managed to spend essentially four years on leave interrupted only by an occassional academic effort. Plebe year after dehydrating himself and wearing sunblock "0" he decided "I am the sun!!" Youngster year sent him to Sweden (and Smoke Hall). "Why yes I speak Swedish, I've been there seven times." "What's wrong with a little mack trucking?" That year also brought on the beast, drinking, driving, and what was her name? Throughout his time here, Matt has managed to adapt and abuse every language known (and some unknown) to man in what are now affectionately termed "Seiptisms." First class year he became the proud owner of the world's most expensive fake putter mug sold exclusively at the Ram. We leave him now wondering do SWO's get to wear green? WLD, RJP

Michael Joseph Thiel
Madison, Wisconsin
Surface Warfare

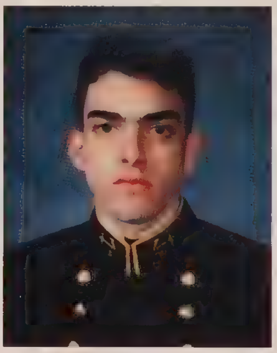
Mike was scraped off the surface of a liberal cess pool and deposited on the doorsteps of the Academy. When push came to shove, he was the top plebe, but eventually he decided that he'd had enough of a certain flamer's attention. Youngster cruise in San Diego, he picked up a souvenir that he had a hard time getting rid of. Youngster year saw him trade in his gymnastic shorts for a more comfortable blue magnet. Who can forget the Chinese Empress he picked up in the barnyard of NYC. As a frequent flier on the Sato travel program, he was always getting bumped from his flights. Ahh, what would first-class year have been without recycled carrots, the omnivorous drawer, and studying for whiz quizzes in the sink. Although he switched rooms four times, he managed to make it all the way through without changing his sheets once. Get wacky in Japan and save some for us. JEP, CCC

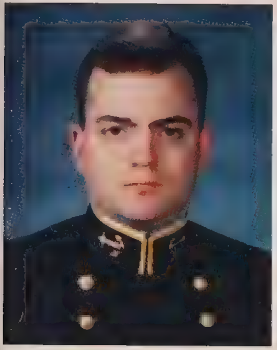
Robert Samuel Thompson
Zeigler, Illinois
Surface Warfare

Where the heck do I start?! Rob did it ALL during his four years at the Boat School and made a name for himself in the process. He was popular with everyone (how many other people got to "greet" 2nd Co. individually during Plebe Summer?) including that megastriper ("I didn't think he could see me through the window".) Rob reinvented mass-electronic-communication on NATS and was rewarded with no X-mas leave for his ingenuity. Remember flame throwers during blackouts? I sure do! Robbie managed to keep his grades 'spectable despite late night trips to Tracks although the OBITS showed otherwise. GO PHYSICS! After being a masterdebater, Rob found fun in the tri-club...now he's heading for sushi and an apartment as cluttered as he wants! As much as I'm gonna miss you, I know there's an SDV with your name on it and a Master Chief that'll be glad to see you again. Never park near Dahlgren! ECM

Matthew Steven Walters
Orwigsburg, Pennsylvania
Marine Corps

03JUL89:"I want to be the best fighter pilot in the Navy, Sir." 04JUL89 0700: chop-chop-chop-Go Navy, Sir!-chop-chop-chop...... 12OCT89: 2/C Williams- "WALTERS! You're nothing but a shell and I'm going to break you like a twig!" 4/C Walters: "Yesssir! You sir are correct! You're a winner!" SEP90-MAY91: The Damian Years- shaved legs and wet sheets. SEP90-MAY92: The J.T. Years- Numerous thumpings by the Alabama Black Snake, Look out! the computer's on fire. ****Room 4205, 30th Co., circa 2/C year: the world witnesses the birth of the first ever jive turkey (Hey, that ain't normal! Just give me some candy!) APR92: The Mustang years- Fred Flintstone's car bought by mid for $3500. 29JAN93: Service selection decided with a whole day to spare. Confuscious say: Never go to Ring Dance with a girl who drinks too many Blue Hawaiians.
Good luck with Mel dude. DCD, FCG, SRM, WM, JEP, and JT





Thomas Wayne Wesley
San Antonio, Texas
Naval Flight Officer

The Texas weasel hit the barber's chair on I-day and Jake the Snake inadvertently shaved his back when he bent over to tie his shoes. Plebe year he solved all six Ultima games being interrupted only for an occasional final exam. Remember youngster year when he put up the chit to see his girlfriend's baby, hmm? This one left him heart broken, but it was nothing that the nearest high school couldn't cure (DOUBLE graduation party?) How about 2/C year when he co-hosted the hottest party Baltimore had ever seen? Known as the recycling king his junk mail alone kills an acre of rain forest a day. He may be the only man to keep his magazines and CD's in the plastic wrapping with no pressing plans to open them. ZZZZ, snorgh, wake up, Tom, time for liberty. What, 1215 already??? It has been a pleasure to know him for the four hours a day that he pretends to be a midshipman. JEP CCC WM SRM FCG RTH

Thirty-First Company

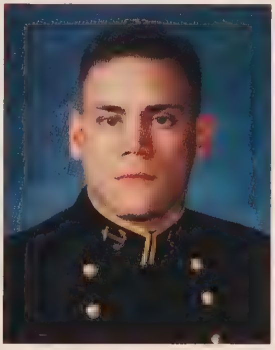
FIRST WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY EXPERIMENT AT THE NAVAL ACADEMY PROFESSOR TERRY AND MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF 1903 WATCH THE OPERATION OF THE TUNED CIRCUIT OF THE HERTZIAN GAP ACADEMIC YEAR 1901-02

Katherine Louise Badgley
Seattle, Washington
General Unrestricted Line

It's hard to believe someone so concerned with looks ended up at the Naval Academy.A former beauty queen, turned volleyball jock, missed the pros due to her overused knees. Her first love captured her heart with leather jackets,rings,money with no explanation.This unexpectedly ended when he CRUZEd to Lvnwrth.Her next adventure was scuba lessons & she made quite a splash! Her instructor even personally escorted her to Key West.They had fun, but the bubble burst when done.Kath GAUT right back in the saddle with her buff ring dance date.Ken & Barbie with Colgate smiles made the perfect looking couple.For Kath the perfect hotspot was Franny O's-the romantic encounter with the SMARTest man turned out to be a dumb move in Key West.But Thank GAUT was there! Looking forward to our reunion with an endless supply of orange juice, vodka, spaghetti & shredded wheat, & men.Goodluck in Japan! We luv'ya. MJ,SS

Martin Alexander James Blake
Kingston, Jamaica
Foreign National

Arriving from the bushes of Jamaica via Queens, NY, this young "menace to society" was in for a real military buttkicking. Martin didn't know that plebes couldn't strut gold rings on every finger and crazy gold around his neck. He was a real ladies man (pimp) until Ms. Brooks (Kelly) put a boot in his butt. With her love and patience, Martin is definitely a recovering gigolo. Peace! -Shrop Mackin'- he refined it. Pimp-strutin' - he defined it. Kelly - she wuzn't havin' it. Kelly changed his life. Money, your future is bright and the sky's the limit. Peace out! -Walt The last 4 years have not been easy, but we put an "H" on it & handled it (even those 3 Ac Boards couldn't hold me back). Thanks 2 all those who made this place bearable & 2 JAH for making all things possible. Peace out 2 all those who didn't make it here and Nuff Respect & good luck 2 those who have & will. I'm out...Me!!!



Scott Allen Boedeker
Tulsa, Oklahoma
Naval Flight Officer

"Boedekaa" came to the Academy with one intention, TO FLY. With the help of Jensen and Sal, Scott (the brain) was transformed into the "Model Mid" until Youngster year when he made the mistake of living with Jack and Martin who corrupted him forever. Whether it was playing with Capt Mac's mind or spending time in Smoke Hall, Scott was never the same. We will remember you for..."I wanna sing Sympathy for the Devil!", "Speed is your friend!", "Sir, you should change the drinking age to 18!", "Let's go to the Ram's Head; I need to finish my card!"(Will you ever finish the Trois Monts?), "I came to Montana to ski (& snowboard)", "He's pulling a Furly". Scott get out of bed, you need to work out at least once this year! Never forget the lake party. "John, the phone's for U". Thanks for feeding us with that minnow you called a trout. See you in the AFTER (usna) Life. JRM, RBC, CLM...friends forever.

Todd William Chavanne
Crofton, Maryland
United States Air Force

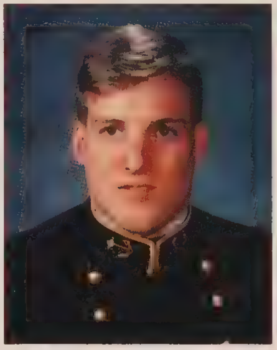
Redheads...Todd is the only person we know of that made up his own nickname and it actually stuck..."Recon." But he's not Mr. gungy, an aspiring Marine or Seal. Instead, he sold out to be a bus-driving Air Force warrior. He is one of the few mids that has had a girlfriend everyday for four years and fallen in love with every one of them. He has to study with the lights off and if you try to eat some of his food, WATCH YOUR HANDS and don't touch anything. He came to us thanks to Bill and the Babe whom have allowed unrestricted use of their home (thanks!) as long as you're willing to spend a few hours working it off. Todd's a product of Naval Academy nepotism. His father graduated (also a bus-driver) from the Academy, so it was natural for him to get three-stripes not one, but *both* semesters. We want to know: can we borrow some freckles? Good luck in the Air Farce, Recon!!! --RTM CLM JRM DAW

Michael Myonghyun Cho
Burke, Virginia
Marine Corps

This devil dog came to us from nearby VA though you would think he was from another continent with the few times he has called home. He is the only plebe in history to get his head shaved at the END of plebe summer as well. I knew he was a bit unstable when he decorated our door at Christmas plebe year with Terminator Santa Claus. When he is not too busy terrorizing the dance floor at any bar or harassing young children at the local arcade for the secret moves of Mortal Combat, he is unconscious. "Moderation is the key" he always told us. Yeah right. A quiet guy most of the time, Mike is truly a menace to society. On a more serious side. I have never met a finer person. He has been a constant in an ever changing experience and one on which everyone around could always depend. He has become a friend for life and I feel lucky to get to serve with him in the Corps. The Marine Corps did good to get him.TLP

Relmond Bennett Cobb
Bowie, Maryland
Surface Warfare

Rebel is, I mean, ya know, a man of few words but many demerits. But it only takes a few words to create a legend. I mean, how do you describe a man who takes a firstie weekend as a plebe, drives his car on the yard during MPSS, and has several unawarded "Black N's." Rebel has spent four years on the Conduct Office's "Most Wanted" list and will serve his last day of probation on May 26. To stick with his good points, we won't mention his academic prowess (Square Root Club ring any bells?). Never far from a can of dip, Reb often gets vacuumed, being mistaken as a permanent fixture in the wardroom. A should'a been All-American, Reb was a four year star for Navy water polo, despite his close and "loving" relationship with Coach Scho. But for all his clashes with authority, Rebel is the best friend and classmate anyone could ask for. Later Reb, see ya at Ram's Head. DKISRQCLMSABKTT



Scott Albert Davitt
Prescott, Arizona
Navy Pilot

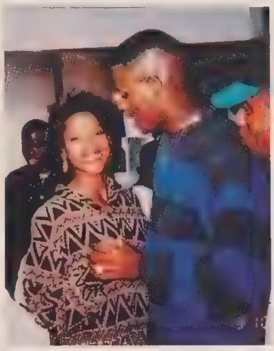
Scott arrived to us from cactus country via nuke school. He quickly made a name for himself with anarchy symbols on his sneakers and from then on its been . . . Plebe year: Dastur, Dunnick, and the attitude correctional facility. Rooming with the big red $#%!. The limmer and where's your brace! 3/c year: Darts, darts, darts, branding irons, and a few arguments to say the least. 2/c year: Darts, a new company, beloved Nikki and the bucket of $%*! Army week. Keeping diplomacy with Swiss blondes and of course your car and ring. 1/c year: 3 stripes and always on liberty. Is that a 9mm? The little blonde one and light of your life-Rhonda. Moving into the family already? You're own apartment for better or worse. We finally made it and I will always remember the past 3 years. Good luck in all and God bless! --JMR

Debra Ann Draheim
San Antonio, Texas
Navy Pilot

Debs..who really knows where she came from(or where she's going for that matter). Always a wild & daring spirit she still somehow came to USNA with a great deal of innocence. Even after a little B&B, handling some not so B&B,trips to Grandma's, conlocker hideouts, that get away by the bay, and various other deeds that earned you a Black N, you are still sweet and "somewhat" innocent. Plebe summer was tough but you did it and what a terrorist, gestapo from hell, flamer 2/C you turned out to be. An academic sweat you always were; sometimes it was just plain necessary, but 1/C year taking your books in and studying at the bar? Every trip is an adventure with you and somehow you always land on your feet. At every turn you're off and pursuing some new goal and most of the time successfully but if not you are never afraid to try. I miss you already. Ding Ding Draheim and Draheim departing..Mels(Dra-II)

Kimberlyn Michelle Drayton
Cleveland, Ohio
Surface Warfare

Cleveland sent us this bundle of joy via NAPS. By the end of plebe summer she had dazzled the B-ball coaches and walked on to the varsity team. 2/C year saw 50 fun-filled days of restriction with Kim's one day off spent fixing a blown-out tire. Study hour was renamed laughing hour and provided many a night filled with dance breaks, flashlights, and jokes about the stupidity of mids and men. As the years passed, Kim spent less and less time at USNA. By firstie year, her mail didn't even come here anymore. Between her men, her parties, and her business ventures, she'd better have her "dope bachelorette pad" lined up within a couple years. Although she was planning on gracing the Marine Corps with her presence, the Navy now gets to deal with Kim for the next five years. You've been a great roommate. Keep your eyes on the prize, honey-bunny. TGM



John Rovinsky Ewing III
Las Vegas, Nevada
Marine Corps Pilot

Have you ever been thumped by the devil in the pale moonlight? From Las Vegas this dawg brought his own language & could always point out the blahs and dahs. Jack, also seemed to have a problem finding a tissue, & all his friends needed belts. Youngster year brought Jackie into the bartending scene & a new record for most classes skipped. Young Boedecker tortured by the A-licker with help from the Damians & a Jamaican roommate. 2/c year: Piles, piles, and more piles. Mount Vernon, why? The first EE scandal, and the lab partner who turned you into a Monster. $8000 in 4 months? Some drivin' fools...Heres to parking in a fire zone on the sidewalk, Chinese Food, and the fact that we somehow made it through here (So far). I'll get the ONE & only round at Club Pussycat, and may we find another young woman like our friend in New Orleans. LB, Baby and Semper Feyedelis MARINE! SHD, DEW

Wardell Conrad Fuller
Thornton, Colorado
Navy Pilot

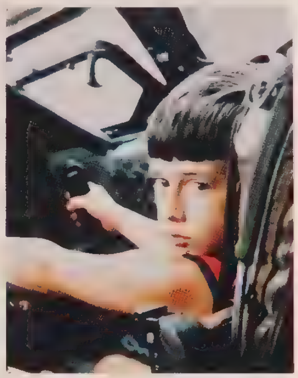
TC-Thornton Colorado. What four years you have had: plebe summer attitude, living at the roamer's table, "I have given a name to my pain", writing like a 3rd grader, attempted kidnap of a cheerleader, Herndon monument of beer cans, sailing through a hurricane to Bermuda, YP run aground, battling dark forces, brush with death on country roads near Hood, UA-no plebe detail, summer on restriction, flame time, the Four Horsemen, Homecoming fun, skiing in CO, Spring Break cruise to the Bahamas-"I kissed her first!", see ya Beeker, Ring Dance weekend-"Hey J, can I borrow a... ", summer cruise flying in California, Tiajuana--10 beers-10 Tequila shots-10 bucks, turbo Probe, summer two timing, close one at USAFA, weekends dancing in search of babes, and finally, Navy Air! You persevered and made it. We've had a lot of truly great times, and you've been a great friend to all. Watch your six! JEJ

David Keringer Ismay
McLean, Virginia
Surface Warfare

Dave who? Dave came to us a a soft-spoken, well mannered(?) *liberal*, Catholic boy, but it didn't take us long to change all that. It took us a year to figure out he lived in a study room in Nimitz with only infrequent visits to Bancroft. The man who seemed destined to be BC, but got 5 stripes and a RHODES Scholarship instead is the only truly gungy SWO we know. A 3.99 earned him a spot in Griffin's scholastical elite club, too bad beer effects his memory, especially where bathrooms are concerned (No Dave, that's the closet.) He traded his sailboat for a crew shell after two years and decided '95 was too HOT to handle. Remember: 3/c Army-Navy F-ball, "Turccooo," "Did we win?," Why you always diss'n me? Skins-Cowboys, late nighters with the Boss and Clapton, & "It's not a tuma". Don't blame us-we voted for Bush. Thanx for coming to your (or any) party! Peace & See ya. Have fun at Oxford! RBCSQRCLMKTTSAB

Jason Eric Jakubowski
Ashland, Ohio
Navy Pilot

Let us exalt Jako (JACK-OH)! The past four years (and a couple of beers) have transformed this shy, intellectual country boy into a brilliant, cosmopolitan PLAYBOY. After SWEATing through plebe year, Jason's anal retentiveness cleared-up right along with his complexion. Since grades were scarcely a concern (his 3.65 QPR was perpetually close to failing!), Jason was free to devote all of his energy towards the pursuit of female companionship. Even with all his hooks in the water, the only thing he seemed to catch was a group of guys--but what a group!! WCF, MMC, JDM, TLP, DAW, and TWC were always around to insure that Dr. SMOOOVE didn't get sued for malpractice. A few high-school girls later (TLP's idea, right?!), Jason found his Jane (or Juanita en Espanol) but was not satisfied as lord of her jungle. I do not doubt that Jako will soon find the ANGEL of his dreams; I pray that she turns-up BLUE. God bless...jdm



Stacy Ann Marcott
Eagle River, Alaska
Supply Corps

Our very own liberal, little, eskimo who HATES cold weather. Go figure. She twirled her way into our hearts on the D&B Flag Corps, but then decided she was destined for bigger things. Powerlifting. You wanna do what? A lot of work later, here she is a National Champion and the Baddest Bench in the Brigade lifting very big things. Quite the little hard body. Raccoon skins, funky music (Nine Inch Nails have got to go), and FJS, you brought all kinds of wierd things home with you. November Mike was the dream that didn't quite come true. Now look who's a love fag. You almost look domesticated in your BMW. Yeah, right! Ditch the Bear, you're not in the wilderness anymore. Unless your at Assateague where the wild ponies make noises all night long. You're the greatest and most faithful and you'll always be the #1 roomie. Much love, srq.

Tanya Gooden Mayer
Hagerstown, Maryland
Cryptology

Tanya has been afforded the luxury of being from Maryland from sort of nearby Hagerstown. To look at Tanya, one would say "Hey, that girl is the model midshipman." To know her, though, is a different story. I've often wondered how Tanya, or "T" (as I affectionately call her) has put up with the many constraints of the life of a midshipman. The woman who can 'house' all night long, intoxicate herself silly (watch out for those shot glasses!), do new and exciting things with her hair ('Pinky'), be Princess Leia, sew her toes together for BEAT ARMY week, bite the butt when she has to (LOOK OUT, MARTIN...), eat macaroni and boiled eggs for an eternity, shower with close friends at their convenience (Shrop), travel to Norfolk for nine hours, relieve herself in the trash can, strip to Venus, ...able to leap large @#$%&* in a single bound...LOOK...IT'S A BIRD...IT'S A PLANE...NO!?! --It's only Tanya. But love her anyway. Peace, my sista, and much hair grease. KMD

Ro Thomas Milanette
Amherst, New Hampshire
Surface Warfare

That guy across the bar? The one with the quarterback smile and lineman build? Yeah, that's Tom "Frannie O's" Milanette. Sure, you can ask him to dance, just don't stand too close. If you're nice to him he may tell you one of his forum-quality anecdotes. His "Truck-zilla" is parked out back and loaded down with his favorite fly fishing rods, every Elton John album known to man, barbeque grill, *maybe* a day's supply of clothes and, of course, all the M.G.D. an African Bull Elephant can drink (ar,ar,ar!). If enemy ships looked like fish, Tom would be the next Norman Polmar. No, I've never actually been to Lake Winnepausaki, but I do have nightmares, er, dreams about it. Don't let the smell of his hockey equipment paralyze you, the clothes he's wearing are clean, just go ask the owners. But seriously,this guy knows how to have fun, and if you're not careful, the big lug may become one of your best friends. DAW

John Robert Miles
Chattanooga, Tennessee
Cryptology

John hails to us from Tenn, Mich, Penn, and D.C. depending on where you are from. With all the people and places John knows, no wonder he can't keep names straight. Unsurpassed in knowledge of cheesy pickup lines and no fear in using one or all on anyone. But John could and did impress and surprise us with his genuine character when he wanted. He is also a man of many talents who has run X Country, played hockey and rugby during his time here. Never forget "Oh really, I like (fill-in-blank) too", "Let's go to whats-the-place", "What's his/her name again", "I think she wants me", or especially "Do you know where any good bars are?" John the self-proclaimed outdoor guru, after hearing some West Texas coyotes howling, ran a 4.0 forty, performed a perfect 10 dive into a car and spent the rest of the night with the doors locked. How the @&#$ did you get on the honor commitee? B.S. FOREVER--SAB CLM RBC

Collins Langdon Morrison
Sherman, Texas
Uinted States Air Force

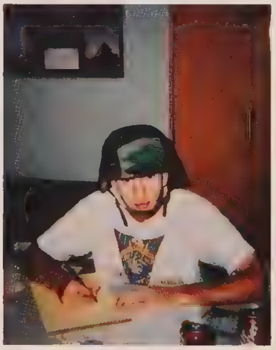
When Lang came to the Academy, he was a good ol' country boy (and cheerleader?) with a temper the size of Texas and a stubborness to match. After every leave period, it was inevitable that he would state "I met the girl I'm gonna marry." This included some acrobatic stunts on the roll bar of his jeep. Finally, enter Trish Fawkes. "Trish what?" Now Lang's temper is the size of a local 7-11 and he has transformed into a complete pushover (Homo Domesticatus) Remember: The 1st Summer Whites inspection, errant projectiles that hit the mark once (the chair), the window of 5-3, the door that wouldn't open, barely making it back from the O's game due to the technicolor yawn while driving a rental, political arguments with DKI and all the FUN with Disy (boy, that Cope tasted good both ways). Are those Bugle Boy panties you're wearing ...? Off you go into the Wild Blue Yonder (Crash?) Good Luck! RBCSABKTTJRMRTMTJF

Jeffrey Dan Mulkey

Dallas, Texas

Navy Pilot

Jeff arrived with a year of Texas A&M under his belt, and quickly learned that "No-Salutum-BOOW" and T-shirts tucked in underwear were the way to go. Plebe year blessed Jeff with an extra roommate, but she was not for him. Excursions to the dark side proved fruitless, but he found his future Texan wife on a blind date before 2/C summer. 2/C year brought a Yankee roommate, the Four Horsemen, dissertations on the wonders of Texas, and games with fire, knives, and explosives. It is a wonder no one was killed, or tried to kill him. 1/C year saw Jeff running a radio station, trying to resign from the Academy, fighting medical for pilot qualification (he won!), enduring Arctic room temperatures, and spending weekends either on the phone with Kim or chaperoning the guys on their girl hunts. We have had many laughs and good times, for which I am thankful. You've been an awesome friend.JEJ



Thomas Leslie Pritchett III

Dallas, Texas

Marine Corps

A big place called Texas was were Les was found. Cistercian Prep and baseball, his resume was sound. A history major- fifteen hours a semester, worried about better things we found our loved Lester. He liked INXS and U2, and country- of course, plus giving refs hell, and riding a horse. Sleeping his youngster year away, what was on his mind? He had to stay up at night to make Kath Valentines. Second Class year was full of beer and girls. Remember your birthday when you had to hurl? "I promised I never called her, guys." But he still took out Belcher, what a surprise. The girls of the Brigade knew him well: C-M, J-B, and others I won't tell. Company Commander first and second class year. Being his roommate wasn't so dear. His service selection wasn't subs or FO, but U-S-M-C. Oh what and a devilish devil dog Les Pritchett will be.MMC

Sarah Ruth Quimby

Leland, Mississippi

Marine Corps

Following in her big brother's footsteps, Lil' One came to us as a naive Southern Belle right out of Gone With The Wind. Her talents and tenacity (stubborness?), however, soon showed us who she really was. Whether it was the late nights of ticklin' the ivory in Mitcher, writing love songs, or perfecting her black belt form, she never stopped surprising us. 2/C summer brought two new "roommates," definitely more headaches, but the start of a lot of fun. Amaretto Sours, trips across the country, and the water polo fan club opened up a whole new world. A never-say-die runner, Sarah endured four three-season years of "Bertha," Halsey and Ingram Field always leading the pack and the spirit of her teams. Her ferocious "I'll break you!" kept us in line for four years. You are the best friend anyone could ever have. Love you, sam,dki,rbc.

John Mark Rhodes

Pineville, Kentucky

Navy Pilot

John surfaced at USNA from DownYonder, Ky... 4/C year: Tongue control, babe- Sir?? Diceman-Lim. No! That's my towel! Klingon? Streaking the turf field in the dead of winter. 4/C year refined the Cumberland Gap 'diamond in the rough' into the PT stud Rhodez Warrior... 3/C year--move the lamp!! Are you done yet? Long nights of typing... Seals? Baltimore Babe-Psycho Amazons-nuff said!! Computer takes a swim. Dart holes? Mac Attack! Dealing with 'Princess Lea'--is that legal? Jet magazine. How's the knee? 2/C year: Plebes? Come back in 5 minutes! Room formal? Get the blinds, I'll get the shower--yeah, right. Another star? Darts anyone? 1/C year: Michelle-trouble in paradise-patched it up. Rhonda? Yup-shorter than me. The Olds Beast. Pilot? Nuke? What's a furley? MISLO-haircut?? no problem. 'Browsing' downtown-hangover recovery. Erkle-Bootsie. Thanks for the friendship, laughs and KIT!--SAD

John Patrick Sahlin

Pine Bluff, Arkansas

Navy Pilot

John Sahlin has gone through many changes during his four years here. He has gone from a man stuck in the seventies era to an engaged grad student. In his years here, his changes are most prevelent in the places he could be found each year. Plebe year, John could be found writing suggestive letters to his former girlfriend, passing out at the Herndon ceremony, at Reb's post Herndon parting sipping beer in a dark corner of the garage and proposing to D.D.. Youngster year found John placing 7th Co. on restriction by forcing plebes into scandalous serenades, at 7-11 in cammies past taps, on a brigade phone dialing 1-900 numbers, and bumbling down the streets of UVA. Second class year John could be found as a member of the Four Horsemen flaming on Beeker and getting engaged after knowing each other less than 93 days. And Senior year has found him in many places but none of them at USNA.

Kyle Travis Turco

Lewistown, Montana

Navy Pilot

Here we are Kyle, the final curtain. What a blast we had. Franny O's will miss us I'm sure. Hell, Larry will probably find work elsewhere. Thanks for passing out everytime we hooked up with chicks. I know you were just being nice by giving up your share. You sure were a diehard with that Kate story. Nice tackle of the 3rd BATT QB.I would have let you play fullback if you could run thr 40 in less than 4 months. Don't think for a second that your interception in rock v geeks wasn't a gift. Mooch & I were kind to you in darts,too.Thanks for all the help in EE.What would I've done without your seemingly endless knowledge ofthe universe?I've got to get to this Montana place -boy, they taught you everything there!I'm dying to wrestle cattle & shoot cut-throat trout.Well Ky,go tear up those skies & remember:stay away from sweedish nannies & don't eat those big brown nuts!You're the best RTM

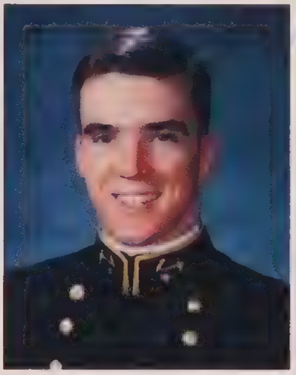
Devin Arlie Winklosky

Derry, Pennsylvania

Marine Corps

Let's get one thing straight, Wink isn't ordinary. He is unique in every sense of the word. Sure he wore the uniform and played the game, but from the start, the little polish fellow from Beerville, Pa. seemed to play with a different deck; a loaded deck. Yeah, he still had his follies. He never did learn to keep his hairs on his head, and if you bring the guy out partying in uniform he may show you how to decorate Denny's..or your uniform. He's also the only person you'll ever meet who had a b-ball net stuck to his head. His better qualities however, are what make him famous. You couldn't find a person more willing to let his roommate vent his frustrations or lend out a pair of tighty-whities. A true master at the art of arguing, his views and ideas (known as Devinism) will one day,I'm sure, be worshipped with those of Aristotle and Socrates. Don't give your morals away Dev. RTM

Thirty-Second Company



Brian Robert Blalock
Fredricksburg, Virginia
Surface Warfare

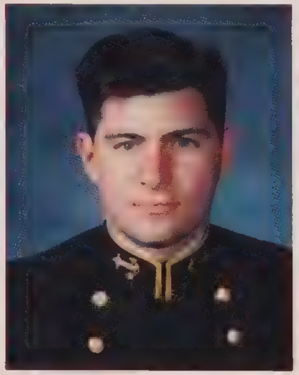
Mookie came to us with gills and fins and much more motivation than we could handle. Little did we know what trouble would aspire once he offered our personal time away in lieu of an S.I.P. Youngster year came along and Mookie ran into two old faithfuls, academics and the rack. After a majors change and many violations of other's racks, Mook decided to follow one ideal: Let's rack and eat our way to graduation! One good note though, he FINALLY met the love of his life. The only problem was that if he wasn't horizontal, he was a ghost. I guess Crofton isn't as far away as we thought. Mookie did have a few good traits though. He beat calculus and diff eq's away with a stick, along with many roommates. Shaving cream wars, 5 A.M. practices, an abundance of frontal assaults, and the first to become engaged, Mook was a leader. Good luck with J and have a good one. Semper Fi, mijo. MPW

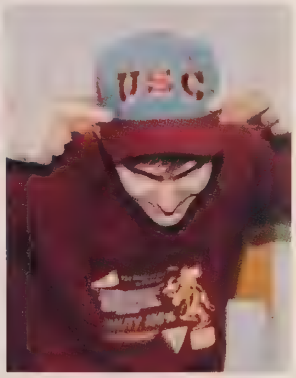
Terrence Marwayne Brown
Indianapolis, Indiana
Marine Corps Pilot

"T" left the Hoosier state to come to USNA in the summer of '89. He spent plebe year trying to prove his company officer wrong: "Mr. Brown, you'll never get a 3.0, but I do think you're better than a 1.8." He never did quite make it to 3.0. After the deadline for his scholarship to Purdue came and went, he settled down to work, though he did see the insides of Purdue, thanks to his two new friends. Youngster year he made his mark as the only one in the company who DIDN'T decide to leave USNA. 2/C year, T decided to start studying. The mega program lasted...one week. Then he decided to lift. That lasted...one week. Then he decided to sleep, and he's been happy ever since. 1/C year, he entertained the entire town of Annapolis and most of the brigade in Griffin's and on 8-0 when he became legal. Through it all, he's been "my boy" and will make his mark wherever he goes. AYH

Michael Angelo Cesta
Burbank, California
Marine Corps

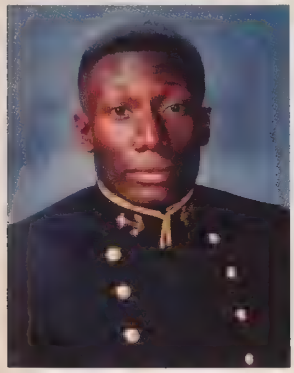
Mike came to the academy sporting his 'flock of seagulls' doo and his O.G. fresh pimp getup attitude, enlightening us all with his intimidating gangster sign language. This short, hairy, captain caveman looking, italian stallion achieved fame throughout the brigade by not signing off correctly on NATS. After a short stint of slugging on the baseball team, he went on to use his head to beat up the brigade champ's fists. Finally, this athlete settled on the 150 pound football team. To lose the fifty pounds, he stopped going to three daily grab and goes, cut himself from the fat man's tables, and had fun jogging in the sauna. According to TG, he looked like a black-haired FLATS. When this tough-guy wasn't brutalizing defensive lineman, he was getting slapped up by fillies in Fells Point, or running in the halls in his b-day suit screaming "T!!!". Best of luck in the Corps & with MM! TLM, MJS





Denise Leigh Chatfield
West Dundee, Illinois
Navy Pilot

doo dee doo...It all began plebe summer:"I guess I have to help her," short hair, honestly blond, halo in tact. Crew was a bonding experience, and how 'bout those ergs (couldn't have done it alone), mighty keeper of the bow light, and Dad Vail gold-sweet! (Good job-go tell your squad leader.) Blondie's halo made the jump to the mainstream 1/c summer-or was that a short trip to the dark side?? (hey quality, not quantity) She soon became addicted to coffee (and bagels)-Chick & Ruth's, 2 a.m. (uh-oh), next came the incense and candles. Before we knew it, she was hanging with the Johnnies. Did you ever get your bath in the footed bathtub? And then came the jeep... jeep - wait, where's my roof? Navy air gets to deal with her now ("hey, does it matter if your hair is a different color from your I.D. card?") 4 years, dork-we did it. JML, MDF.



Earl Winfield Checkley
St. Leonard, Maryland
Marine Corps

Earl W. Checkley, a.k.a "Brother Earl", "Chex" and just "Cool". Earl was a very "hard" worker. He spent countless hours roaming Bancroft. No wing was too far for him to reach, no deck was to high for him to climb. No late, past, outdated, old, or due assignments were too hard for him to bamboozle and hoodwink. Basically if you didn't have it, he did. He will always be known for grabbing the jont. He was always true to the game; Known for getting a good nights, or if necessary, a good days sleep. All in all he was a class act with a dope ride and some sweet gear. As Battalion Honor Chairman, he was a jokester. And when he wuzn't trying to run track, he was rolling with his boyz in the Beef Cake Crew.--JJ, WV, & MB

Michael James Cloyd
Annapolis, Maryland
Naval Flight Officer

"If you sleep 12 hours a day, you only spend 2 years here." Unable to make the cut on his first try, Cloud came to USNA after a year in the minor leagues at NMMI. After a shaky Plebe Summer, this Viking of the Severn proved his doubters wrong with his impressive performances on the PCR and Chem Final. A card-carrying member of the 2% Club, he always kept us guessing where his lovelife was headed. But don't let this Romeo fool you, his 1st love will always be his laptop. USNA had Mike's incredible work ethic in mind when they designed the Comp Sci Major. After taking 3/C year off to get reacquainted with his rack, Clydes once again heard the call of the boathouse (and the Dark Side). We'll never forget MJ's bizarre sense of humor: thanks for all the laughs. Roommates the whole way through, we gave new meaning to "four years together by the Bay." You're in my prayers-CGH.

Charles Leander Converse
Diamond Springs, California
Surface Warfare

Chuck was born in a log cabin on 20 August 1971. He applied to the Naval Academy because of its rigorous academic program and he had visions of being a Varsity Swimmer. His hopes were soon dashed by the Swimming coach, but Chuck was undaunted and continued on. Chuck survived by the skin of his teeth. Chuck "Surfed" through Plebe Summer and a certain second class who will remain nameless (J.K.-captain 150's) made Chuck's life into a walking nightmare. Which wasn't too hard, considering that Chuck had regular nightmares in which J.K. chased him through Bancroft. Through it all Chuck kept his chin up.(which provided a great target) Chuck finally made it(we hope), and now the real world can get to know the Charles Converse we know and yet fail to understand.

Scott Edward Conway
Catonsville, Maryland
Marine Corps

Scott E Conway (adding the 'E' makes his signature look more dignified) known to you and me as 'Crank or Creskin' came to USNA from the Baltimore suburb of Catonsville, 'Hon.' His appearence in uniform is exemplery, especially highlighted by his stately dignified nose, also often being mistaken for a female midshipman due to his PRECIOUS, long, regulation hair. A member of the J.V. Lacrosse team, his large booty made him the prime candidate for two years of team captain. In fact they'll probably retire his jersey since he never got a varsity letter sweater. King of the Blue-light Specials, has made three years of rooming with him very exciting if not noisy. A math major, Scott has spent most of his four years in the rack, and he does snore. The 'Rooster' will be welcome in the Marines, where he's destined to be a poster Marine with that nose. Remember "If it's not Scottish, it's crrrrrapp!"

Justin Charles Crevier
Parris Island, South Carolina
Marine Corps Pilot

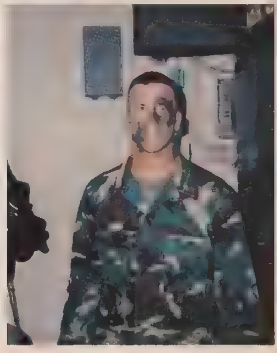
After three years humping around as a Marine infantryman, Grumpy Smurf humped his way up to Newport to enter NAPS with the c/o '89. Always the philosopher, Crevier spent 4/C year pondering how chall-calls and Beat Army spirit would make him a better warrior. 1st semester, 3/C year, found Crevier quipping, "Yeah, well while you're reading history, I'll be making it in the Systems major." (The next semester found the Old Man in the History Dept. as well.) Whatever lack of motivation "BA" may have displayed in his former major, he was indomitable at the Ram's Head, where he could drink Guiness Extra Stout like water. An avid GQ reader, Crevier always stunned the ladies in town (and around the brigade) with his trusty Marine Corps Marathon T-shirt, hinge-knee (sort of like an ostrtich's) and Joe Weider Strap-On lats. Justin, you have been a true friend, and an inspiration. SEMPER FI. TDG,TLM,MAC,MJS

Kristen Williams Culler
Fayetteville, North Carolina
Navy Pilot

Krissy came to us from the Tar Heel State ready to take on the world. In the four years at the Academy, she's about half way there. Plebe summer, she hit the deck plates running (on crutches). She set records for the most number of hours studying in a single year. Youngster year brought with it the mystery of the extra tooth brush?!! Soccer and an extended trip to Colorado Springs took up most of 2/C year, but nothing could prepare her for firstie year. Living on 4-1 for first semester, she was able to get a different view of mid life. Everybody wanted to interview her (including her "cousin" from the most backwards newspaper in the U.S.). She found out exactly how long it takes everyone in the Brigade to hear a version of a rumor about the BC (22 and 1/2 hours). Krissy, I hope you remember all the good times and always hold on to your dreams. AYH

Thomas Matthew Dobbins
Fort Scott, Kansas
Marine Corps

The Dobber wandered into town from the great state of Kansas with a gleam in his eye and a lump of hayseed in his ear and took to Annapolis like a cat takes to water. Ever the scholar, Tom's dreams of being a Mech E. were squashed when plebe year academics hit him with a full frontal assault. In the four years that followed this future devil dog fought valiantly against the evil forces of Physics, EE, and the infamous Quattro Pro. His greatest realization came youngster year when, to his surprise, he discovered that a town actually existed on the other side of the wall. Armed with only his keen intellect, hard body, and dazzling good looks, our hero set out on a quest, determined to find those elusive "Godly Babes" or die trying. Cheers to a great pal, roommate, and spritual guru. Good luck in the Corps Dobber, Chesty would be proud. - CTS



Maria Denise Falzone

Forest Lake, Minnesota
Surface Warfare

M: When the going gets tough, the tough...shoot pool. (And the really tough shoot better after a couple drinks, right?) Here's to good friends and free champagne, candles that drip, Spot, and Jean Claude for always being there. Who'da thunk that a chick from Minnes-oh-ta would have to come way out east to find true love with a ranch boy from Montana? I sure hope L. already knows about the "Copacabana" thing. (and to think that I lived with a Barry Manilow lover all this time and didn't even know it!) Remember- the clock is always running, and every Now is a little piece of Forever. No regrets. Love, D.

Michael Sean Flatley

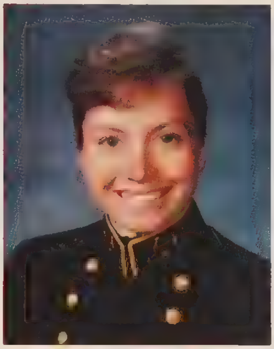
Floral Park, New York
Navy Pilot

No biography submitted

Linda Marie Garner

Winchester, Tennessee
Supply Corps

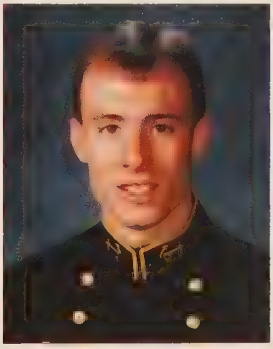
Lil' Linda came to us from the mountains of Tennessee "fixin'" to pound the ground with the best of the Marines. From the looks of her Plebe year grades she was well on her way. Like a true Marine her cadence calling was often a show-stopper, "This @#$% has got to stop!" "They said they all would be so fine, but not compared to the dog of mine!" REMEMBER...Blue and Gold, bleaching your blanket and getting lost of 3-0. Third class year she hit the track and the books running, trying to make up for lost time. After Bulldog, Linda realized that Green was just not her color and decided to join the only corps...SUPPLY CORPS. 1/c year she began a life of lemon drops, dancing and men, in the true Navy tradition. These four years together have been great! We're gonna miss you. Love, EAM & TLL



Thomas Dewitt Gore

Tampa, Florida
Marine Corps Pilot

Thomas Dewitt Gore was also known as "Ichabod Crane", "Nairobe man", "Mr. Rogain", and by his most intimate lovers "Pookey Bear", but he liked to refer to himself as "The Goreasaraus" or "Clark Diesel". This self-proclaimed "Viking of the Severn" spent four years pulling on his oar, but he will never have the prestige of his N* 150 pound classmates. Tom never wore a varsity letter, but often wore the same pair of crusty underwear until he washed them on leave. Tom thought he was a tough guy, but on many occasions the familiar cry of "ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT I GIVE" was heard echoing in the hallway. We'll all have the memories of your first true love, Snaggle Tooth. After Snags, Tom fell in love with the Land Jet, which ended up being a copper slug next to the grocery getter. Good luck, marine aviator!! May your vision never deteriorate like your hairline. PAYBACK!!!! TLM, MAC, MJS



Christopher Gavin Harding
Baltimore, Maryland
Navy Pilot

Chris's HS football team could have used "10 more Hardings" to reverse their 0-10 record his senior year, but Chris brought more than athletics to USNA. As a plebe he established his academic prowess by earning the coveted "CRC Handbook of Chem and Physics" with the highest class avg in chem. Unfortunately, that kept his fellow Physics goons around for ei the next three yrs. Keeping a 4.0 throughout left Chris lots of spare time for squirrel catching, 8th wing p-lot antics, losing in tennis, and nearly killing himself at Camden after the "Most Noble of Journeys(Who put those girders there?)," but only when not busy dealing punishment as an honor striper. His lovelife was also busy-following CC and a year off in '90, he settled down with his bride-to-be, SP. To those we weeded out: BB,TD,CY,AH,TG,ML,EC ; I'm glad I was around for the duration. All the best to a truly great friend and your hon - MJC

DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVY
UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS

Adam Young Holton
Indianapolis, Indiana
Marine Corps

It seems only yesterday we were talking trash at a free buffet, now we have four years of memories that will last a lifetime. After finally realizing that Naval Architecture had nothing to do with designing buildings our disheartened "attorney at sea" was destined to go Poli-Sci. So begins the perilous journey, but not without a few pitstops along the way. It all began with Notre Dame and the black eye jokes plebe year, it was down hill ever since. AY, here's to a couple seasons on the brink (one actually went all the way!), making G1 a reality, 0-dollar paychecks, the Swarthmore blues (thanks for staying), the 8th wing players (or should I say violators), and for winning the love of Mariah (ERCK ERCK ERCK), well, at least "it's a possibility." Remember this, life is like a three-point shooting contest, the shots never fall when you really need them to. Thanks for the good times AY. TB

Jason Hillary Jack
League City, Texas
Surface Warfare

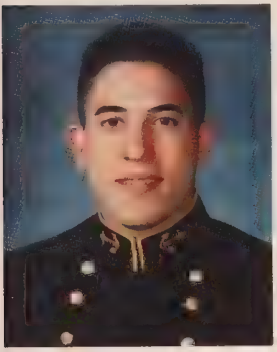
Jason H. Jack, was also known as "Cool J", "Nappy Jack", "Skillet", "Shorty", and the "Connoisseur of fine W.W." J was a dreamer. He dreamed of a 4.0. He got over half that. He dreamed of an 'A' in military performance, but instead he failed the PCR. He claimed to be a jock, but between the plebe year chits and failing the mile and a half every semester, he was a joke. He was the promoter for "fine" institutions. He set us up for Goucher and he hooked us on Guadala-Jacks. He was also the central figure of the Wack Daddy Crew and it was always "ooonn", once he learned how to dress. He was a man that always found a parallel between Cube and the rest of the world. And last but not least, he was often up, close in, & peepin' love in those the early morning hours. "Jay Logic"! All in all, he is a good friend. Best of Luck HOMIE 'cause Jack don't want you back'! -----WVS & EWC!

David Stewart Jones
Wilmington, North Carolina
Naval Flight Officer

Hailing from the coast of North Carolina (Isn't that where Michael Jordan is from?), DJ brought his country boy attitude, soccer prowess, and the second longest hair in the brigade to us. While visions of green danced in his head, this young fool set out on his EE career. We didn't think he would make it, but thanks to youngster year with no sleep, design "support" from MJ, collective efforts in the basement of Michaelson, and 3 years of help from many years past, Magic came through. Halfway through, DJ decided his future lay with the hardest working Navy and the life with a schoolteacher wasn't for him. No seriously, next semester he'll be out 10x more than any of us. Lighting up the dance floors from B-more to NC to Key West, we're sure you'll bloom down in P-cola. Good luck with the wings, don't work too hard, and thanks for 4 years of memories. Saving a place for you in 15! -MPM

Erin Andrea McAvoy
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
General Unrestricted Line

What can we say about Erin? Or better yet, what should we not say! She came to us bringing loads of laughs and words of wisdom. We had no idea she could get bored enough to read the dictionary during plebe summer. Erin's grace is worthy of mention. She has put on many a show in front of Chauvenet and Tecumseh. Beaker or Tecumseh? Erin blossomed over youngster summer but was soon replanted in Smoke Hall! We really missed Erin 2/C year. Was the library really where you went every night?! After three years by the Bay, Erin lost it all in Spain. Money! Booze! Love? She gained it all back 1/C year. Money-It's a good thing those gypsies never found that jar. Booze-St. Patti's Day! (Enough said). Love-Most important, her engagement to Chip. "Now that you're leaving, can we buy your overcoat?" Seriously, we love you and will miss you lots! TLL & LMG



Todd Lawrence McCauley
Brentwood, New York
Marine Corps

Todd McCauley came to the Academy via platoon 2-2 at NAPS. Despite his company officer's repeated insistence that Todd fill out a Univ. of RI application and resign, Todd persevered and earned his appointment to USNA. Plebe year brought a wealth of new experiences for McCauley, including high adventure with the B.A. Association during Army Week. 3/C year saw the departure of the 3rd amigo (MTL), and the timely arrival of a new woman (MC). From a chance meeting in a Manhattan dance club, Todd and MC never looked back. (How much did her ring cost, anyway?) For 2/C and firstie years Todd lived in 32nd Co., where "living large" and then "riding the night train" to catch up in school became a way of life. Although for five years (and longer, I suspect) you have been a loud-mouthed and opinionated-Long Island-Yankee, you have always been a true friend and dependable roommate. See Ya in Hell! TDG

Scott David McClellan
Ironton, Ohio
Medical Corps

McClellan, a name synonymous with warriors bred only in places such as Ironton, Ohio (dangerously close to West Virginia). Scott displayed his warrior spirit early by taking on King Hall with no more than a rain coat to defend him. Displaying his insatiable appetite for knowledge and his unequalled stamina, he proved that the wardroom can be a home away from home. In fact, his allegiance to not one, but many warrior athletes earned him the coveted title of "Bandwagon" among his admiring peers. Ironman's will is his strongest attribute of all as displayed in his denial of the strongest of female Marines who wish to conquer him. Dr. Scotty has worked diligently for four painful years here, toning his svelte body and sharpening his keen intellect to one day become the finest quack the Naval community has ever witnessed.

Matthew Patrick Miller
Shelton, Connecticut
Surface Warfare

Matty came to us from a small town in Connecticut (Husky land) determined to become a fighter pilot. With him he brought his academic genius, hardwork, and every hook prof. Although picked early as the weakest link, MP proved his stamina in the Conn jungles. I could always count on MP to have longer hair, neck adornments and stogies, and he could count on hot blind dates. He was always 1st in the rack, except after drinking rum when he preferred to be under the desk. Senior year found Matt a winner on our infamous log, although he denied any association with the Exxon oil spill. And we could never say that MP was not an athlete; he too has had his share of cold nights in Navy-Marine Corps Stadium just like any other jock. I wish you only the best in all you do -I'll be looking you up in a few years. Thanks for being a great roomie and for all the great memories. -DSJ

Christopher Edward Novak
St. Leonard, Maryland
Nuclear Power - Submarines

No Biography Submitted

Eric William Siebert
Lyndonville, New York
Surface Warfare

Eric was born, as he likes to say, "backwards, blue, and broken armed" and also spent time as a young child comatose and later paralysed by brain stem encephalitis. I am sure that somewhere in all of this there is an explanation for why he was always so full of energy and vigor. Not even multiple ping-pong all calls with four rifles got him down for more than a couple minutes, so we were forced to make him company spirit rep several times. Youngster year saw him change major to Mech. E. at the prompting of "Darth Vader," our company officer. Statics promptly ended that fiasco as his grade went from "A" to "F" between 6 and 12 weeks. He rejoined the ranks of the history majors, enjoying "everything but the damn papers." Second class loan released him on an unsuspecting world in his red Camero. A true Sworrior from the very beginning, he was a pillar in our Navtag team as I am sure he will be in the fleet.

Walter Vincent Smith
Durham, North Carolina
Naval Flight Officer

Walter V. Smith, was also known as "Smoooooth", and "Vinny". He could easily be recognized by his many phrases and limited vocabulary. For example, if you were walking down the hall and you heard, "I see you babe", "Was there ever any doubt", "What you trying ta do", "Mutherfreaker", "I here you", "I ain't got time for that", "Jont", "Win or lose", or "What's up babe", "Talk to me tell me something". He was a man who was in bed early. No computer program, no test, no paper, and no final was enough to keep him up past 11:30. He was a man of many "my girls". He was a man who was friendly with everyone except the Clancy Brothers and their D.J. But last and not least he always found time to plan getting lit with his boys after Varsity Football, 150s Football, Indoor Track, Outdoor Track, Boxing, and "Swimming" Practice.

David Rene Smullen
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania
Marine Corps Pilot

Perhaps the best self proclaimed all around athelete that 32 co. has to offer, Dave came to USNA from Harrisburg like a three toed sloth at full speed (Did you know Poison is from Harrisburg?). Through the three years that I lived with Dave (and his ears), I have come to appreciate his uncanny ability to complain about anything, anytime, anywhere, and more importantly, to anyone who was unfortunate enough to be within earshot. No woman could ever tie either one of us down (although few might have tried). Plebe Summer he led our platoon as the glorious guideon, Youngster year his Varsity Track exploits impressed us all (especially his use of the medicine ball during Dog Zebra), Second Class year his commitment to academic excellence showed until the wee hours of the morning, and Firstie year he shocked us all and chose Marine green. I'll miss you stud and so will the ski resorts. T.G. Creskin

Michael James Sobkowski
Poolsville, Maryland
Marine Corps

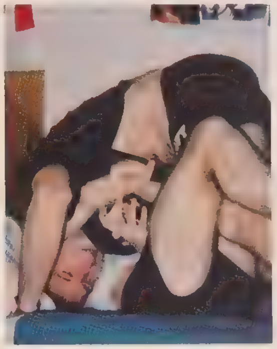
Mike came to the Academy straight from the sticks, Poolsville. As a matter of fact, he drove here in a sweet four door "VETTE". During plebe year he had the most difficult year of his life. Rover died and he lost his claim to a year supply of free "Burger". After overcoming this obstacle, he found his true love when a "Salisbury Steak" landed on his plate. How many miles did you put on the "VETTE" to get a taste of that A1 sauce? We'll never forget that Christmas shopping spree. How much was that bracelet anyway? Mike's luck continued into second class year when he won the "HEISMAN" at BWI after ringdance. Most guys get the "herps" from the opposite sex, but not Mike. He got it by wrestling big sweaty men at wrestling practice. Thanks for all the latest dance steps. Good luck in the Corps.--MAC & TLM

Christopher Tobias Stilley
Marion, Illinois
Surface Warfare

This only child was prematurely weaned from Mom and Dad when he came to us from the cultural mecca of Marion. Never at a loss for words,the "Senator" was quick to express his opinions and explain his agenda for fixing the country's problems. Whether running down the halls in his B'day suit on 100's night,or the wrestling matches with Doc and the Texan, Stills was always entertaining. Chris joined the powerlifting team youngster year to get huge,but later quit after unsuccessfully trying to squat and deadlift more than the women. The "Stills" love life never quite matured,moving from a stagnant high school fling to dates as a 1/c with Dog's 18-year-old daughter. Chris spent most of his time in front of the mirror, either checking out his awesome physique or admiring his vast wardrobe. Good luck, SWO-dog, you made...uh..the right decision. Check your six...I mean, stern. JRM & TMD

Michael Paul Wentz
Richardson, Texas
Marine Corps

A typical Texan, Mike has a lot of state pride--from the flag in his room to the pro-wrestler "nugget" ring he wore 3/C year. He and L.G. were the biggest attraction on Plebe Parent's Weekend--as if their picture in every newspaper in the world wasn't enough! The Judge, Tejas, Rose Giver, and Chicken Hawk are just a few names that describe his exploits. Mike tried his hand at everything--football, track, fieldball, wardroom bouncer, Norman Scott Memorial Lounge founding father, and company security force. Converting C.S. to a country music lover, partaking in the Pink Pet wars, and pre-E.E. exam shaving cream fights were not easy tasks for a math major. A slimmer and wiser Mike met the love of his life 1/C year, and got engaged a few months later. It will be a long time before 32nd Company forgets the Wentzian Syllabic Emphasis. Semper fi, mi amigo, and best of luck in all you do. B.R.B.



Joseph Arthur Wiendl
Merritt Island, Florida
Surface Warfare

No Biography Submitted

Christopher Paul York
Ventura, California
Naval Flight Officer

Always the silent leader, Yorkshire has never rocked the boat, or gotten on anyone's bad side, except Tejas. He's known as the true Romeo of the company. In an all girls dorm, with at least four girls there to meet him, Dork decides to take a little nap after only four beers, leaves em hangin'. One more, Chris, and you'd of had a binge. "Hey Sue it's Chris...Chris who?!" Second Class year, he was having a little trouble finding Juliet to attend the Ring Dance, so out of the kindness of my heart, I passed my date off to him. Weighing in at a massive 165, Chris is feared by all. For the benefit of others, Shire holds weightlifting lessons after class. He's also been seen thrashing the slopes of Liberty leaving his unmistakeable faceprint in the snow. Your laid back style is perfect for the NFO community. You'll always be a member of the Triumverate (even if you didn't join the Corps). DRS

Thirty-Third Company

Lodgerio Bandolon Alqueza II
Madison, Mississippi
Marine Corps

Smoothie Admiral Thrawn Hadji Lodge the gangster Chihuahua, came to us from NAPS. He began his Naval career with an urge to submerge. After battling academics, Reg was inspired to move on to the greener pastures of bulldog. Okasa rowed his way to A successful plebe year. Four years as an honor rep culminated in "the year of the investigation." After Plebe detail, our sandblower death commando and two of his second class traced a lesson on hazing for their squad. Alas, our huge hero's youngster year room missed batting 1000 with the conduct system. Regee had a way with the ladies - from psycho civilians to the ladies of 1994. Remember our 2/C Dining-Out? Happy and optimistic, Reg knew none of us can do it alone, and trusted God to carry him through. As one of the last truly good men, Reg was always there for each of us. Semper Fi, Reg! JWB

Roberto Jose Atha
Miami, Florida
Navy Pilot

It was a long swim from Nicaragua but it was "something you gotta do man..gotta do it." Playing the lotto, Rob got lucky number 265 and a trip to P-cola. Destined to be the next George Lucas, the Atha-Cam will come back to haunt us all. Always on the happy pill with JD, Rob lived in the penthouse. His latin machismo and calls to T got him lucky time and again. Starting out in systems, the poly sci highway set him straight. Rob was never a mooch, always drove, and didn't qualify for the status he deserved. Rob's command of Spanish dialect helped many mids through troubled waters. His massive 150lb physique can be attributed to his dedication to cybergenics and rigorous rack routine. Although he never had cash, he did have Sega, the Atha-Cam, cybergenics, credit for Rocks, and his guitar. Thanks for the Herd's candid camera shots and being the Special Person In Company. "Vaya Con Dios." --BG, TS, RK, LY.

Joseph William Bartish IV

Newtown, Pennsylvania

Surface Warfare

Jam-Master Bartman warps to us from the Newtown Starsystem. I think Jay thought he was at StarFleet. So did everybody else, except me. Here he battled the Klingon missing LINK on tabletops with gamepieces until the wee-hours of the morning. Too bad SIGNLANGUAGE 101 and CMEO 202 weren't offered at StarFleet. Our illustrious Captain of the stars goes down in an explosive display of 4000 fireworks while refueling at McD's spacedock. The frontier ends. Plebe year, Bartman was liked by many, but not his ballish squad leader. JW yearned for the seas so much he went in, missing the gangplank...perfect 10! A ladies man, Jay called the shot... Dana 2B or not 2B... NOT! Firstie year brought the Godly babe from Hawaii. JW inspired all including me. He kept evrybdy on track and Christians on the path. His dream was GOD guided and now he'll see fair winds and following seas on the BURKE. God Bless. LBA

John Daniel Boone

Ingomar, Montana

Navy Pilot

Riding in on his horse all the way from Montana, John joined the HERD FROM 33RD only to find Roberto and Cade in his new barn. (What a mix!) 4/C Year - John's true friends turned out to be his mirror and bottle of Motrin. THE HAIR RAISING(or sticky)HIGH SCHOOL PROM. PIZZA hooked you. 3/C Year - PINELLI and me, but most of all *RENEE* 2/C Year - RENEE!?!?, ASME President ? ha, ha. Sorry John, SPEEDO's and the beach don't mix. 1/C Year - RENEE?!?!?, the Bancroft Mortuary Phone line and pranks with PAUL and FRANK. Throughout our four years together by the bay, John participated in daily grudge matches with WYAN and periodic stints on the Varsity team. Most of all, John excelled as a MECH E. and shined NOT!!! in conduct. LCDR Judith wasn't your best friend, and sometimes you were a " Bad Alligator," but we'll never forget you and our friendship. P.S. THANK GOD FOR RACKING EARLY !!! -ESW

Eric Jason Brenden

Rapid City, South Dakota

Nuclear Power - Submarines

Eric ran all the way out to USNA from SD, stopping every 100 or so miles to pump out a few push-ups. The infamous "What?!" was out of the ordinary for his normally quiet & anonymous demeanor, but set a tone for life in the LOD. 3/C year saw his first marathon & the birth of SGTPT/Capt.America/Super Mid. Debutante's were impressed by his gymspastic skills. Shakin' the tree, w/ your Hackey, Bike, ledgin' it, & skiing, made life livable throughout. Rollin' the die on ServSel showed you were just as confused as the rest of us. Eric (& his planner) defined discipline & dedication & showed all of us what hard work & determination could accomplish. Never satisfied w/ 2nd place (ask anyone who tried to pass him while he was running) Sarge took it to the top. In the time we spent together you taught us more about excellence than anything USNA could have ever hoped for. Take care & Gods speed (run fast & turn left). F/F RSP-TDS

Jeffrey Leonard Carpenter

Shepherdstown, West Virginia

Navy Pilot

Good ol' Cooter came to us straight out of Shepherd's where? Oh,you mean that town with no stop lights. After spending a year in college,he finally realized his true calling while watching "Top Gun." Jeffrey wanted to be a naval aviator. Never seeing a ship before he arrived,Jeff had an interesting plebe year,trying his hand with D&B,Amy and God. By 2nd class year,D&B and Amy dropped out of the picture,and God took both of their places. This doesn't mean that little Jeffrey lost all interest in females. Cooter's reputation was second to none,except maybe Lodgerio. Punctuality and neatness never did agree with Cooter. "Your only saving grace is that your a PEP super"-Dot. Jeff-you're an engineer-would you say that there was an inverse relationship between your time at the Academy and your grades? Nonetheless,after several prayers and a little help from above,Jeff finally made it-U.S. Navy Pilot. **JFJ**

Ryan Gust Christopherson
Clarkfield, Minnesota
Navy Air

Blue-chip wrestling recruit Ryan chose the Academy for one reason, "...da, it looked like it was pretty tough." Plebe summer proved to be a cultural experience for Ryan(J.J.). AC-year, good start, what happened? Pinelli-Tastycake-mice-Flex. Youngster year brought newfound freedom for young Viking(G-town, York, demolition derby w/snowplow, Cantrell U/I) but most importantly, the joys of Mech E. 2/c year, let the fun begin. EEx3, Krista, "You got fat knees", beloved Porsche w/stereo, nice sunglasses huh LT?, we'll hook ya. A/V Cruise(rack-ops, How about a day off Squire?, attempted skiing at condo, cheerleading lessonsx2(didn't learn first time). 1/c year. Who needs liberty, we have the O-club. B.W.D. More Porsche adventures/bills, Spring Break Qual(s). Thanks for making this place bearable. You'll be missed, Compañero. KDD

William Gene Cushman
Ogden, Iowa
Navy Pilot

BG came from the barrenness of Iowa..what a shame. From plebe summer roamer tables, BG progressed to 2nd sem. 1/C CC. Roadkill was his mission. The Captain and Jobu led him to be successful in his academic endeavors and bell tower excursions. Good thing you didn't get in too many verbal fights with LY 3/C yr. BG was always there to give a quote from his vast collection of movies and lived by the ways of the Blues Brothers. Bill, be quiet. Don't forget the serv. sel. roomie trio in the head, not to mention the boxer showcase. LY knows where his socks are and he wants his trou back! BG, you were never exactly God's gift to good room standards. It's a good thing AS will keep you in line. Big Sir wants to see you. Nuff said. All in all it's been a fun 4. The sky is the limit & we know you'll test it. C U you Ac stud--Long live the penthouse and CFZ's of the world--Take care bro..PALS, Keep the faith..LY, RK.

Kenneth Donald DeHan
Seattle, Washington
Surface Warfare

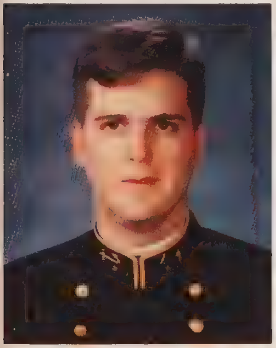
"Kenny" came to the banks of the Severn from the mountains of Seattle after spending a year in beautiful Harlingon, Tx. Sorely missing Tx as well as the love of his life Anne, he settled into Academy life. Plebe year experiences such as your highness, sailing, more sailing, chemistry and Waleed broadened his horizons. 3/c year(lost our comrade, lost your weekends, lost your major, but kept your humor) Thanks for G-town, dad! 2/c summer, Oh My! (B.R.) Have fun in Strengths both times? Killer K. twice? (Moose L. AYC) 1/C year(Nimitz, Teddy Grahms, Mo'lite, Bronco, HP) Need another Gin & Tonic? I wished the motor was on! Chicks are bendy? Nice Family! Guess we won't take the day off, huh Squire! Jimmy said it best. "If we weren't all crazy we would go insane." Insane it was. Ken, I'll never forget the 3yrs we roomed together. It was a life-time. I'll miss you dearly. BWD

James Aldrich Delaroderie
Charlotte, North Carolina
Surface Warfare

The Link came to USNA to be a submariner, still unafected by evolution since the Ice Age. Plebe summer found him "Right behind you guys," wearing uniforms backwards, & w/blisters--he got"much, much better." Plebe yr he liked "pizza" & shaved his chest in the shape of a 2 just before Herndon. By 3/c yr, he had become company Librarian. 2/c yr he struggled vs academia w/us, & headed to Australia in the summer--he partied so hard, he fell asleep eating at a local seafood restaurant, & was thrown out. 1/c yr, B-Bunny struck-JD ended up SWO. He dealt w/this well, sleeping in cars w/open sunroofs in freezing weather "are Bob and Bill here?" His J Crew took over Damon's, his video games got us hooked,we ate his food,he hit curves while driving, made his rack every day-NOT! He was related to everyone & tried to drive his roomate crazy.Guess What? Can't tell you! MLF, S..... Good Luck. The Latin Lover

Jeffrey William Eggers
Exeter, New Hampshire
Special Warfare

One word to describe Boofy: enigma. With a doo rag over a high and tight, walking in Jesus cleats with a kapok on his back, the Green-Peace SEAL enters, writing poems on a 486. He arrived from Phillips Exeter (Smart***) & named his piece el Guapo. Jeff was misunderstood freshman year, or maybe it was a sleeping disorder. Later, Jeff's aspirations grew to pilot-diver-SWO-marine-SEAL & didn't change until mini-BUDS. Record spinning, picture taking, Labyrinth editing (Oops!), rock climbing, wind surfing, striper mtgs, and of course, hockey playing (#17)... he even invented his own dance - the Christy Shuffle. Now he's off to Oxford to drink thick, stout beer and teach them about the hypotenuse. Event-ually, all things merge into one, and a river runs through it, & Jeff swims in it on his way to where the streets have no name. Thanks for writing my name in stars on the ceiling. - BTF & AGW



Eric Clayton Farrar
Waco, Texas
Surface Warfare

Dawg came to us from good ol' Wacko, Texas with dreams of becoming a U.S. Marine. Plebe year proved to be no difficulty for Eric nor did Youngster year despite an unpalatable message and a few rounds with the DepDant. Second semester Youngster year began the Hustle and lights out at ten. The following summer afforded Dawg with two notorious road trips to O.C., one with the margaritas and the other with the beach patrol. As Dawg matured, that is come of age, the statement "Let's go out for one beer," became popular and Bateman's and Kislings became like home. Dawg had us all fooled, going on hooya M.O.'s to Quantico, jump school, Bulldog, and Anglico only to hear the call of the sun and surf and select a frigate out of Pearl. It's been great and I hope to visit you at the Lazy Dawg Ranch soon. Aloha! By the way, what happened to your cummerbund? **JPI**

Michael David Favetti
Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania
Nuclear Power - Submarines

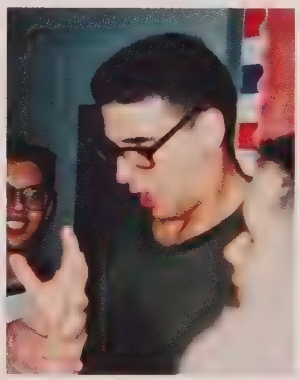
Caesar came from a hardware store in PA with an empty head. Still, his GPA ascended to the heavens only to plummet later on with the weight of each new stripe. 3/c year he hefted the Bag on his shoulders. Rider of the Thunder Chicken, Ceiling Fan Man was the only SCUBA stud we had. Always the early riser and exemplary subordinate ... NOT! Mike ALWAYS spoke his mind. With the help of the Lucky Bag, IEEE, and socializing, he almost succeeded in joining the square root club as well. The man had a gift: only four senses and a giant probiscus to prove it, along with the talent to get anyone's gourd. Thanks for the ski parties, the photos, and the laughs; the Nose kinows. JBR&AGW Don't let him redecorate you room: He likes to install major appliances, entertainment centers, and re-route telephone lines. I wish you luck and a freshly hung "happy hour" sign on the door of life as you pass by. VEJ

Benjamin Thomas Fitchett
Jamestown, North Dakota
Surface Warfare

I have this friend/pal: senior year he jumped on the bandwagon of character builders, his Tuuk in place, the beard and cynicism in tact, and promptly scored a hat trick and demonstrated that what you get is what you get. He played fairly, but was dealt an unfair hand by the evil persecuting precomm people, yet ended up plucking the premier ship on the list. He took it in the chin (Navy Hockey #9 retire the shirt please...), and in the heart(get out the BBG stick) yet he still played his part with dignity and grace. Tipsy nights on the ledge, chow call reveille, partying with CMR on 2-4, and singing 70's tunes for six hours on long road trips. Many have skeletons in their closets, but Ben only has a rack. Get out of the way world, for he is the one they call Fribbish. Oh...& don't forget to turn off the Christmas Tree, eh? Always, JWE & AGW

Marc Anthony Genualdi
Lufkin, Texas
Surface Warfare

The following words and phrases (some altered to fall within the realms of decency) mark the highlights of my 2.5 years as the U-2 brainwashed roomate of Marc Anthony Genualdi: Battle-Ax Paattie Bootsie Get ... . out Bench/ neck press Stewardess Kidney Stones (.0001% chance) Lisa Porterrero....Aqua Dream Stay away from ... that's what I was told Hanging Abey Las Vegaasss No do you? Preference Mmm, Marks Ham in Fl. Palimino Club Gotta do it. Rack ops (also let w=r) Tip for Connie Oh my shoulder You go girl D Munching Teeth Long Legged ..... Peg Leg I hate computers-- Tippy, Burghart Help! Although this type of bio is different from the norm, I am not nor do I confess to be normal. It goes without saying that Marc is a great, hardworking gentleman who deserves the best that life has to offer.



Anthony Francis Gilless
Highland, Indiana
Surface Warfare (Oceanography Option)

Let's just say that things at USNA would have definitely been different without Tony. After four years of the beloved Gillessisms, thirty-third company had a new language which was understood by all of us. Sayings that come to mind are: "Why do you hate me?", "Ice!", "Gotta do it.", and "Chicksssss." If he wasn't lifting, he was "snatching" every opportunity to meet women. Seeing Tony in action was inspirational. Yes he crashed and burned a number of times on Spring Break in Key West but overall he always ends up ahead. I'll never forget all of our adventures at the tanning shop, Las Vegas, and my birthday with you and Kerri. Thanks for putting up with U2 and keeping all of those secrets I told you. Good luck with everything and remember who to stay away from. -MAG

Joseph Patrick Ireton
Baltimore, Maryland
Navy Pilot

Joe gave up a four year, all-expenses paid vacation at the Air Force Resort in Colorado Springs so he could join us for four years of hell on the Severn. Since Youngster year when Joe and I became roommates, a lot of memorable things have happened. "Do the Hustle". . ."Don't worry guys, Alice and I will make the margaritas"..."Hey! She doesn't have a shirt on"..."Ahhhh! Red combat lighting"..."To hell with it! I'm going to bed"..."I have a test tomorrow, so let's go out for ONE beer." After four years of hard work, Joe attained his goal of becoming a Naval Aviator. I know that he won't mind the extra commitment, because he's going into a job where they pay him to be well-rested. Just think Joe, I'll be in Hawaii before you report to Pensacola. Take care, Joe. Years from now we'll go to Kisling's, and this will all seem funny. **ECF**

John Francis Jones
Newport News, Virginia
Surface Warfare

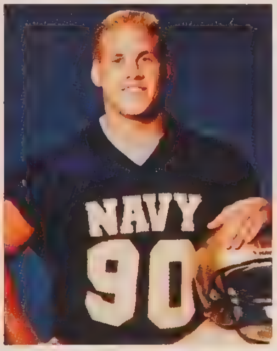
John Jones came to us from Newport News, Virginia, a well cultured man. Four years with a white West Virginian was probably the furthest thing from his expectations, especially not a messy one. Peanut Butter! He never got to see Boonsboro. Good thing they teach swimming here. John's first time with his head underneath the water was the beginning of a distinguished swimming career. He grew fins and almost outswam his teacher. John was definitely a wrangler. "He knows what he likes when he sees it." He took his first bath with his wife to be at the age of 2. Who's your daddy?! I'm proud to say that I survived 4 years with the SWO Daddy and became his Best Man. I'll remember him everytime I look down at my ring. God Bless... In Christ - **Cooter**

Bradley Lee Kinkead

Webster, New York

Surface Warfare

Bradley came to us from the REAL Navy with all of his stuff in little boxes and behaving in a strange salty manner. Brad left us after four years not having learned much at all, especially Comp Sci. No use crying over spilt milk, or Joanne for that matter. Pingpong chowcalls? An alarm radio in the closet? 3/C yr. found Brad zooming along at ludicrous speed. Follow the leader he's on a Honda. 150's? Anything to get out of drill?. Academics hit Brad like a bug at 90MPH in '92. LaSalle? Nice Brick. "I've never" gone to Wake. Elie?!? 1/C yr life in the fast lane came to an unexpected halt, and the CDR found out, thanks Genualdi. Stay away or I will fry you. Funny how your squad got smaller too. 6"8"? For a kid from the home of Champion products & Genessee beer you turned out OK, but to me you will always be el grande headmaster. Thanks for all of the clothes. Love LEM.



Robert Kenneth Kuberski Jr.

Swarthmore, Pennsylvania

Surface Warfare

Hey Bob..wake up! Bob came to the Academy and quickly established his priorities: football, rack ops, eating, rack ops, and then maybe studying (NOT!). Preferring to follow the wisdom of our founding Father, Bob exemplified the "better rested, better tested" theory. Bob spent half his time in the elevator and the other half in white works. Dinners at JM's were excellent and probably added 10lbs to #90's already 280lb high-speed, low-drag frame. Bob's DT abilities were enhanced greatly by his academic prowess in physics, just ask him. Big, but not clumsy, Bob was likened to MC Hammer-leaving his boogies where he pleased, but LY still can't dance. The tailgaters were awesome, the allnighters fun with CM & JOBU, but JW will take care of you now. Scooby, Boober, Scoobinator, whatever your call sign is in the NFL, we will be even bigger fans than Momma K.--Long live the penthouse--PALS..LY & BG.

Luis Emilio Molina

Jacksonville, North Carolina

Nuclear Power - Submarine

"Mostly Harmless" 'LEM' came to us from Costa Rica, or was it North Carolina? I'm sure you have the proper papers, if you can find them. Squad table cut? no, just hiding, booted off team tables don't ya know. Nice 4.0 can ya do it again? 3/C year our poor devil dog decided the corps wasn't for him and EE was. Nice stereo, talk about vacuum tube technology! 2/C year brought the banana-mobile, spin out lately? find your 5th gear? 1/C year other 1/C in co ask "are you in this company?" Who voted this guy XC team captain? 7th at Nationals saved face,good job. Duke's the greatest!, no wait, it's UNC, oh forget it, ACC baby! Still can't fix a burned out light bulb not to mention a mysterious short in his new car. Many wonder if he has more N* then friends, even if that's true he's set for life. Nobody knows competition like you do! Just ask Al! Been on a sub yet? Nope? Enjoy! I'll miss ya.BLK

Robert Scott Peterson

Sioux Falls, South Dakota

Marine Corps

While passing through reality one day, Pete happened upon USNA with a grin on his face & a whistle around his neck. He began his Youngster JG Year in 2 w/ SGTPT and GRU as everyone's favorite screen. One finger can equal lots of trouble, huh. Service selection of the day is...MOs to BC & ND provided some adventure. 3/C year- acid, physics, & the right hand rule, shake the tree, back on D, visits from Drakester & Zepe, hack in the hall, & off to Bulldog. The move to 8-4 saw the birth of SUNSHINE, '91 rolled over in their graves. Pete's magnetism for fatal attraction made life interesting. Still gonna take that FO billet? The sun got brighter 1/C year. "Week w/ the fellas?" Walk the ledge much? Cool concerts. He laughed at it all & taught us to do the same, (esp. at him). Thanks for the memories and keeping the LOD clean (yeah right). Who sang tumbleweed anyway? SGTPT & GRU

Justin Blair Richards
Bradford, Vermont
Nuclear Power-Submarine

Justin hails from the land of Ben & Jerry's. After plebe Army-Navy, he continued his adult education on 42nd St. By returning from Christmas, he surprised everyone including himself. Youngster year saw a physics major emerge, although nobody mistook him for Einstein. Living in the war-zone with JD & Fire-Sweat was good preparation for his next roommate. After a bout with fencing plebe year, he tried to convince us that XC-skiing was a real sport. 2/C year he tried to prove that bag-pipes actually produced music. You really should have trained for that marathon! Ring Dance came and brought out the real party animal in Blair. With the arrival of 1/C year came a new Saturn and a hefty phone bill. Justin's academic struggle finally paid off as he received his coveted sub billet. Despite being labeled a part of the J-crew, you proved your social prowess. MF,LY,BK,LM

Paul Martin Schimpf
Waterloo, Illinois
Marine Corps

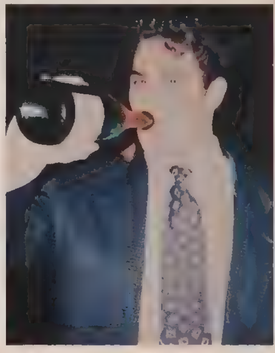
The Hammer came to the east coast as a quiet country boy who liked to run. Plebe year found him rooming with the J-crew, which did nothing to shake off his naivete. Youngster year had him living with TG and the man that would forever change his life at the academy: The Dooch. I taught him about the finer things in life: roommate rule, creative accounting, mucchi tactics, the sanctity of the rack, chics. By first class year professional Paul had been transformed into the Schimpfmate, Illinois topsoil. With JB and EW along for the ride, "Downstairs Dirt" was now complete. We came up with our own show, Late Night With YJ. Two years of corndogs for lunch made Hammer realize it's o.k. to be a Corps brother. Now that it is all over, he has earned the right to be called paisan. Always remember, "We may never get what we want, we may never get what we need, just as long as we don't get what we deserve." DOOCH

Thomas David Schmidt
St. Paul, Minnesota
Naval Pilot

Tom rode in to USNA from St.Paul on his rack & stayed there as much as possible, only a call from Beck could get him out. 4/C year in the LOD saw GRU as the plebe most watched in King Hall. You really wanted that dessert. 100's Night began your career as most feared. 2nd semester as damn XO started 1 & 1/2 years in the power core. 3/C year- sleep is for..., did the room have to be that cold? Always known for his sportsmanship (NOT!); love for the Irish, Vikes, Twins. 2/C year, they hooked us (especially you), rumour has it the NO MO was fun. Organized any parties lately? José & Jobu were always invited. Fatso's Fanatic in NJ, ring dance made things official w/Beck. 1/C year- CFZ, more calls from Beck, ski trips, and did anyone understand? Through it all, Tom was an infallible friend, always there with some straight-up advice, or a quick reality check. Back on D--SGTPT & SUNSHINE

Frank Michael Verducci, Jr.
Colonia, New Jersey
Navy Pilot

Frank arrived at the Academy from Colonia, New Jersey, haven of courteousy, tact, and morality. Plebe year found him surviving Ginsu and the knife, and acquiring his real name, Mucchi. As a youngster he met his polar opposite, giving rise to three years of Roommate Rule, Colonia Honor, MDC, and late night discussions about sharks and salmon. By this time, Mucchi had mastered the Conduct System, "I know the difference between right and wrong--wrong is more fun." With his quest for the pilot billet beginning in earnest 2/C year, Mucchi attained a brigade-wide reputation for gouge. Varsity lacrosse improved his athletic stature and provided a good aclog excuse. First class year saw the emergence of professional, sensitive Mucchi. Always remember the code of the Gladiator and, "We may never get what we want, We may never get what we need, Just as long as we don't get what we deserve." PMS



Andrew Gregory Williams
Minneapolis, Minnesota
Navy Pilot

Zee! It ain't easy to coast through the Academy. The Minnesota Kid made it look easy. We never figured out if he was actually a student or just a ringer for the co intramural teams. He came in brandishing Andy-logic with a childish grin and holding a Dr. Seuss book in one hand. He was the only man who could find a way to annoy anyone and list the faults in every woman we saw (but one). Cut-out pictures, Whiz man, the LEDGE, Crayola man, and long, complicated discussions where zero equals one, circles are straight lines, & impossibilities are possible. Drew had no money, no beard, & no worries. As Bundy leaves to go flying in his Scorpio, I'm sure we'll hear him laughing. Twenty-two with dreams of fatherdom and you're still not sure how to put on your shirt. Thank you Andy for the times you made us mad as hell and the times you made us smile. BTF, JWE

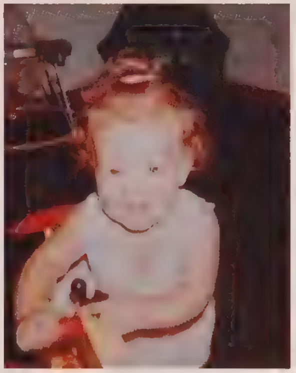
Eric Steven Winter
Englewood, Colorado
Surface Warfare

Let's get this off on the right foot. "I won't support you at an Ac Board!" I guess you could say what started our friendship was our deep heartwarming love for our CO. I guess that is why sports overran Pro. But, not to be outdone he always had time for a little shine on those leathers. Then the story turns to the pool. If he wasn't born in the water he should've been. ADCAP I hear from some of the water junkies, replaced four records on the Lejeune board. Rocky they're bad for your legs! No avail. The dark side is more powerful than an untrained Jedi roommate. Not one to give GOOD advice on that elusive opposite, we at least could spend a good many nights praising our respectives...Not! If I taught you anything it was skate the CSORM wave while pretending to care. As we part, remember the good times we had. I wish you many ports where the women still smile and say "Wow...You're in the Navy "J B.

Laurence Martin Young
Silver Spring, Maryland
Navy Pilot

Larry...huh? The old man from 33rd chose to be commissioned the hard way. 3 yrs in the fleet, a yr at Naps, and 4 yrs at USNA; the discus didn't affect your drive. Larry's accomplishments: hanging from the fence by his pants, chappy, his fave place--the Little Campus, betting--his record made his roomies happy on WE's, his strict adherence to "well, Trish thinks..", his meditating state of focus, profound statements at Griffin's concerning his adventures, Fort Meade, he's the last of 18, the brevity of his announcements, BK's couch, his intelligent questions, and his acquisition of TS. Larry was gone 2/C yr and missed out on the festivities. He worked hard to be a successful math major and was always there to help. There's no doubt that Larry's hard work and dedication will make him a fine naval officer. Good luck with aviation, TS, and your career--Long live the penthouse--BK,BG.

Thirty-Fourth Company



Jennifer Lynn Anderson
Palm Harbor, Florida
Surface Warfare

Jen (RED) came to USNA still hung-over from UF & it's never been the same. Wading through a plethora of hair-care in the shower..& the curling iron is STILL on! Navy softball's best lookin LF - through wind & rain, that NATURALLY beautiful strawberry-blond hair was always perfectly coiffed. Endless laughs, countless beers-n-men, chaziff, studyin to "So", the Ring Dance photo, NO DECENCY!, IT'S $20 NOT $5!, bible study, emotional meltdowns, velcro chokers, & the men - can't live with'em, can't kill'em, but there's always torture:) Couldn't have done it w/out ya - the funniest best friend a girl could have,KES...& we've done it all: laughed, cried, drank, danced, screamed, & (finally) took the stage - together. Jen, ya may look like a penny but you've a heart of 14K gold! My country-music-playin/trucker-talkin/dirty dancin/southern belle/co-conspirator & friend, I luv ya. Your roomie/sister/friend. MLG

Gregory Philip Cameron
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

Greg came to us from the cultural home of cheese-steak sandwiches (besides King Hall, of course!) Plebe year was highlighted by his chance encounter with Miss Right at an Upper-class mixer. (Those ratey Plebes!) Early mornings and late nights strok'n' boats on the Severn took up much of "Ralph's" first five semesters ending in national championship. But, liberty, leave, rack, and more free time made the last three semesters somehow passable. He could always be found with a meteorology chart or a Stephen King book in his hand. Leave, for Greg, generally involved long miles, large quantities of caffeine, and the world's most pampered Buick. Upon graduation, Greg is SWO-ward bound to the fair city of Charleston. The Navy is getting a good man. We wish him luck in life, happiness in marriage, and fair weather at sea. Take care, godspeed, and thanks Shipmate.... CLJ

Aron Shea Carman
Soquel, California
Navy Pilot

Air-ron. The man who knows everyone and whom everyone knows. That's my roommate. I've used that phrase more than once when feeling proud of his accomplishments, asserting my affiliation with him. I used it most often after watching his successes on the wrestling team; watching with Diana, Chris and Lisa, Sandy, or just by myself. We've been best of friends throughout the years, even during our yearlong separation as roommates. He's often looked at as the California kid: the surfing, skating, skiing, volleyball, and most importantly, the look to go with it. Aron could always find a good wave, whether at the beach or behind a boat. I only wish he'd learn when to let go of the rope. Aron wasn't always easy to convince. 360 degrees in a circle? Hmmm. One thing is for sure. I will always know where to find him. Surfs up. JPM

Eric Robin Daniels

Mobile, Alabama
Surface Warfare

Eric (ED, E-Z, GE, Louis, etc...) left MO-bile quite the innocent, young redneck. Now, the decadent influence of his company-mates and roommate have corrupted him beyond all hope. Plebe year: wild-manning Hunt, SOFGE+PAT+inspection=C'ya Daniels! the original BARNEY punched, the Beam train, JOEY L.H. and the CHICKEN, late night recons, ring-side seats for the 3321 "fights", water balloons and Batt. Cdr's, General Science??! Youngster year: 2 great roommates,Randolph-Macon, SI210(can U say UNSAT?), last year of ELK,Mack-truck, racking. 2/c year: the "CLUB", Nat, L-L-Laptop, and the infamous absence from the Army-Navy trip.."DANIELS!!!" "______!!!"(fill in blanks) Firstie year: Supe's list, Bronco/guardrail, Winter Park/runaway boot, Gen.Sci. all-nighters?, squad daddy, aneurism, sister souljah at the Vouz. You've been a great roommate and friend! -BTF

Jeffrey Scott Davis

Columbus, Ohio
Surface Warfare

Jeff came to Canoe U. from exotic Columbus, OH, with black leather on his back, and a dream in his heart. Plebe year held many things for young Jeff: strip steak over goat court, Ultimate frisbee, and the decision to dedicate his next three years to the pursuit of Physics. Youngster year had spontaneous Jam sessions, Naked Scango's, and the emergence of Jeff's alter ego: Joey Lazerhead. Second class year brought Jeff to The Club, where his relations with a female of the witchy persuasion brought hordes of do-gooders down to 8-3 to show him the error of his ways. It also began his series of lectures on his energy theory, which he has been refining ever since. Then it was on to Batt Staff. No taps, Gwar, 6th Batt tailgaiters and the infamous 1 Monticello. We're not sure that the Nuclear Navy's ready for Jeff, but we're sure he'll climb to the top in his own unique way, as he did here. JGS

Andrew Thomas Fitzpatrick

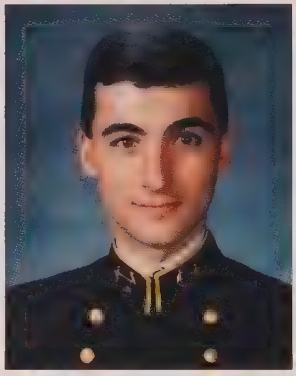
Milton, Florida
Marine Corps

Ee-hee...Bradford's hot seat baby...It satisfies!!!...Quigley's late night boxing...the Academy Motel...trips to SUNY-B... Bulldog... YARCHHH!!.. Easter in upstate NY...Bulldozer driving...no problem...Spring Break black label Jim Beam burgers...Drexel rocks!....the "FUGITIVE"...a night at Oceania's O-club...the J bag..."Two Slice"...Goat court parties...Garth at the York Co Fair...St.Fitzpatrick's Day '93...GO Seminoles!...Shreddin' in Colorado...I Love My Major!!!...F.O.M.E...PYPIMA?!...skate or die...Gotta love the ELK...FREE anything...pickin' & grinnin'... Liberty call, Liberty call...Chase!...Capt.K and Herndon...Steve Earle and the Dukes...'64 VW Bus...Croquet Captain...Great Adventure was a Trip...Restriction!...Youngster year...Lone Star and the County Line...4 years together by the bay! YOU'RE AN GREAT GUY AND AN AWESOME FRIEND FITZ...GOOD LUCK IN THE CORPS!!! -DJS

Brett Thomas Fullerton

Darien, Illinois
Navy Pilot

At the end of Plebe Summer, Brett suddenly appeared after navigating his way through both sets without being noticed. Plebe year brought the CH-3321, Marine Squad, Larson's biological alarm clock, and the fruit launcher. Youngster cruise brought: Tracy! Youngster year was Sup's List, the VLF, the Sentra R/T Turbo and the four phases of Fullerton: Mech E, Tracy, meals, and the RACK! Second class year meant EE, unsatness, complaining, Tracy at Maryland, Chiquitas, piano man, and Plebe Summer company commander by default. Firstie year, his day went like this: Kinder Care classes, visit Barbie in the Barbie vette (with King Hall food and her laundry), copy somebody's homework, then rack. The future: Barbie and Ken's marriage, P-3's, blond kids, core values case study, flying the friendly skies. ERD



Todd Alan Gagnon
Brewer, Maine
Cryptology

No biography submitted.

David Paul Gallus
Maple Grove, Minnesota
Medical Corps

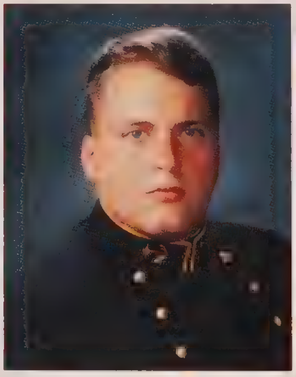
Dave came to us from Podunk Minnesota -- straight laced, innocent, and simply a great guy -- "Holy Buckets!" After four years of priming we think we have Dave ready for the real world -- Mystery Meat sandwich fights... X-mas presents (have you used them yet???)... the trip with Andy... youngster room boobytraps... Comp Sci lessons... sunbathing on 1-4... side stepping the Jersey Turnpike... Heimleich at J.D.'s... Sabz getting the torch from Fitz and passing it on to Dave... who knows how many girlfriends firstie year("why don't they call??")... Air__borne at the C's... A/N '92 "Gallustosterone"... Well, not all was lost, Dave really knew how to excel in life here by the Bay; top 10% in the class, numerous boot runs, E-course runs, MC Marathons, and too many Ultimate games (blisters!), and accepted to USUHS Med School. Dave, you are a great guy no matter what they say. Best of luck. Friends... TAG

Maria Louise Grauerholz
Durham, North Carolina
Navy Pilot

Maria Grauer-WHAT? (exactly!) came to us from "Long-I-land" determined to do everything & anything that could fit into 4 years by the sea. Four-year-roomies with PMS in synch, Needlepine, love or lust?, $5 bet..no, $10 & not $20, and late night talks about the meaning of life & the purpose of men..."They too can be replaced by a kitchen appliance!" All-nighters & ten minute cat naps..."Could you wake ME up in 10 minutes?...water's fine." Gracing the stage & singing her heart out, she expressed your femininity...but then came GrauerHOOYA & GrauerPOWER; cracking that whip, barking down the halls, & lifting Halsey (SQUAT)! Firsty year brought the best & worst; Broomhilda & Kost together at last, dancing dirtily, Marmadukes, & questions about the future. God blessed you (at the last minute) & gave you wings to be an angel. So whenever you're in doubt, check that ZIPPO & remember: your friend always, JLA.

John David Gremillion
Tioga, Louisiana
Surface Warfare

The sensation of hunger awakened in him an indefinite feeling of discomfort which he could not comprehend or intelligently express and he certainly did not know how to appease it. Yes, Gremmi was known as the King of the Fatties who often fought with the Skinnies, and seldom lost. (J.D. - underwear -- 'nuff said.) Mech E. was his TAD, soon turning to G.E. for a full 2 year tour. Second class year showed the arrival of the Gremmi-mobile, his beloved '74 Vette. (Of course!) Sporting #54 for Navy Football, John proudly appeared on national TV during the '92 Army-Navy game for his fiancee, April, to see. Firsty Year, he started on the O-line at Army-Navy then had to make all those late night runs to move down the scale. (A Skinny Gremmi-- it's the end of an era!) As the year winds down, John is Norfolk and Marriage bound. We wish him luck in both endeavours: Semper-SWO and Go-Gremmi!! CRL & CLJ



Caleb Leonard Jones
Shoshoni, Wyoming
Marine Corps

It is a little known fact that Caleb was born with a wrench in one hand and a history book in the other.He was a man who could get along with anybody, including strangers on the street.He had the most sponsors of any mid I knew(3).Caleb could befriend many but he also lived with many over his first two years(ten roomates). Caleb could answer anything about a car+even taught his car rock roomate a few things.Springbreak in Germany and England sleeping on park benches! UA on your birthday in Spain! Plebe year we could find Caleb balling out certain third class for sticking us with watches (who were the Plebes).Caleb played every sport on the yard from windsurfing to boxing.You've been a great friend.Good luck with your marriage and the marines.Click! Click! Click! the sound of a late night paper, Ahhhhh!!!The Italian ship!.Hi-rise!Know what I could really go for?Hey Caleb! Cabar was there.GPC

Seth Kovensky
Columbia, Maryland
Surface Warfare

The war veteran came to us from the fleet and NAPS. The Balding One took on the intense major of Naval Architecture—and survived with some unsat weekends under his belt. His famous quote from Plebe Year—"I didn't know I couldn't drive on the yard—in civies!!??!!" Seth engaged in raquetball, softball, skiing, ordering large numbers of taco pizzas on Sunday evenings, eating every flavor of Ben and Jerry's known to mankind, driving his mustang early on before opting for the four wheel power of his Explorer, and quoting both the Fletch movies. Then Seth met his downfall with women his Senior year—that Georgia Peach will take good care of you. She has the same daffy sense of humor you have. Good luck in the surface fleet. Hit hard, hit fast, hit often—but don't actually hit any ships. EAP

Craig Robert Larson
Fairfax, Virginia
Navy Pilot

Craig hitchhiked all the way from Fairfax to save the gas money. He managed to skate through Plebe Summer claiming that he had larengitis. Once Ac Year started Craig was at home, realizing that it was well worth the two years he spent in second grade. Craig made friends and sooner or later interfaced with everyone, in some way. He managed to tap into and launch the VLF with his ever so witty "camera lens" and with the "Crim Reaper" Craig almost saw the end of his automated life. Somewhere around second class year Craig learned about girls and how easy it was to impress them with his wit and vocabulary. He found himself as a firstie with his cool car and even cooler license plate, and managed to be cool as a future pilot. Kregg: never met a person he couldn't offend. See you on the beach! TDV

Russell Marsh
North Berwick, Maine
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Russ came to us from NAPS with the knack to combine very little effort, with bass playing to get awesome grades. Mastering video games (Budokan, Arkanoids, golf) during final exams helped the "Old Man" out too. His elderly age didn't stop him from his vices—Battalion Football, Softball, J.D., Seven-Card Stud concerts, telling people EXACTLY what he thinks, hanging with vagrants in Baltimore, driving that rocket of a car with a roommate in the trunk, and earning the names of: Magnet, Russell-X, Zero, Rush. Congrats on getting rid of that "old baggage" your senior year, it was only holding you down—Good Luck as a RICH, Nuke officer. EAP

John Paul Millman
St. Donatus, Iowa
Naval Flight Officer

Milkman, Milslop, White Man or Big Foot, John is a man of many aliases. Noted in more ways than one for his heritage, his blonde hair, blue eyes, and fair skin are distinct features. I am just not quite sure where he got so much hair. At times he's been a surfer, snowboarder, skier, tutor, occasional student and always a best friend...until he met Bianca. A blessing in disguise, I began to wonder what John was getting at with those late night talks laying in bed with the lights out. Then came the bed time stories and tucking me in at night. Thanks for the save Bianca. John is happiest with a beer in his hand. With glossy eyes and a smile on his face you are not quite sure what goes on in his mind, accept that whatever it is, it must be good. Congratulations Johnny, we finally did it! Here is to happy flying and clear skies. Just remember one thing, always do it with style. ASC

David James Montgomery II
Yukon, Oklahoma
Navy Pilot

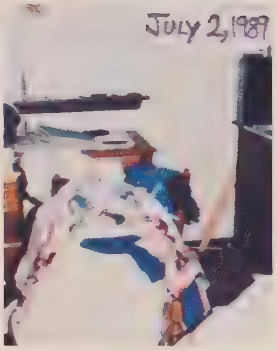
Known by many names but never called by his first name, and rarely referred to as "James". He survived plebe year in the last of the five man rooms with two mammoths, and insanity. He witnessed Peanut Butter Toxic Shock, Mystery Meat Sandwich Fights and Goat Court Parties. Barely escaping plebe year, he changed roomates to two relatively calm roomates and got in return Rubber Band Fights, and The Unchained Melody. He finally decided to settle down with one roomate, actually it was a gentlemans agreement to room together. You have to ask him about that roomate. Seriously, if you had to describe him he would be described as always working, and mature. Only takes classes because they are required. Summing up, Coming soon to an area near you is his newest inspiration in family entertainment. Remember, he almost went Marine Air and don't call him the B word. Cluck. Good Luck as a pilot. You too.WAP

James Descallar
Damascus, Maryland
Marine Corps

JD is the perfect example of the dedication it takes to make it through NAPS and the Academy as a Computer Scientist... I mean General Scientist. Though four years seemed to fly by, they were filled with a lifetime of memories. Plebe summer brought the bad memories of the departure of a roommate, SF, and about 20 lbs. in TB's hotseat. The worst times were yet to come at Bulldog with a bad knee, bad ankles, MRE Billy Joe's and an infected corn. The best times for this OCFer came during Plebe spring break with experiences right out of PLANES, TRAINS, and AUTOMOBILES. He also earned a letter sweater in sailing by winning the Newport Bermuda race. Though this honor rep may seem like a scientist on the outside (Particle Theory), he is a leader at heart - a leader of Marines. He never stops learning," ICH VERSTEHE NICHTS!" Besides, when you know it all, life won't be any fun. -BEP

Jung Yul Pak
Baltimore, Maryland
Navy Pilot

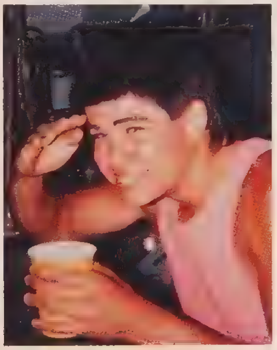
You want to know a man with Seoul, Pakman is the man. Yellow Fever ha a strike of good luck and found himself learning and later teaching th "Smoke Hall Shuffle". A true lady's man, he gave his freedom up for passio with not one but three women ("It's hard being the PAKMAN"). He alway had a way with women ("Who's your daddy?"). Pak it up, pak it in! Durin his "X-mas leave", Sorriness tried to be a "voo-doo" rapper ("huah, huah") Hey Pakman, did you get that new Top 40 song? Also during his Smoke Hal tour of duty, he perfected the rack entry method ("Don't peep the technique") Don't worry though, Pakman had his fan mail (from "Reader's Digest" to 80 numbers for Steak dinners -- COD, of course). He admired beauty-remembe the bulletin boards. His dream came true, through eye training with the Ginz Method and he won a trip to P-Cola. Good luck and fly high. We love ya, guy -KWS, BEW- THE FELLAS



Bryan Eskew Patterson

Indianapolis, Indiana
Marine Corps

This hard-charging Hoosier came here not really knowing what to expect or where he wanted to be when it was over. From the very first moment he walked on deck Plebe Summer and got evicted from the rack he had chosen by JDM, he knew he was in for the long haul. As a Plebe under the grueling scrutiny of his upperclass: TLK, SW, and MM he persevered, and after 2 Pre-Scubas, Pre-Mini BUDS, Airborne School, the Recon Indoc test, and the USMC Marathon, it was clear to this former Mamma's boy that he was built to fight. "A winner never quits, and a quitter never wins!" he would say. As a firstie he walked-on the 150s FB team, and after a 8 yd quarterback keeper and a victory over ARMY he earned his N-star. Although plagued by smelly feet, sprained ankles, and "absent ear attacks," it is obvious Patt is on a azimuth to greatness. But will he remember his pace count? -JDM



Eric Allan Peck

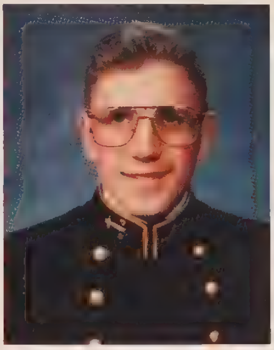
Storm Lake, Iowa
Marine Corps

Eric arrived from Iowa, which is somewhere in the middle of the country, with long hair and a desire to wear Full Dress Blues. He made it through plebe summer with out saying a word and remained locked and cocked until Herdon, or at least close. Before he could climb Herdon he was on a submarine in Hawaii underway for 70 days. Youngster year the grades were great and everything was going smoothly for this nuke wanna-be. Then came second class summer! He decided to take the challenge and go to Bulldog early. What happened? He liked it. His grades dropped accordingly (to meet marine corps requirements) and his hair grew less and less. Still confused a little, first class summer, he did a little of both, FMF and a sub-cruise. This settled it and a Marine he became. Good luck, roomie, in the Corps and with your lady! -REM

William Andrew Peterson

Colorado Springs, Colorado
Naval Flight Officer

"Mr. Positive" came to Crabtown from the home of the Bus Driver Academy by way of Pittsburgh. He learned many things plebe year but most importantly: Beware of Zoomies in Mid's clothing. "I'm not a Zoomie, I'm a plebe!" still echoes through Goat Court. Youngster year was uneventful, punctuated by occasional screaming contests with his roommate, Cable. Second class year saw Will becoming the plebe's favorite. Somehow he avoided getting busted for fraternization and he pulled off a most spectacular arm wrestling victory. This is also the year SustaWill kicked his SustaCal habit and I'm sure the people downstairs at Panama City enjoyed the technicolor calling card he dropped on them. His frequent trips to Bryn Mawr suddenly stopped after the Ring Dance but he found a new haunt in NYC. Why did you go to Bulldog anyway? (Inspection..Harms!) Have fun! Fly Navy Air! You Too! DJM & CLJ



Douglas Joseph Saber

Potsdam, New York
Marine Corps

From Potsdam to Pleber in days (your not prior?) the plebe rate contest, 4/c C.C., Army week fireworks...plebe weekend w/ Koch!! Are you a clown, Mr. Saber? "Let's Mack the adjutant" Dead Week O-course w/ J.C. "article adrift, -0.1." Where was PATT!? Mr. K's exercise bike.. Youngster Y.P. cruise skivvydipping--beware the squidpuss!! the worm (anywhere), a beer-ball to the nugget sphere!! As long as I've got a face,__! "Moon the train!" late night Form 2 in mailbox. Capt's mast and the bulldozer ride. Numerous couches, the TAU floor, someone's leg, the midstore cannon! fireman's carry out of the County Line. Waylon and Willie, Skynyrd, remember? "nope!" Late night tennis, "Never met someone I couldn't offend." Sorry (pronounced sore-E) Sabero, nice work on Gallusky, huh? "Take your POST." He who rattleth the Saber, shall feeleth the wrath. Best wishes to you and CRR(S). Go forth and REAP IT!! Pals, A.T.F.

Kimberley Ellen Scango
Columbia, South Carolina
Supply Corps

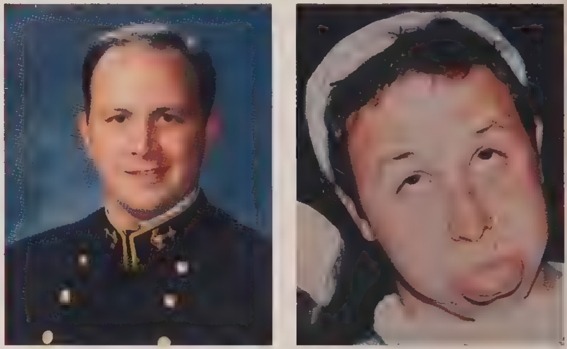
I-Day 1989, Kim exchanged her red mini-skirt and southern charm for white works(usually mine) and skillful cadences: "wibbily wobbily, wibbily, woe". Her stress management skills(nervous breakdowns) and geographic knowledge(Alaska is a state?) helped her coast through plebe year. Youngster year, she was the only mid who had a drink officially named in her honor. NFO? SWO? Medical said...Supply. Best of luck. I will always think of you. -AET This Southern Belle, with her southern twang, learned many things plebe summer (you can't get pregnant through jeans?). You could hear her voice coming down the hall and know who it was ("Ya'll stop" or "Y'all Ah'm goin' to fail!"). Second class year Kim deflated some of the air from her head and inflated her beau's (Chad). Now they're both in the clouds. Thanks for the cover and the nice view. Now we've seen it all! -KWS, JYP, BEW- THE FELLAS

Kenneth Wayne Shropshire
Jacksonville, North Carolina
Surface Warfare

Kenneth (used to be Shrop or Ken) hails from Jacksonville, NC.. or is it Yokosuka.., Chattanooga.., how 'bout Yuma, Arizona? In trouble with the law? A Booster, even! We got "kicks" from Kissey during Plebe Summer because he was stubborn as a mule. We also got 'kicks' from his sorriness which led to his recent noteriety with Silly. During 2nd class year, you could always see the dust trail he left behind heading north to see Mrs. Kissey. Please Mrs. Hornfest, can he go to the Ritz alone tonight? He always had an answer for everything (Huh?) and couldn't hear anything (Huh?). Tried to displace your sorriness, but we all know who is the ***KING of SORRY***. As Lockjaw, Shrop, or Kenneth, the world is his stage. No mics, please! Ohh, all-right. I see. Marines, right? Wrong? Grace your presence upon the USS O'Brien. Peace out to all the stray brothers out there!!! Huh? -BEW, JYP - THE FELLAS

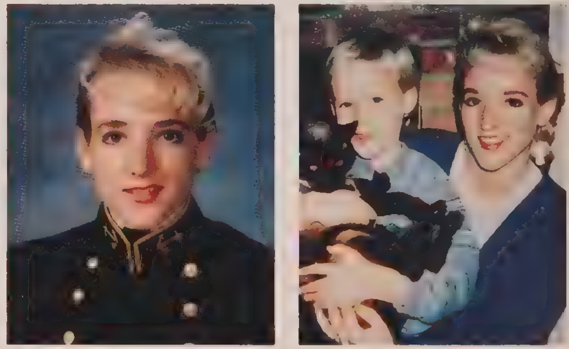
Jack Gerard Smith
Reston, Virginia
Surface Warfare

Begin bio: Jack hit the deck plates running, but with dip in his mouth. Youngster year he left the bedpost spitoon carrying his library to the room of death and habitat of the wild Gremillion. His previous video career resurrected itself as Reporter Jack. Before the year was out he hosted the Academy (motel) ball and opened "X-week Theatre." Second class year found Frair Tuck in poetry readings, lavalamp meditations, Shakespeare, and a van kidnapping. In this Romantic tradition he stole his roommate's girlfriend. A picnic with wine and grapes in a DC park brought a love he could never deny and he proposed 1st class year. The rest of firstie year brought the 1 Monticello brewery, marinated chicken, naked slaw, deep snoring, chet, the knowledge that "the Gideon bibles were placed by baby pidgeons with money from payphones" and the question "Why is Shrop so sorry?" End bio. JSD



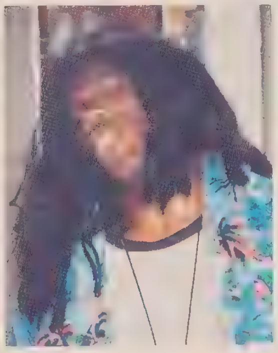
Aundrea Elizabeth Taplin
Seattle, Washington
General Unrestricted Line

Andi was definitely a new flavor of mid with her ostentatious yet nonchalant method of skating out of plebe hot spots. After a year in Cali before Crabtown, and twelve issues of Vogue, whiteworks were a fashion nightmare for this model. Youngster year brought her infinite parties, cups of cappacino, and that one guy (what a loser!). Andi won the Lotto for GURL to Italy. Good luck, babes. KWS Plebe year pushed us to aspire to new heights, sometimes desktops due to the presence of our furry grey friend. Uniform races...woops, wrong pants! An Army/Navy game BW, you, and I will never forget; loud metalhead music and lattes (what a nerve soother). Senior year brought a brief chit-chat with the Supe and the continuation of the longest kept widest known secret. Thanks for my half and good luck with all you do in the future. KES



Todd Douglas Vandegrift
Albion, Indiana
Navy Pilot

Vande.. came to us with a full head of hair, an innocent smile, and an incredible imagination. Academics came easy for this easy going, self-confident Hoosier. As a plebe he survived a louis squad leader, a semester of all calls and some unreported hazing. 3/C year he entertained us with his original lyrics and unselfishly piloted the youngstermobileon its many adventures. ...2/C Brigade 1st LT.. Who Cares** Firstie year, Todd figured out the system and skated down to 8-0 as Batt Adj. to avoid duty and taps. He still found time for DSC, B-day parties, and even a weekend at Vande's. He completed Bulldog for fun and couldn't decide whether to be a rich nuke or a hard chargin' ground pounder like his distant relative. Luckily, he finally HEARD his call to flight. Good luck cellmate and I'll be your wingman anytime. KAW



Bryan Edward Walthall
Chesapeake, Virginia
Surface Warfare

Fresh from the Chesapeake, the Academy recieved the catch of the day on I-day. During Plebe Summer poor Walt Baby-Love woke up with the HIVS. (Ooops, left out the 'e'-hives!-"Your friend is what?") Riding home with him for Thanksgiving, the three passengers fell asleep, as well as the Dark Crusader-the originator of the ***GRU***. The "Force" was with him as he skillfully guided the car to the shoulder of the road..on the other side!? Thanx for letting me borrow your car. It only goes 84 mph?? Top Gun-a Pilot? Hunt for Red October-a Submariner? Navy Seals-a Seal? Heartbreak Ridge-a Marine? But after a sweet summer in Q-town, VA in 'Jarhead-Ville' and two faulty knees, mother nature finally sentenced Baby-Love to 5 years in No-folk on the WASP- Supercarrier?. You mean no mo' '***marathons***'?? When are you getting married? Get 'em tiger, Rao! Rao! See ya later, admiral! -KWS, JYP -THE FELLAS

Kjell Andrew Wander
Goose Creek, South Carolina
Navy Pilot

Snail managed to crawl all the way from Goose Creek at the young age of seventeen. His boyish face and dumb grin earned him friends as he became a wallflower. Surviving midnight brushes with death, his bunkmate, KY slinked into youngster year as company commander. But, he still wasn't afraid to spend the night in a cold car, skate to the golf course, or become more culturally aware. Second class year brought EE, twice, and a hole that even FOME couldn't dig him out of. Firstie year he skates to company commander, spends another semester underage, helps find the DSC, and starts to shave. But don't let his looks fool you, he's not afraid to dodge the Dant, slam with the Supe, or stop off in the mezzanine. Watch for the slime trail, leave the salt at home, listen for the "kaw", and take two big and one small handful. TDV

Thirty-Fifth Company

Ammar Fadeel Al-Badarneh
Zarqa, Jordan
Royal Jordanian Naval Forces

"Mr. Ali-Baba, how do you say your name?" queries the jar-head three striper. "Excuse me, sir?" replies the worried Jordanian. That replyand a confused expression on his facegot him out of more trouble during Plebe summer than a two-month SIR chit. Eventually Ammar realized not everybody at USNA was out to get him: those guys with strange names and hometowns he couldn't pronouncelet alone rememberwere in the same boat. After the inconvenient fights with our other Plebe year roommate and the constant running around, I was the only one to ever see him as Ammar spent the next two years with his one true-love: the pursuit of knowledge. Come Firstie year early graduation would have suited him just fine, but instead, he led a clandestine civilian life at UM. Thanks for putting up with my warm hearted compassion for the weak, and good luck at the middle-east peace talks. MJR

James Harrison Byrd III
Fresno, California
Surface Warfare

Cow!Hog!BYRDMAN! From the beginning, Jim took USNA and all of us by storm. We were quite pleased with his willingness to absorb blows for us during plebe summer. He refused to let us forget that we had a sense of humor and a sense of resilience. He sure was chunky at first, but WOW, that kid can jump. Next thing you know, goodbye belly, hello Navy Vollyball. May Crazy Marty and his trusty sidekick Red Page haunt your visions. Two chipped chicklet teeth. One from me, one from Habey Baby. Battalion Football, fieldball, Softball - hit like a ton of bricks. Summers, ahhhh! Beaches, sports bars, vollyball, Cannella's. Hauling around an injured Bushpig. Just remember the ol' reach around slam. Marine Engineer? He must have been insane. I guess he knew what he was doing afterall. Friday Night Show, Eight Wing Players, enough said. See you on the Conolly. You're the hook!!!! -RTM

David Matthew Cattler
Tucson, Arizona
Surface Warfare

Hows the Navy Davy! Catman came to us from a lump of dirt in the desert. He quickly rose to greatness, becoming one of the Bohica Man's favorite students. Following an interesting semester with the resident psychopath, he moved in with the wicked cool Bootsie, TC's favorite stepchild. Together, the dynamic duo faced off against the evil of Lex Luthor, Stinky Boy (Excuse You?) and were always most triumphant. Just as things got really interesting, and Dave spent a whole leave period in Smoke Hall, we moved off campus, and Dave moved in with Bubby the Genius. Shocking the whole planet, Dave proved that the 3.0 barrier could be broken, and decided to give up philandering with blue collar labor and move in on a sweet lil'thang from L.I., Karen. Armed with his Gestapo mobile, racquet, and new love, he sailed into 1/c year, as Adjutant(?). Auf Wiedersehen, Mein Freund. AGM, MSK

Daniel Kiwhan Chang
South San Francisco, California
Surface Warfare

Dried in the San Francisco sun, Dan turned out to be more than a typical Californian. Everyone who has roomed with him can say that it was an experience to recollect. He was a compulsive neat freik. He had no choice he was allergic to dust. During times of stress(plebe year) he would uncontrollably clear his throat and head. As for his love life, NO girl was ever good enough for Dan. Hey nothing wrong with waiting for Ms. Universe. Right?? SCREECHHH, KTHUNK, AHHH!!!,OHHH SH!, KTHUUNK, AHHHHH!!!!, CRASH, KTHUNK... That's right Dan. I don't think you will never forget that early morning on I-70 when my car was shoved off the road and started rolling and flipping over and over again into a ditch. Not only did we both live but without a scratch. He may not be remembered as the greatest scholar or leader while here at the Academy but wait till the fleet gets a load of his charm and friendly charisma.

Kevin Andrew Flynn
Shaker Heights, Ohio
Intelligence

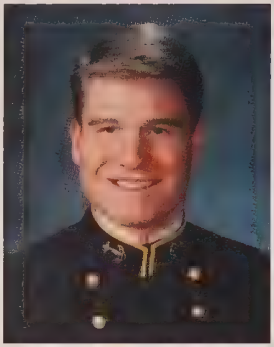
KaFlynn arrived at USNA with a different view. Living with tweedlebugs gave different meaning to protests, letters from DAD, and b-day presents. AN, tell me about the Jews. Thanksgiving tradition never forgotten, including B-man. Plebe indoc, academics, bayonets, and five roommates we made it. Florida, hey, who is this? Wake up,can I use your nats, my roommate asleep?Do you have a paper?Can I borrow a disc?You wanna go running, I'll go slow?Anyone see my bag? Second Class year had a different twist, Thevenin (OSU fund). Another birthday present, marathon (and beer). We earned freedom in town (schmooze), Cornell, Goucher, D.C., and Baltimore. 2/C Spring rituals, Jimmy Buffet (my car remembers), Athens, Hilton Head, Myrtle, Ring dance (TRO's date). What about those cops in Italy? New roommate firstie year. Hey, where's the floor. Near miss on Sup's (what?) Good luck, were gonna miss you Kev.CDM,SCH,FJL

Stephen Stephen Habermas
Jupiter, Florida
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Steve started his career at Navy with fiery intensity. Plebe year Steve showed us beaker, the brace, and the limp. Youngster year saw the Cisco kid and a UA in DC/Virginia... A bit of restriction and EE caused some grim weeks - and mild leprosy. With his extra time, Steve worked on other things. He developed a jumper, tough racquetball, and ran a marathon to boot (but is still tone deaf). 2/C year saw outings with the Geek squad, weekends at the company, and the acquistion of the diabolical Escort, which eventually went to CGW and ran fine from then on. Spring break brought stitches and a brand new ring. Firstie year began WF road trips and Sally, a stint at Company Commander, leadership forum, the racquetball run, too much Paul Mitchell, a great radar detector, Thanksgiving in D7, and a look down the wave guide (and more leprosy). A slave to idealism, we all look forward to seeing Steve in Forbes soon. ...The man who could destroy any component. From the EE majors

Jason Gray Hammond
Danville, Kentucky
Navy Pilot

Made in Kentucky, Jason arrived at USNA "Hammond hungry" for a challenge. For a guy that failed every test, you sure had a high CQPR. Plebe year-- Gretchen. Youngster year--roller skate, ringside in Miami Beach, Steve's cousin, G-town, rat in room. Second class summer-- scooping fish and hot tub in MT. Second class year-- Jody, WFU connection, more failing grades, catlike landings on baseline drives, carrying the lummo. First class summer-- Miramar, Prof. B.J. Hammond. Firstie year-- Fading Jody, 240 SX, still failing with a 3.50, Cancun stud, Jody who? hello Baja, defending title in Longwood. Yes, it has been a fun four years. From standing in line on I-Day to roommates from day one, to Second Class summer, to First Class summer, I never could seem to get rid of your presence. But, as much as I hate to say it, I am very glad. Good luck in flight school and the rest of your future. -TJH



Timothy John Hanley
Billings, Montana
Navy Pilot

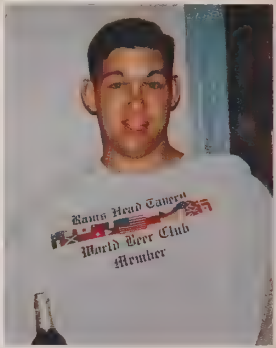
Tim Hanley, a.k.a. Ice-Tea, satan, Paul Mitchell poster-child, Mr. Bareback, last seen in front of a mirror doing one-armed push-ups, nice dunk Tim! Sweet Lou was impressed with your knowledge of the walleye missle and so was Ms. Maytag, our fallen classmate. Older women, Everclear, face down on the quarterdeck during youngster cruise. You and Super Dave play pass the German. West Palm Beach, sand, sun, saturated, more than we could handle. WFU, maybe the Friar needs a lube job. Aviation cruise, the fertile cresent, San Diego. Welcome to Dr. Celeste's office. Mom sure knew, "Good morning, Tim and who's your friend?" Firstie year, BAJA! Salt-n-Peppa in the house and my what a Crystal Palace it is. Just give me another fistfull of M. Cancun and a patient bus driver. Put a fork in him, he's done! But seriously, it has been an adventure and one to cherish for a lifetime. Good luck in P-cola. JLL JGH

Michael Salvatore Krot
Orlando, Florida
Nuclear Power-Submarines

The Garden Weasel, the Ferret, Tork, Kro, Krotonius, M.S., Salva(t/d)ore and the list continues. Mike was a front runner during plebe summer. He was so hot, his own mother praised him to the sky. Plebe civilian clothes privileges, Sampson Hall television time, and various room appliances all demonstrated Mike's budding professionalism. And then, Mike was reborn, going from screen to sweat in one year. Roommates caused homicidal urges; Youngster year passed quickly. Second class year, still locked on. Ring Dance saw little Mikey go from sweat to stud in one fell swoop. Summer brought him back to his only true love: submarines. Firstie year, Mike evolved again, and became a model slacker. Riding the goat, hanging with the plebes, and blowing the nuke bonus all became the norm. Next year, Mike will complete the cycle, becoming a screen, going home to Mommy. DMC

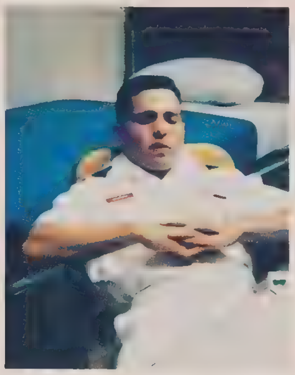
John Lee Lowery
Lawton, Oklahoma
Surface Warfare

John came to Navy as a healthy young man. "Doing it all day" plebe summer made John about 40 lbs less healthy, but he soon rallied. A "shoe in" for a 3.3 plebe year, John had a close one academically, but pulled it out. Easter weekend was a road flight to Savannah with AP and a near crash. Youngster year - the Lum in medical to get some water one night, Ike won it all (which we still regret), and John was kicked out of several more IM games. Also, John studied once youngster year. 2/C year brought WFU and the squirrly one (thanks alot J). Soon he started his run at the world beer club, which he finished with a 30 day miracle. In between was a San Diego summer and the loss of ALL inhibitions. Firstie year saw weekends at Baha with TH ("Don't spit that out"), Florida State, a Marlins draft pick, and his own platoon. A great, though vocal guy, John is destined to be the Dant one day. AP



Frank Joseph Luongo
Brooklyn, New York
Special Warfare

Frank came to the Academy after a year of intense partying at Penn State. He joined a different party with four roommates in 3459. Get that out of Ad's soda, What if the lights were out? Why does Rucc have headache? Youngster year: Grimace, late nights, and Honduras. With second class year came new roomates and a new company. The room standards that followed would make any cockroach proud. Frank was never given a chance to study. Instead, he was berated with comparisons to hibachis, nats cables and linked with various large cans of red headed weight gain. A late night patron of the wardroom (the lamp is lit), Frank was never one to sleep at night. His raccoon-like personality kept him awake during the nocturnal hours, and allowed him to sleep in the classroom. Army-Navy, you left what? Where? You'll make a great seal, buddy. When you make it through BUD-S, I'll get you another CD. JST AHN CDM



Christopher David Marsh

Sacramento, California
Navy Pilot

The Marsh-man, Sugar Bear, from E.F. to O.F. in four short years. So when Chris came to us from God's Country Northern California via the Navy's Nuclear Power Program, who would have guessed that he would select Navy Air. Could it be because once is a mistake, twice is stupid? Or is that just another example of sarcasm day? With Chris as room mediator, discussions never failed to become riots. Why does your computer still have cheesecake on it? Does the word "catalyst" mean anything to you? A skilled debater who could speak 150 words per minute with a pencil in his mouth and never really say anything. Matrix. Physics- the penultimate mistake of your USNA career. No one will forget the all-night dart games. Being 21 in Sept of 3/c year made for interesting weekends, here and abroad. You did the most on the weekends, for having the fewest. Before we leave, just one more shot of Jameson. FJL, AHN, JRS, JHT

Anthony John Marucci

Denville, New Jersey
Marine Corps Pilot

'Rucci came from the toxic waste dump, NJ. He always shivered during Plebe summer, earning the nickname Jitterbug from M.P. Plebe year, he had an interesting set of roommates, prompting his battle cry, "You ain't got no MORALS!" Another neat freak! Tony, dodge the lacrosse stick next time. He went 2 Bulldog early, shaved his head, ran the Marathon, put up Corps posters, and got his lobotomy. This made it hard 4 him 2 B sat, but somehow, he always pulled it off. Tony was a paragon of professionalism, never 1 2 complain (NOT!, WAAAA) about bizarre regulations, or sympathize w/a classmate's whine. Good thing he found a woman because he had too many girls going after him. He's completely changed because of her. He's completely Corps-brainwashed, but he could see the lighter side of things. (The mid one, that is.) OOOH RAH, devil dog! Kiss her for us, DMC MSK DKC

Arthur Gitau Mbuthia

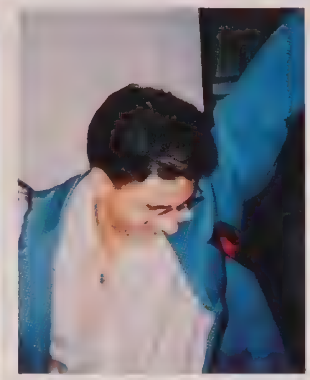
Setauket, New York
Naval Flight Officer

Bootsie came to us at a tender young age with eyes like Bambi. Plebe year met all of his expectations, and he was soon on the fast-track to Brigade Commander. Bizarre romantic interludes, willing and unwilling, were typical fare for our young stud. He continuously showed his potential, striving for excellence in everything. Always a favorite of T.C., his MOOM broke into triple digits when the company found a new home. He always used his maturity and wisdom to its fullest, and lived dangerously. Ring Dance with the caterpillar woman will always be remembered. Bulldog proved to all that he was a Marine somewhere DEEP inside, but made his choice for him. Firstie year, and finally a command position, proving everyone's worst fears. Made Dean's list, grew up (kinda), and had a dangerous liaison with MSK's first love/kiss. Touches mon singe! Stay outta jail, Bootsie! DMC

Raymond Troy Miller

Poquoson, Virginia
Surface Warfare

Warthog. Bushpig. ROOMIE! He fit in from the start-racked during the Sup's speech on I-day. Troy compared himself to everyone. 40, bench, expert pistol. A great athlete--ask any Bull Islander! He would do anything for you. Jump on the grenade if you asked him. Get up, throw back down. Get up, back down. Just don't steal his KFC skin. 3/c cruise--irongut watch, conning naked. Cancun-pothole-YAHOO! He stayed in the A.C. while others lugged torpedoes in 93 degrees. Very photogenic. J.T.'s party. 3..2..1..outta nowhere! Great America--Left, left, left. You better be sure! And I'm not gonna speed again! (twice) Ace in the hole for 7 card stud. Sings too. Danny Boy! Amazing leader Mr. Vice. This meat is fit to eat. Just stay away from port wine. Company asset--softball, football, fieldball, friend, you name it. There is no comparison to him. Kansas Beef and the Wisco Kid. T & Ski. Bert and Ernie. **--SKI**



Adam Howard Noble

Hilton Head, South Carolina
Nuclear Power-Submarine

Adam, this isn't as good as you would do but we have to face this fact with everything we do. Fortunately, he came down from the heights of society that are The Sailing Team and Hilton Head Island (he played jr golf) to allow us to write about him..Thankyou. Plebe year was **fun..**"Sir, does anyone know where Mr. Miller is?" Tweedlebug room..pies. The Badger..sensible Audi,books in bed,and yes,books in the shower. Senior year..ring dance dinner.. b-ball dominance..admin flaming. He sailed with a Lively group of guys who had a passion for double-knit polyester leisure suits and multi-colored chucks. Senior year brought the coveted position of Master Chief onboard FA and Connie. That fateful trip to UPENN where the Badger kept his card but lost his glasses. A man with a dazzling vocabulary, all-around knowledge, a great sense of humor,sweet disposition, but most of all a great friend MCT.AFU.CDM.JGH.PRP

Scott Joseph Overbeck

Mount Laurel, New Jersey
Nuclear Power-Submarine

O.B. is a physical specimen. At 5'7", and a "buck-o-five" soakin' wet, he attracts many ladies. With his Dylan (B.H. 90210) hair cut, he became known as 21412. Nice sideburns. Does Pat Riley know he has a twin? His life has revolved around the crew team for four years. Everyone knows that crews win on the coxswain's talents (weight) alone. As coxswain he was part of the greatest crew ever assembled, "The Four Horsemen" (yeah, right). He was able to coax the IRA champion Varsity 8 into letting him cox for them. No kidding, you really live in New Jersey. First semester CO, (when you could find him). Coach's favorite little guy, over-smack. How he ever survived living with a non-engineer is a true mystery. And I quote, "Mech. E. rules!" What is "diesel?" Does your mother know this is an "R" movie? "What are the beer labels for?" Thanks for keepin' us old men straight. **Ramrod** and **Weed**!

Thomas Ryan Owenby

Atlanta, Georgia
Marine Corps

TR wandered up to the Academy from the peachtree state with a baseball glove, but, alas, it was not to be. SPO was quick to rack. "Brother in green." UVA, Catholic, Timberland wanderings. (Shattering fashion statement!) "No! You will not." Cade's Cove, Hilton Head. Waking up in the truck. Chase the crabs. Maybe he'll meet a NICE girl who likes dark beer. PRH. Thermal? What thermal? Those labs with bam-bam, said something was wrong (our major). Stay away from windows, Evan & particles in the box. CDM. As TR's roomie for four years, it was nice to have someone to suffer $ problems. The search for tasty brew took us to FTW and Richmond, and Everywhere in MD. The Tombs, Ram's Head and the lost weekend in Charleston. Of course TR, the spoon was really mine!! And the two x-tra roomies we had at different times sure made things, well Different!! Good Luck and God Bless, and Yarch!! STT

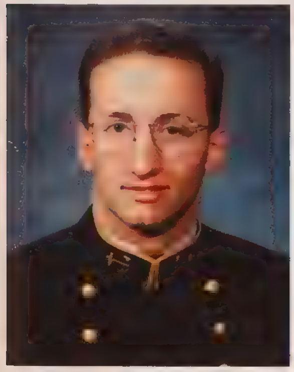
Carter William Page

Poughkeepsie, New York
Navy Pilot

Page; Paging Mr. Page! Carter came to us a young innocent New Yorker, where he was soon yelled at, assaulted by JUGHEADs, and thrown in jail; the beganing of his illustrious BLUES career. Youngster year was ushered in with a little present from Pro. Dev. I guess you're not going subs! Who was that girl in the library you would see every night till taps? Is poly. sci really that tough. Hey who signed out to St. John's on the weekend list? A little slow to Boston, Carter eventually made the 26.2 mile fun-run at a snails pace of 3:02. 2/c Year left Carter as the company example of how to wear a suit. Did you get that office at capitol hill yet? Don't forget those long rides to New York, where the topic of discussion was navy cheerleading and ballroom dancing. Don't forget your organizer. Hey RRRRRED! You know why? Cause you're a ....! Good luck at Grad. School. You're a real friend. FJL CWM JHT.

Adam Michael Plumpton
LaFayette, New York
Nuclear Power-Submarines

The runt of the 3441 litter came to USNA from “LaFay-Podunk”, NY. “ Dear God, Sir.”, rack pornography, baby powder, gymnastic pit snoozes, and late night talks. D.C. Sally. Two chicks for one dollar. Poison ivy recons. Can we please change lockers now? “No, I'll room with T.H..” Go ahead. Con locker/ Hamper. Orange wars and incriminating mail photographs. Shampoo on blotters. As a youngster: “There's a little more to love in a Plumpton.” Oooh Donna!! Some Michelson girl. “Only six bucks for these shoes?” Loosing religion...Finding religion...Where's Ms. Right? With Second class year came synchronous motors, and Sally the cat. Peer evals and silence... Firsty year brought new outlooks and old found friendships,- a phone, a fiance, and any 4 digit girlfriend. Bible study and too much rackin'.May your head stay big and your path stay straight. God bless and best wishes to a great friend.



Patrick Ronald Poleshinski
Combined Locks, Wisconsin
Surface Warface

The poet. Cheese. Ah, I-DAY. Racktime for roomie. Best roomie I ever had. Such a good house keeper. Fancy dresser. Purple suits. You let your sister date FL? How generous! YP's convinced him to go SWO. Or was it the FMF cruise? T&Ski-Lean On Me. Pink elephants. “Shut up, I'm listening.” Too serious. 4/c detail-"Sir, his name is 2/c CM.” He was CO, XO, Plt Cdr, and sqd ldr. What's next? Yet, also very funny. Practical joker. Just ask JLL's closet rat. Spring Break, want some wine? Talented. FRI Nite Show, 8th wing players, Happy Trails! You gonna eat that? No, I'm gonna... LCPL Longfellow--always active and planning. Kinda makes ya' wanna write a poem or two. It's not easy being cheezy. Time to replenish the vast forest we drew from. Just don't lose Hope. Who's idea was living in a barn, anyway? So many great memories. A continent apart, but close at heart. You pulled me thru roomie. I won't forget it. Thanx! **RTM**

James Roy Ramirez
Houston, Texas
Surface Warfare

If Texas was truly as great as he claimed, it would be the Garden of Eden. This good ole country boy's style is cramped by living with two yankee roommates (Sorry no sawdust on the floor). On weekends he can be found at Randy's, County Line, or Blackie's trying to teach a northern girl to two step or square dance (an impossible task). Of course, these bars could never live up to Texas. He has redefined the meaning of siesta. Hey, Wake up it's time for lunch. “What do you mean, no accountability?” “What does a Batt DAPA do anyway?” Ramrod. Nice car...How do you always get the same parking place? Where did you get those scars...the what marks? Just a short story, I got to get to class sometime today. Crack the window please...quickly. Hey, is that a UCMJ violation? “Would you like a shoe horn for those pants?” Thanks for four years together by the bay. Southern Gentleman. **O.B.** and **Weed**!

Michael Jon Reagan
Sandy, Oregon
Surface Warfare

From the start, we respected Jon for his age and wisdom, just like Yoda. After taking a massive paycut, he relished the opportunity to excel as a plebe, and excel he did. Jon's love for math and science enabled him to complete a minor in both areas. His quest for knowledge drove him to give up all three summer leave periods to better himself. Jon's choice of major, English, helped him limp through hard times over in the non-Sampson Hall arena. His professional excellence, above average junior-senior relationships ('92), and accepting stance on equal opportunity were all hallmarks of his Academy career. Firstie year saw him as a Form-2 machine, and a highly dedicated squad leader. From midshipman to confidant to co-conspirator, Jon proved himself a trusting, reliable friend. Remember to bring a cellular phone when you take off to the sticks! DMC, AFA

Robert Joseph Rosales

Seaford, Delaware

Naval Pilot

Bobby came to us plebe summer full of energy and vitality from the entertainment capital, Seaford, Delaware. He distinguished himself early on by supplying the upperclass with a constant supply of breakfast cereal. Bob really came into his own 2/c year, with Mommy and Daddy helping to finance his machine, the Eagle Talon, which he has yet to learn how to drive. Bob also became the voice of Warden Field, announcing with such passion that every member of the brigade was deeply touched. All those glee club trips and special receptions really paid off, huh? Maybe, if he's really lucky, Bootsie can be his NFO. MSK DMC I had to say something myself: Guys in company, it's been real. Fellas in the choir, glee club - TV was pretty cool, Kentucky will never be the same, but neither will Christmas in D.C. Hey Doc, keep in all singin' and cheering. Thanks to the Padres - and the Big Dog for all the prayer meetings at St. Harolds. Special thanks to Mom and Dad & the bros. Everybody take care, and God Bless. RJR

Joseph Richard Schulyer

Newburgh, New York

Marine Corps Pilot

Here's a story, with a point. Joe, the company's **first** World Beer Club Member. He was able to continue his rampage on the bars of Annapolis due to car touble. His first, a jeep, had a small problem with the engine, it dropped. His second, a black 3000GT..AN. But being stuck around school enabled him to be close to the two things he really loved, his rack and the wardroom. In fact one semester he loved them so much that between sleeping, TV, and **really tiring** "striper duties" he rarely had time to study. This affair resulted in a record semester..record low. But it didn't affect his service selection enabling him to choose what he had wanted all along that day..Marine Air? Roadtrip.. Oneonta, OST, Cornell, and really **incensed** about sleeping at Binghamton. How old to get **into** Fuddrucker's? Always willing to do just about anything, Joe will be a great Marine and remain an even better friend. MCT.AHN.CDM.

Michael Charles Taylor

Winston Salem, North Carolina

Marine Corps

The gimp. Plebe summer did some trick on your leg. Still can't understand why you kept the top bunk. At least plebe year was O.K. Boy, the sweat was pouring your first day at squad tables (late October). We survived RJR + operetta, or should I say he survived us? Our only solace was listening to L.A. Woman, then youngster year came and we got a CD player! Midstore gold really made it easy to buy discs. Spr break in Florida- SB's sis, pitchers and pitchers of marguerítas. Back to school- and the cutting board. Didn't know if you would play soccer (or be PQed). Through an amazing recovery managed 2 great yrs of V.Soccer (+1 fieldball). Your strength in the face of adversity (your leg, academics, Oneonta, Longwood, etc.) and your ability to overcome has been truely inspirational. Innate ability to find, or create, a good time- Philly, College town, Baja. How about some Rum and Whiskey in Cancun? **JRS**

Scott Thomas Taylor

Grapevine, Texas

Supply Corps

Scott came to USNA as a recruited football player, with a girlfriend already in mind. He survived plebe year with a weasel and an eagle. A swift foot always cured the weasel of his flap. His youngster summer ladyfriend gave him a warm sendoff to the Gulf. Ac year he realized once is a mistake and twice is stupid with the football team. **T.R.'s** spoon. Spring Break, where is the car? Has anyone seen Scott? Take me home. One psycho is enough! Can anyone spare a vertebrae? Second Class summer-He saw the light. School brought him to Rugby. Doesn't anyone have a spare disc? Who's idea was the butter sculpture? You don't think I'm 21? The light of his life brought AT&T a valued customer. A third roommate? The South did rise again. Firstie year, EE revisited. Is that phone stuck there? AT&T stocks rise. Athens' (and her) gain is our loss. Good luck and fare thee well ST! TRO, CDM

Jeffrey Scott Todd
Wilmington, Delaware
Naval Flight Officer

"Big Daddy" spent as much time in front of the mirror as he did studying 4/c year(did great none the less). Our Sun. mornings spent seeing who could rack longer & still make formation. Running back in civies to make taps-we almost had to carry TO & ST. 3/c year-trips to AC(stop at the Library), hot-tubbing till dawn w/AG,WG-"Jeff, I think we should take them back now,""Not now!" Cadet Stimpy exploring the cosmos after taps. With Jeff as a roommate there was never a dull moment. From 1001 canadian geese traipsing through our room in the middle of the night to those three lovelies who worked for quarters. I'll sleep through my morning classes if you'll sleep through your's. "Hey Frank you know what you are?" Jeff's 1/c summer turned out to be a little shaky shaky, but he managed to hit the academic year hard, and the bars even harder."Jeff you should learn to chew your food more." It's been a great 4 years. JW AFU FJL

James Hugh Toole
Hudson Falls, New York
Surface Warfare

Toole, the Toole-ster,miester,box,shed. In a word, in a phrase, COMPUTER. Power Toole graced us with his presence after a short (3 year) stint with the Can do Force. Plebe year taught us many things, including how to break a leg 8 or 9 times and avoid the following combinations: Kev, tennis balls and bayonets; Chad and stairwells; and of course Tony and doors (I was really only holding him there). Youngster year brought new challenges, grades (what grades), Franny's (how much tequila?), dartboards, and running out of whiteworks (Mr. D. with the bottomless chit). Flame-on for second class year. Sweatpants. Did you get wildmanned during Army Week? Keep that tequila flowing at Guadala-Harry's. Firstie year continued, you were there for us anytime, anyplace, anyhow. Best of luck, we're going to miss you, and if you have any questions, PLEASE ASK! **FJL,CDM,JRS.**

Andrew Frank Ulak
Wilmington, Delaware
Navy Pilot

Andy came to the Academy from the fine state of Delaware. All smiles, he soon adopted the nickname of "happy plebe." Sunday mornings were spent at church...in Delaware. The only frown on happy plebe's face came after a day of the bottle at Sandy Point. His chow call fell from 3-4 and splattered on Goat Court. A clock still goes DING. With youngster year came the discovery of Cisco and a love of the rack. Sailing regatta's were a blast. Nothing like free drinks. No one can forget the time in New Orleans over second class summer. With second class year came the responsibility of finding ingenious hiding places for dirty laundry, continuous advise from big brother Byrd, an honorary new roommate, LN, and Jen, a whole year of Jen. First class year brought a plunge in the tow tank, no more Jen, and new found friends at St. John's. Follow your nose, it always knows. JW JT

Chad Gordon Wahlin
Downers Grove, Illinois
Surface Warfare

Four years by the bay = "Whose bags are these? And the tennis racket?", baking powder, room rumbles, RTM, "She chewed tobacco", plebe quarters quarters and no belt, "Why do we do this?", G'town and Sally, Duke, Plump the fag, Sunrise Swords, the morning mess to clean up, "You're lucky Lum", and late night recordings. 3/C year and a room with Red, piled clothes, Bullets game, "all those swwwweaty peeeeople", flapping, "Yeah right!", the Friday shows, the walk toward darkness on 3-3, and an impressive new invention, the mirror. Tough business ventures and cars - the jeep, MG, t-shirts and dirtbag softball. 2/C year - Road trip to Houghton, the train bridge and a rope course, tough times, but squawk. 1/C year - better days, a triple on 8-0, more late night stories, and long weight room hours. A true friend and a great time. All the best. Keep the faith and don't ruffle too many feathers. AP, CP

Robert William Wedertz
Newburgh, Indiana
Naval Pilot

Weed is the most talented man in the brigade. Just ask him. With all his talents, he is most likely to win a talent contest with his imitations with acts like the dead squirrel, the fruit basket and the brain. He is the Commander-in-Chief of our room. Don't let his baby face fool you! He is the oldest man in the Brigade. With age comes wisdom, and his opinions and advise flow constantly (even if you don't ask). Without a doubt, of course, the only major at the Academy is English. He marched the company on the drill field in place of the Co Cdr as the first semester XO and did an outstanding job. He truly is musically gifted. He can play the guitar, piano, and sing (at the same time). He is the king stud in 7 Card Stud. As a member of the glee club for four years, he joined the Skiv's in 91 as "Schmooze." Sorry ladies, your too late he's off the market. Please, wash your shirt! **Ramrod** and **O.B.**

Jeffrey Jennings Whiteway
Millville, New Jersey
Surface Warfare

Jeff,jj,jefe arrived from somewhere in S.Jersey and got sucked into the endless blackhole but not alone. Starting in 6th jeff learned to climb stairs with the best of them. Plebe year..Blakely cup summ89', mr&mrst's 8min. Express door to door. Summer school included, trips to S.J. Waterskiing, changing in trashcans youngster jeff began his masters in calcIII. Painting flagpoles 2ndclass move to 35shocks world by seeing a bear! Thks to capt.J ee. Cold& wetjan .Solidice. 1Stclass finaly goodfood, drink, friends jeff began his shuttleservice forbmr.Jeff's ee must not have sunkin he tried to glowin the dark onefall morning w/the plump 4yrs.Jj was joined at thehip w/ some cal/nut.4Yrs.Var.Dinghy 92' single- handed nat's. Swimming super5, pinkelephant. Neverwood madew/ outyoujj. Good luck in Fl. Thanks for all support mom + dad-br

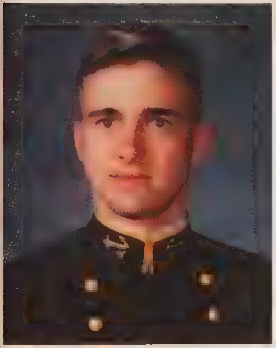
Joseph Jooho Yun
Boulder, Colorado
Naval Flight Officer

Joe's a guy who's sensitive about his body. He loves going thru phase
working out, not working out, buying, selling, etc. I saw Joe at NAPS and sai
"That dude hella looks Korean." R.J.F., A.P.B., & B.J.B., remember the pri
out of Joe's names. Plebe year he was stealthy w/some help from m
blunders. Complaining about his legs being 2 big, he ran everyday, but hi
legs didn't change. His T.C. got smaller. 3/c year, T.M. coined "Yuuuuuuun
which was used to call Joe. T.M. also made up "Smilin' Joe" because of hi
hardness. 2/c year Joe had 2 experiences he'll never 4get; the Prelude 2 g
skiing, and the I-Ball, thanks 2 me. 1/c year we were roomies again. Than
to J.Y.P., he worried about his typical T.C. and tried 2 get it bigger by doin
squats. Joe's a true friend that can be trusted and depended on. Thanx fo
being a hella cool brother that I never had. DKC

Thirty-Sixth Company

Jason Yanar Allee
Kent, Washington
Surface Warfare

Jason came out of the woods with the hope of returning to them. (Yaarch) "Does that include trail mix?" Where are your classmates -- would it bother you if I said P.T.? So tell me, do you salute a naked man? And he changed his name to Mohammed... 3/c Year--the spring episode with Jack and that rugby playerette (you really shouldn't mix drinks and large women). Second-class year saw Detail, then EE. Study, study, study...Dog-zebra. That's okay, your car was in North Carolina anyway. Dark Ages with Lisa -- "we have so much in common." Against better advice, off you went to the Dance with her -- "Are you okay?" I didn't know that New Carrolton was so close to the Academy. Firsties -- finally. The dream of the woods was replaced by the call of the sea -- it's about time. Off to Coronado, I mean Newport (unlucky). See you in Cali, for a while at least. GAE,SJM,WRW



Michael Timothy Amos
Orlando, Florida
Navy Pilot

Sky, Sea, and Skiing - need I say more? Got Minibuds, Got your double-whammy ParaScuba chest candy quals pretty early, especially after all those practice rack-jumps, at the expense of your foot. You and racks didn't mix too well, especially when you went down in round 1 of the Famous vs. Z-man bout. Distinguished 2% club member, faithful to the Rox through thick and thin from day one of plebe summer. Ah, the life of a monk! You went skiing so often, you probably had tabs on every ski area within 4 hours. Couldn't believe you could fit those 195's into your monster vette, could you? Risk and frequent lifting breaks (with the 'Motivator') helped keep you sane through Physics, French and AC duty. Have fun playing house with Roxy in PAX, JAX, and PCOLA, and dominating Flight S. And, take it easy instructing your slower pals (like me) when they finally make it to Primary. Best of luck in the air! MMH

Kevin Warren Andersen
Northfield, Illinois
Surface Warfare

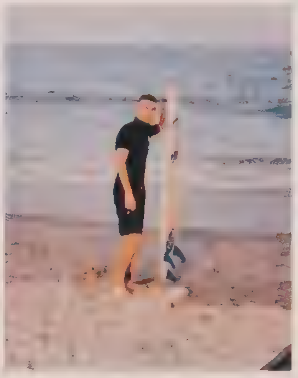
Kevin came to us from the windy city via a quick stop in Roswell, New Mexico (Go NMMI!). Plebe year quickly saw him wondering what he had gotten himself into. Not to worry, the boys were here. Of course tennis seemed to keep him out of company area most of the time. SI 180 was a trip (...and you should have seen the women). Youngster summer was great. "Hey Kev... lets go for a run...Gimme that...Uh...Give me a heart attack why don't ya." Youngster year saw the three amigos making their first (although regretably not there last) trip to smoke hall. Second class summer is better left forgotten. How are those jellyfish scars? Hey, if its not the right thing to do you don't do it. Firstie year was better although he was gone some of the time visiting M.W. in Va.Beach. Thanks for the good times Kev (Go San Dog!) JJ

Eric Jose Anduze
Bayamon, Puerto Rico
Navy Pilot

Errick El Mas Mansell, Mira Errick, Rico Suave, Rican, or just plain Rico. Aero grad who studied 2 hrs. a week and still got to be a fly-boy. This latin lover has broken several candy coated hearts if you can tear him away from the mirror long enough. Trips to Arny's house for his favorite treat. Lowered his car, and his stereo is worth more than his car, TYPICAL! Que culito!, teaching Bryan spanish. Trucu in training to be the next Rico. Comes from the fastest family in P.R. Eric do you want to P.T. today? I didn't think so! Will always remember the trips to P.R. Jet Skis Shannons 2 for 1. Sylvia-the challenge of the century. The man from P.R. that snowboarded. On the slopes with Kevin, Matt, and Tom. Life has treated him good many of women should attest to that, but his time will come and when it does his worse fear will come true, God will give him a daughter. KMS MLA RTM BJB EJB

Matthew Lindh Arny
Galesville, Maryland
Naval Flight Officer

A long, strange trip its been! On the rocks in Newport to compiling an evergrowing list, more than imagined in 5 short, yet eternal, years on the water. "Formation flying" in Bermuda to the BVI twice; disaster on the Turnpike to Medalla on Gilligan's Island, PR; singin' with Foxy to smokin' with Capt. Tony; exploring the shores of Watagua to diving Painted Caverns; 1-1 sunsets to 21 hours in a single "puff"; my first spin on an FJ learning halyards and jibs to knocking around buoys in 48 footers; Matts' diving to chartering; Frick to Frack; start to finish the most memorable times have been Matts`. Good times and riches and son-of-a-bitches, we've seen more than we can recall! Yet diving Belize and Saba to riding Harley's to Key West; hiking the Appalachian to Cape Horn under sail; now until we finish that damn list; Matt, there's still so much to be done! So here's to you...(you know what's next) - Frick, Rico



Eric Josef Bach
Union Bridge, Maryland
Naval Flight Officer

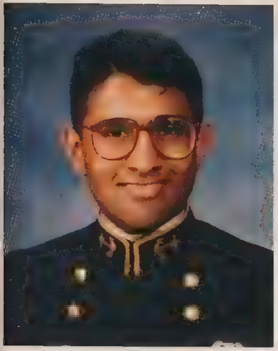
"Eedge" was a local boy who came to USNA to compliment his alternative lifestyle. (Skate for life, dude!) He made it through plebe summer almost completely unnoticed. He had a great plebe year despite a near brush with expulsion. What was her name? After spending youngster cruise as water boy for the Midway fire, "Pigpen" spent youngster year trying to rekindle fires with old acquaintances. One gave him "bore" than he bargained for. Spring Break brought prairie fires and PAO with MLA. Second class summer was spent shooting pistols and jumping fences at USNA. Academic year brought a brief stint in a 3 man that became 2, with a little help from the honor concept. Firstie cruise was the Bandit's experimental time, but he found out what he wanted in the end. After a semester as battalion janitor, he met the love of his life and took up photography. P-Cola is in for it. Best of Luck - BUB.

John Allen Bayless
Indianapolis, Indiana
Naval Flight Officer

J.B. came to Land of Oz from an incredible hot spot: Indianapolis, Indiana. Not one to be impolite, he fearlessly displayed his enthusiasm to immediately become acquainted with his upperclass. "Permission to shove off, sir?" Poof! Immediately, J.B. set the Systems world on fire, while embarking on the great quest to become an NFO. Youngster year was occupied with academics and the woman that he would never marry?! "Sure, John." Then came the big switch to 36 after 2/C summer. Wooosh!! From this point on, J.B. was destined to spend long hours working toward his goal of being the kinder, gentler, more understanding, and, definitely, more professional naval officer. Anyone up for some late night studying in the front office? How about some statements for... In any event, Naval Aviation and the Wife are getting an outstanding individual who won't let them down. Go get em'! TSG.PRD.JJW.GHC

David Stanley Brooks
Tacoma, Washington
United States Air Force

Where to begin? Plebe year! You had that cute, innocent face, and that big brother to protect you from danger. Who would have ever guessed that sweet boy would mature to the sensitive stud you are today. Many of women cried themselves to sleep at night because you so diligently turned them down, or should I say off. One, however, stands among the rest-- 1/c year, Green Turtle. Of course, that had nothing to do with your intoxication level, which I might add repeated itself quite often: (broken thumb, sleeping on the floor so the room wouldn't spin, praying on 8th wing grass with G.C., etc.). We had some pretty good times though. How about those waitresses at BAHA, and our lazy afternoons at the golf course, or more commonly, our racks. Who would have ever guessed you would go Air Force. Fly that desk with pride. Maybe some day we'll take that trip to Australia and dive the Great Barrier Reef. Pals-- GNT.



Jacob Andrew Chacko

Honolulu, Hawaii

Surface Warfare

Andrew "Chako-D-Chako", the Hollywood Hawaiian Drill Stud. Enthusiasm, imaginative choreography, lengthy speeches, and awesome T-shirts were your gifts to the Drill team. As one of the "Founding Fathers" you invented Funky Rockers, and Chacko Arms. Of course, we had to get you out of the rack first! Remember Jennifer, the bathroom, and the 747? Yenni and Susan? Restricted on your own Chacko Spring Break! Drill on, my great friend, Chacko.-JDC/ From the shady luxury of the Hala tree to the Annapolis shores, came Chacko. Thousands of miles from Paradise, Europe provided the comforts that he required to survive: sun and a warm spot to rest a tired head. Ya-a! As the time nears to Hele on, and close friends must part ways, I wish you the best, Buk-Buk. Aloha Oe', Chacko-san. Born of white-capped waves/Island sons roam on the winds/Bonded by the sea.-RSM

George Hubert Cooper

Toledo, Ohio

Surface Warfare

Coop came to us from Toledo, a second-generation Annapolis man. As a plebe, he joined the sailing team (BOOM!) and set chow call records for RJ. He spent youngster cruise constantly in port living the good life. During the academic year he spent most of his time fighting CALLME and DIFFEQs, but it was not until we were second class that Coop knew what he really wanted - to race the Iditarod. For the magnificent post dining-in party at Harry Brown's, the Coopman demonstrated to all that a strong will could overcome a strong urge. But, who could ever forget the visit of the premier Russian at the time? Coop won't. Coop's Infiniti won't either. You just have to watch out where you park nowadays, even though it may be a perfectly legal space. But, Alaska is waiting, and Coop is waiting, and the dogs are just watering at the mouth!!! Best wishes in Charleston! JAB & TSG

Alexander John delCastillo

Winter Haven, Florida

Surface Warfare

Big Al came to us via Tulane and Nuke School . After a summer of holding hands with his roommates, he accelerated into the world of academia. He showed an addiction for DiffEQs, taking it for two bonus semesters before kicking the habit. Most of his summers and after school were spent sailing the Seven Seas (going so far as to steal a boat in order to win the Frostbite Series, and a lifesaving effort during first-class summer) or mysteriously going out in Eastport donning his black leather jacket and driving his 'blue bomber' automobile. As always, he struck out on his own, choosing to go to Japan to the DD-991 Fife on what surely will be a successful career. Just remember, "It's better to beg forgiveness, than ask permission." DAF RCG

Pete Raymond Dufour

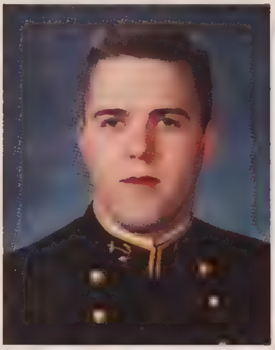
Nashua, New Hampshire

Surface Warfare

Pete arrived at USNA after 2 yrs of long-haired hippie life at ST. A's. Plebe summer found 'Dufe' up before the sun, razor in hand. His good nature, and easy temperament breezed him through Plebe year, earning him friends Brigade-wide. Crew came and went but gave PD a work-out ethic that rivals Arnold's. PD spent all 4 yrs with RS as a cell-mate and they quickly ridded USNA of a Cali geek. 3/c year PD took a bold MAC flight to Bourbon street for a weekend of revelry w/ JH & RS. PD's patience showed as he was able to carry RS back to the car & track down a missing JH. Trips to Boston became more frequent and we all knew that PD was up to something. We were all pleased to meet 'Jule' whose great personality easily matches Pete's. PD's skills soon awarded him command of 36, at which he excelled. He looks forward to marriage with Jule and life in Charleston. It's been great-GL-RS-JH.

Geoffrey Alan Enns
Fontana, California
Surface Warfare

Swatch! Geoff came to us former hippy and will leave us with the ever-present flattop. After a brief flirtation with the Tailhook community Geoff wised up and started his quest for The Pin -- which attracted the attention of a certain YOUNG lady from Ellicot City. I just wanted to be friends... That's what they all say. Psycho-OCF girls... Who did you go to Mt. Vernon with? 2/C year -- weapons proliferation and escalation in 8th wing. THE 1.2 and early return. Tom! Do you mind if I call you Tom? You're highly qualified to teach Strengths. GE, it brings your grades to life! Ring Dance -- then Shanna this, Shanna that... LA-Seattle-LA-Crabtown via BFE West Virginia and JY's magic short cut. First semester -- was that you coming in at 5:30? It's a lot different when she's 3000 miles away, huh? No sympathy from the other side of the desk. Good Luck FUZZY! SJM,JYA,WRW



Douglas Aaron Factor
Glenford, Ohio
Surface Warfare

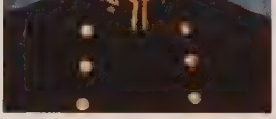
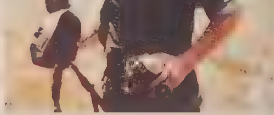
Doug came to USNA after a hitch in the real Navy, minus one real tooth.The transition from country to city was a bit rapid."No one wears boxers, no one parts their hair on the side." Little did he know, there was life outside the basketball capital of Ohio.Plebe year saw him with a high and tight, a few girlfriends, a scare from the ficticious HM1 Rodriguez(and more tricks from his jerk roommates), and the start of academic frustration ("Factor, STUDY").He was the company officer's pet.3/c year he let his hair grow some and racked very little.2/c year brought the portly, prior, psycho fiancee.At Army-Navy he was almost shot and then had a run in with Air Jordan.1/c year came DJ Doug,a free ride in a paddywagon, dumpage of psycho, and getting his new girlfriend all choked up in Griffins.The king of hip will join the boys in San Diego for further hyjinx and suffering.WWJ,RCG,MJP

Timothy Shawn Gudukas
West Mifflin, Pennsylvania
Navy Pilot

Duke came to us from the steel city with lofty dreams of bogies and babes. Plebe year brought his first older woman experience and a place on the fencing team. After a cruise on the Mighty Mo and a long-distance dedication from San Diego, Duke returned to the granite cave a stellar youngster. Second-class year was a model year for Tim. He spent free time in the blue skies over Penn and in the spring, began the relationship with his Z which would keep us entertained every Sunday night. As we turned into the home stretch of first-class year, Captain Tim switched to auto-pilot. He spent Christmas in Key West proudly earning call-sign Chummy and as the dark-ages finally came to a close, Duke could only be found where they do the El Paso. In the end, Tim made all of his dreams come true. Naval Aviation is gaining a man of unquestionable character. Good Luck. WUP-WUP-WUP! JAB

Richard Corry Guerin
Valley Stream, New York
Surface Warfare

Tricky arrived straight from Long Island and hasn't had a dull moment since. The "oh"-man spent most of plebe summer waving to boats on the Severn and making inverted hospital corners. Along the way "tie-boy" has bounced his way through 2.5 marathons, bad feet and all, despite the affection that mice have for his shoes. His running couldn't stop theDoD police from catching him, so he spent most of firstie year running 2 miles to his car. Too many trips to the Houseof Pain cost Screech his eyebrow. The Duke of New Yorkdisturbed our late-night universe with his constant challenges for a Battle Royale. Mommy's boy finally decidedto head out West for the LSD 49 and grace the Harpers Ferry with his PCR proven knowledge. The gator Navy will be hard pressed to keep up with America's Most Wanted Raver. AJD,DAF

Lars Raymond Hagendorf-Orloff
Royal Oak, Michigan
Surface Warfare

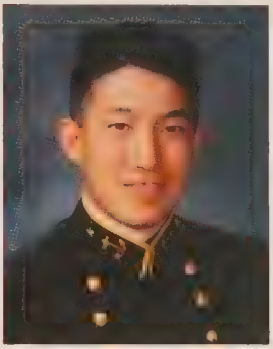
"I watched a snail crawl along the edge of a straight razor... crawling, slithering along the edge... and surviving." I met this "snail" during second-class summer with Group 8 and the emergency C-9 landing in Tennessee (yee-haw!). Second-class year was filled with ideas of music and his engagement to his Motown honey. That summer, LHA love came to the forefront, but we know he is "a cold heartbreaker fit to burn and he'll rip your heart in two, and he'll leave you lying on the bed..." First class year brought the end of the engagement (told you so) and the beginning of the He-man attitude. It also brought the weekly pilgrimages to the place of Pete. Come hell, high water, or EE, we usually came through. Anyway, have fun in San Diego, and keep the 9mm handy. I'll miss you bro, and I'll know you'll miss me and Glen D. too. I'll catch up with you in CivLant! Wait 'till they get a load of us. MES

James Alan Henderson
Kittery, Maine
Surface Warfare

"The Stein" came to us from the north proving that his eyes were bigger than his stomach, which couldn't quite fill a water pitcher. Plebe year gave him a claim to fame when Captain America caught him with his pants down. Youngster cruise found Jamie hanging off the back of the "Dandy" all the way to Nantucket. "The Shacker" returned from youngster cruise to Captain McHappy who knew his alpha, but not his name. "933234 - your stuff is all over the basement." After an uneventful summer, "Shacker" used USNA as a base of operations for his assaults on Trinity College. Spring Break '92 brought "Shacker's" reign to an end, as he entered into a torrid romance that would drive him to Hawaii. "The Stein" returned first class summer from a "shakey-shakey" good time in Sri Lanka. Firstie year brought a debut to the Supt's list with no work and all play. Hawaii will be an adventure. Best of Luck - BUB

Michael Ming-Hua Hsu
Clarksville, Tennessee
Navy Pilot

Would you believe this guy gots Southern Draw that would make any rebel proud? Outta the hills of Tennessee Mike came to ole USNA at such a young age he didn't have to shave for the first six months but for the sake of curiosity Even after pulling JB through SysEng and losing all those brain cells in the boxing ring Mike was able to make it through here without ever losing those Sup's stars. The mental midget of plebe summer went to 5 stripes - did he ever learn our names? Then the laid back Cond.O. spent all that free time, or lack thereof, working on his project and benching. Where does he get the strength? No matter what, he always gets the job done. Certainly the perfect Mid-even when he turned red from that alcohol. Get some at Cambridge and Europe (Bet she is a blue-eyed blond/redhead!!). You can fly with me any day. JJW One of these days, Shoe, straight to the moon! JAB MTA WRW



Stephen Josh Jackson
Glendora, California
Surface Warfare

Josh came to us from L.A.. His Southern Cal lifestyle with hot days in the sun. "schooling" those guys on the dunk court came to an end."Hey man you don't do that on someone else's court!" Plebe year, Josh looked more like a marine than a SWO, with airborne wings and talk of going Marine Air Weekends to D.C. to see H.P. could have made the upper class jealous...How does a plebe always have a big grin on his face at the end of a weekend?! We suffered together in SI 180, but hey, you liked it the second time around.(..the women..back to parameters). Youngster summer..he's not my boy friend anymore..Gimmethat!! Gotta love those scars..make that 2 double shots. he'll be right back. 1-C cruise, Hey..gotta pick me up, ship's going to leave Matt, it's for you..#*$#!Ah..Monday Night fball..23oz's Sammy! May the good times live on in the SD BACHELOR PAD. KWA

William Worthington Jeffries

Baltimore, Maryland
Surface Warfare

Bill arrived at USNA a highly recruited master of debate. He had the genes to succeed—his father a Harvard grad and former NFL scab player and mom a former pro cheerleader.(C.S. will tell ya) Bill had the looks that could breakhearts, or stop them—literally. The good ol' days of leanness, jv lax, and plebe rate competetitions soon melted into the days of Griffin's, 400 oz. weekends, and ultra-tightpants (size 40!). We're not fat we're husky! Bill put his talents to good use though in humiliating some salty lymies in his favorite pasttime. He's decided to abandon his musical career after his philly nightclub debut for a life at sea. Smart move. Oh well— as long as there are cool Buds, tasty food, and a large screen TV, what more can you ask for?Hope you enjoy your cheeseburger(s) in paradise.Good luck.MJP

Jon Lian Jensen

Rockville, Maryland
Surface Warfare

Jon came to the USNA from exotic Rockville, Maryland. Plebe summer was a little rough, but come waterpolo season he disappeared into MacDonough Hall. Academics were a roller coaster but Santa Campbell came through, and Jon survived plebe year. Youngster year saw a Scuba bubble, polo, and another ride on the roller coaster. Kalme for an 'A' changed to call me for an 'F' and Jon got to see the Admiral up close for the first time. Not to be discouraged, he even ventured back a second time. After a slight scare, which was resolved the next morning, Jon was back for good. Second class year brought heated debates with the fascist from Missouri, and the equally rabid company officer. He spent most of firsty summer south of the border getting to know Jose Cuervo. First class year brought Jon All-East honors for polo, and a job in striper alley. Who would have thought? Maybe this place is coming around. JKZ

Shawn Edmund Mansfield

Broken Arrow, Oklahoma
Marine Corps

After having previously served in a "small" unit in the USMC, Air Wing made a little mark on each of our lives plebe summer - especially O-man's. "Mom, this is the boy who's trying to kill me." Plebe year brought fame and fortune as he harpooned three beauties and got into a pie-throwing contest with JR. Football season brought cadences and anchor-man with Notre Dame's best. Spring break with Ductus was a first-class time with third class transportation. "That thumb really does work." During this year, he learned the skills (formation dodging, class dodging, white works, no shave) that would carry him through his next four years. The little guy that we loved so much disappeared forever as he met his true love. Second class year was the year of bills that catch up with you. "I want my $100 for conspiring against my son". Enjoy 5 more years in a hootch with the mafia queen. BUB, BANDIT, MULE, ED

Steven John Mathews

Flossmoor, Illinois
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Stevie Ray came to us from the city of "da Bears" and had a relatively quiet plebe year, except a shaving problem, sleeping through plebe quarters, and the infamous Beat Army split. Youngster year -- two-man room (with much excess steam) and a woman in Indiana. Second-class year saw the quotation list and its late-night entries, Thursday night study marathons, Dog-zebra on Friday, LOTS of coffee, and the arrival of the little Megger. Second semester brought the "Mathews Weekend" with Debbie. How much was that class ring? That summer claimed the acrobatic Corvette (but at least the Sox cap was okay), and quality time with the future Mrs., minus Sage. Firstie year -- second Vette experience with an immovable object, second Mathews weekend, the big commitment -- study frog says punt! Squeezed through medical and all clear to dive -- good luck and good hunting. GAE,JYA,WRW

Matthew John Pawlikowski

Buffalo, New York
General Unrestricted Line

Polack came to USNA from Buffalo, via NAPS, on a full lax scholarship."It's great when you can take a kid out of Buffalo so he can play lacrosse in Maryland." Plebe year brought the start of his success in lax. He rewarded himself with a trip to Steerage and one to McGarvey's. Upperclass years brought an academic scare ("It's so scary it's fun"), endless practices, 3 Bills Super Bowl losses, a minor in summer school, blurred nights at Griffins, a receding hairline ("I get it cut this way"), stories only C.S. would believe, and a fiancee ("just for the summer"). He survived it all, though, with a lot of class. Now, as the eyes and ears of the GIUK Gap, Matt will be propelled into a position of national importance, as he prepares for the next rise of the Great Polish Empire. Good luck in everything and when in doubt, emulate me...WWJ

Bradley Michael Rodi

San Diego, California
Surface Warfare

You stared at the black hole into halsey on i-day unaware what the future would bring.Now its over and you've tested all usna has to offer,black n*,academics(thought it would never end).Plebe year-blakely cup blood bath,goat-court commo,teamtable pranks, first plebe all-american.3/C year-youths,usna resort for summer school,speed record to jersey,jj in philly,wall-jumping to kd's house,win natls',4july on t's boat w/brits.2/C year began with your mind scrambled by jb.On leaving she almost took your heart too. Laser champ(i tought u too much),that weeknd in jan.-Go ahead you break the ice&get wet first!Went from diving in fla. To freezing in md. W/in hours,ring dance-we'll take another bottle, another super-500?1/C year-service selection(ammo on target)sail-expo in ac (casinos are fun),crazy women in griffins,wonder woman in dc.Remember to get to your ship on time!Thanks 4 everything-jw

Douglas William Sasse, III

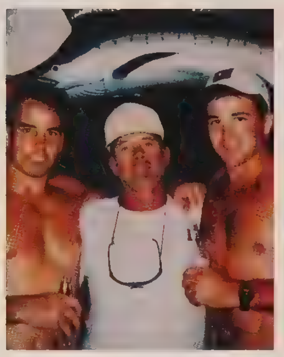
Ithaca, Michigan
Surface Warfare

"Bub" came to us from backwoods Michigan via Big Blue. His plebe summer claim to fame was spending too much time in the Hotel until rescued by CAPT America. Ac year was the start of Bub's battles with hi-rise trou and a receeding hairline, not to mention a Floridian roommate. A certifiable sponsor didn't help him much and that must be why he let the VA Techie slip away. Oops! Youngster year saw him persecuted by two lax-type roommates and transform into a country boy. Second class summer brought some Texas oil (almost) and fun in the sun. The ac year opened with two roommates that dwindled to one after some Ac log follies. First class summer saw the awesome responsibility of a YP in his care. The final year witnessed the expansion of his country collection as well as his trou seams. Parking the Saturn wasn't bad except when EJ helped. Sponsor's kids and sisters. To Newport. Fish on! -EJB

Robert Wayne Schroder

Hattiesburg Mississippi
Marine Corps

Air Schrodaire came to us from the heart of the deep South with an open mind and his eyes full of idealism. During Plebe Summer, Rob learned quickly how to win friends and influence people. Singing in the shower was his specialty and as Plebe Year progressed, it soon became apparent that it was Rob's way or no way. Disco Shea loved him anyway... even when Rob convinced him to go home. Youngster year brought a 2-man room and new freedom but no relief from his long-term nemesis...the PCR! Being squared away finally paid off as Rob's excellent attitude earned him the world's greatest fall from grace, going from Batt. Cdr. to Asst. Drill Officer in one semester. Always the Man with the Plan, Rob's greatest success has to be youngster year's debacle in New Orleans and his example of slow drinking! The Marine Corps will never be the same again. You've been a great friend Rob! Good Luck!-PRD



Kevin Michael Smart

Miramar, Florida

Naval Flight Officer

He's a legend. A man lured by the call of the sea, dedicated to celebrate each day with a party, a tailgater, or a buddy with a bottle of Nassau Royale. Women and water are his specialty. Like the Mako shark; strong, fast, and smooth (No hair either) he feeds effortlessly on any beautiful prey that swims within his reach. Smart enough to be a NARC and talented enough to play every position in Div I football. He's the Jolly Mon, known for his pig roasts and his relentless friendship. Franny's is to him what Cheers is to Norm. From the bars in Newport to the shooters with Larry, from the slopes of Maryland to the deck of the Fire Eagle in Nassau Harbor, from South Street in Philly to the banks of Snake Creek, from diving in Bimini to passing out at College Park, he's a legend, pure and simple.. a legend. Give us a call Kev when you're ready to start up that bar in the KEYS! RTM & EJA

Chesley David Snyder

Arlington, Texas

Supply Corps

Ches (as in the Game) arrived via NAPS under the assumption that all girls were as playful as the 260 pound mama's boy.Eventually, he was placed on probation for his hands on approach.His lines were just as smooth.After a setback 2/c year,he nearly killed his roommates before springing a leak in his rack. At Army-Navy he made his bid for the Heisman with a key fumble recovery but lacked the pose needed for publicity.He always took hard to academics, always seen with his bookbag and on the run ("Gotta quiz, gotta go!").This big teddy bear could sweat more than he could drink.Always one to take in constructive criticism (barber shop).1/c year brought the crash diet.He went from weightlifter to weightwatcher.("That's unnecessary fat!").Once a free, roaming hound, he's now on the porch with a short leash.Get ready for the Annapolis/Athens Express.Eat something.MJP,BMR,WWJ

George Nicholas Tsangaris

Tarpon Springs, Florida

Surface Warfare

Well, Chunky, What can I say? I've seen you grow as a person over the last four years-- pound by pound. I'll always reminisce over lost afternoons spent in the rack, dreaming of the pin-up girls scattered throughout our room, drooling over God knows what, maybe that eternal question, "What does a penny taste like?" Tomorrow we'll meet as old men and discuss bygone days. Did you ever marry that girl? and, how's that old guy doing with the broken ribs? But today, we can live...and drive fast in our bitchin' red Camaro, just turn-off that noise. What about your homework? Don't worry, just enjoy the ride. O.K., if you drive and babysit. DSB & GHC, put those away. We gotta go. GHC-- Let's get outta here! Don't look. George! He's got a gun! Police officer, help! Before goodbyes, some words of wisdom: Chew Your Food. Punch that clock and don't look back. Enjoy Mayport, or is it Jaifa? Friends-- DSB

Luis Eduardo Villalobos

Rockville, Maryland

Marine Corps

After a year of fattening up at NAPS, this local boy came ready to make his mark on the institution. He ate his way through plebe summer while helping his roommate with his nametags only to help him leave two years later. Ed always had a soft spot for roommate loyalty - right Wags? After crashing and burning in football and H2O polo, "Injin' Joe" found his place on the Ltwt crew team - Tag, you're it...come by and see my rulebook..flutter kicks on g.c.. the Red Man...back of the bus rides...how much was that deadlift?. Notre Dame found him holding up a wall and filling up holes while handily whipping 4 guys in anchor-man. Ed survived youngster year with only a couple of brushes with his O-Rep. 2/c year, Ed kept the flame alive (TTB) in 25, while trying a new major. Firstie year meant a transfer back into our lives. God save the USMC - G.L.; BUB, PIGPEN, MULE, EDMUND, MTP

William Robert Waggoner

Lee's Summit, Missouri
Surface Warfare

Wags arrived from the heart of the Midwest with his bugle and a talent for Taps. Billy-Bob also supplied us a great a capella tune for the trip to the rack. There was the spring trip to the real coast, which rounded out a quiet first year. Youngster year - the emergence of the x-week clam (ummph!), which still couldn't save him from SP 422. Second-class year brought the x-week hermit and the continued gungy cut (yeah Corps). But, Bulldog took care of all of that. Does Rob really s#$* in the woods? First-class year was where all the action started -- sliding in under the tag before taps, staying out all night on the weekends (must be a woman). Maura (with the help of SJ) got Rob's attention by picking him up at the B-ball game. We're sure the roads in Penn were blocked -- at least something was blocked. Best of luck with the Ferry, see you in SanDog. JYA,GAE,SJM.

Jacob J. Wiebe

Fayetteville, Arkansas
Marine Corps Pilot

Snake came to us from backhills R-Kansas; God, it was good to meet a fellow good-ole boy! Plebe year brought a heart (bottle?) stopping time with Hendu at St. John's. Jake got his feet wet in the plebe harassment program youngster year; 2/C year put him in the driver's seat, where he stayed even through 1/C year with his leper care society. Dumb move boxing Ambulance Care Karl, especially with a 22-lb advantage, the wrong way. You won our admiration by sticking faithfully to the Aviation Eyesight Conservation sleep schedule, then waking your roomie at 5:20 in the mornings to P.T. and then play C.S. Nazi. Ring resale didn't turn out to be your calling, did it? How about Bubbette and your favorite forklift driver? Is everyone still outta your league? Glad I never sold you that $10 quarter before service selection. Catch up to you at PCOLA. Best of luck in the Corps! - MMH, DWS

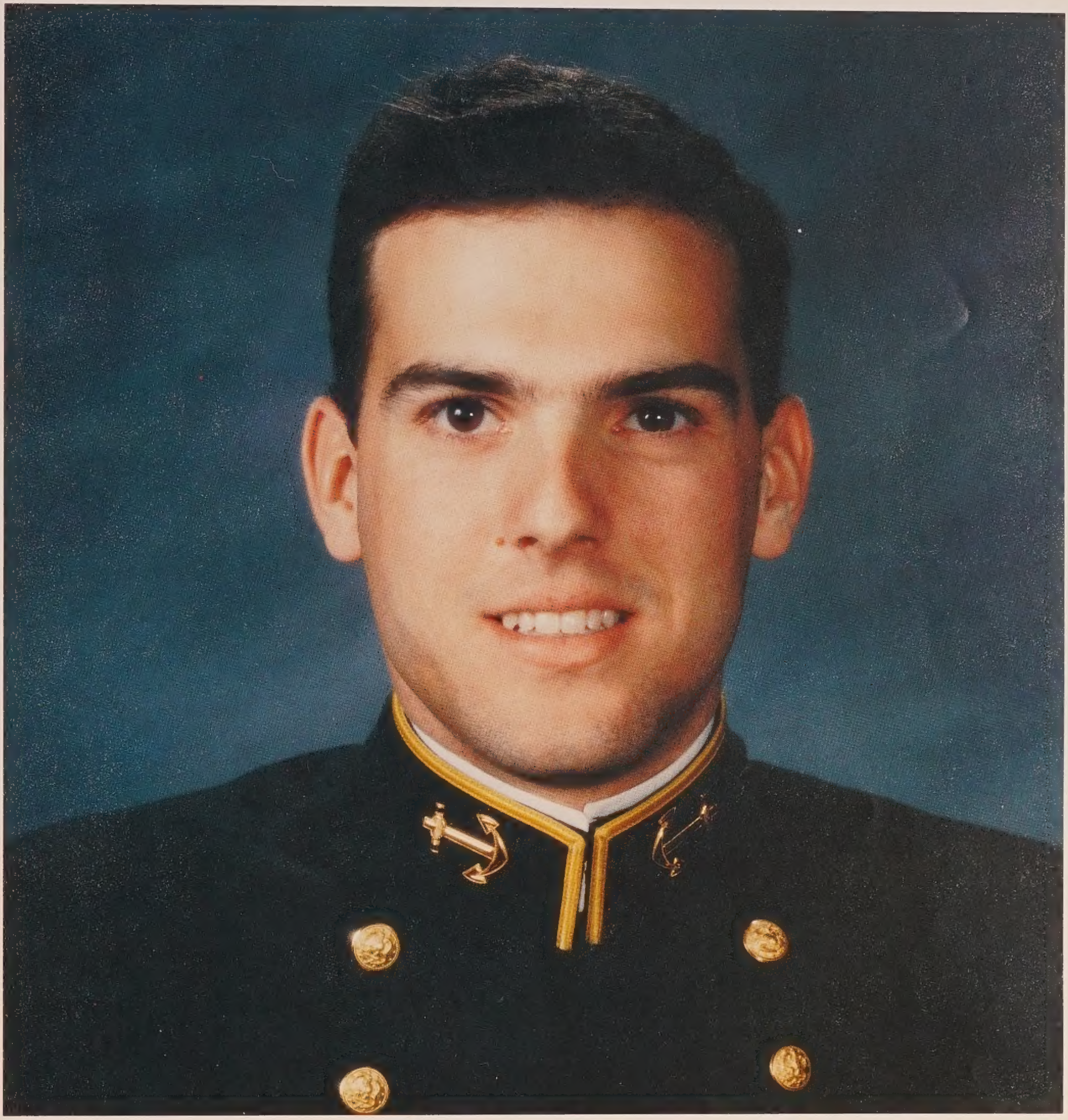
Jay Karl Zollmann

Wentzville, Missouri
Marine Corps

Jay was born and bred from some backwoods tract of land near St. Louis, deciding at an early age that he wanted a career that would allow him to kill things- he shot his first squirrel at the ripe age of five. The Marines seemed the next logical step. Jay (a.k.a. Soul-man, Riggerhead, or just plain Hick) is the only country music fan I know of who liked it before Garth Brooks hit it big, but the real surprise was that he used to be a Metalhead (the only kind of music) his first two years "by the Bay," Axl Rose being his hero at that time. In all my fights with him, we always seemed to come to the agreement that he was a Southerner. All in all, the Corps will like him, and they'll probably be dumb enough to send him to D.C. where he can do some real damage. Semper Fi, J.K.; stay Republican, and don't punish any more of your roommates. Always, Haagen-Dazs

The Class of 1993 wishes to express its deepest sympathy to the family of Jeffrey Warren Mascunana who tragically passed away before Graduation. He was deeply appreciated and greatly admired by all those who had the pleasure of knowing him. His memory will live in our hearts and minds forever. We will miss him always.

In Memory



Jeffrey Warren Mascunana

Class of 1993

Those We Left Behind

Adams, Robert Barnes
Adams, Steven Athelin
Aitken, Melody Dawn
Akins, Joseph Albert
Alexis, Rebecca Jo
Alger, David Michael
Allen, James Edward
Allred, William Burke
Alm, Jeremy Michael
Arce, David Anthony
Arens, James Francis
Arruti, Shawn Michael Timothy
Ashley, Hartwell Dew
Atkinson, David Raymond
Babbitt, Scott K
Baker, Stephen Douglas
Balstad, Dean Lee
Bannister, Christopher Todd
Barclay, Stephen Brent
Batson, Bryan Keith
Baxa, George
Beckham, Brian Lee
Bennett, Jay Wesley
Best, Dawn Dee
Best, James Anthony
Bird Bear, Aaron
Bonnet Eymard, Marc Louis
Bradbury, Jon Edwin
Brennan, Robert Lawrence
Brinket, Brian Carl
Brinkmeyer, Jacquline Marie
Brister, Gary Jerome
Brown, Bradley David
Browne, Peter Fielding
Browning, Jennifer Liane
Bruno, Steve Kurt
Bullard, Ivan Charles
Burger, Anthony Ronald
Burns, Joel Dan
Byrd, Ronald Keith
Cade, Nathaniel
Cade, Roger Lee
Cady, Christopher Mark
Cahill, Colleen Jo
Carlineo, Daniel Samuel
Carlson, Carl Victor
Casani, Michael Stephen
Casey, Paul David
Caskey, James Matthew
Cathcart, John Thomas
Cecil, Blake Vaughan
Chapman, Timothy Lamar
Clark, Terrance Lemont
Clavenna, Michael William
Clay, Andre Rene
Cofield, Anthony Kevin
Colada, Jerrico Quirap
Comin, Giovanni Steven
Concepcion, Tamam Pilar
Conley, James Sylvester
Conrad, Tabitha Ann
Cook, Louis Kirby
Cook, William Joseph
Cooney, Patrick James
Cortes, Ronald Jeffrey
Coutant, Robert Scott
Cox, Scott Jeffrey
Curran, Michael Patrick
Dale, Daniel Allen
Daniel, John Milton
Davidson, Lonnie Forrest
Davis, George Eric
Dawson, Rodney James
Dayton, Andrew Clark
Dechabert, Renee Jacquline
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